PEACE, EMPIRE, AND WORLD GOVERNMENT—By Arnold Toynbee

Saturday Review

April 29, 1967 35¢

RECORDINGS

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67 Canada's
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What Could We Build If We Worked Together?

by U Thant
Secretary General, United Nations

What could we build if we worked together?

This simple but tantalizing question is a sharp reminder of the irony of the present state of mankind. It dramatizes the persistent struggle between our wisdom and our foolishness, our strength and our weakness, our creativeness and our self-destructiveness, our idealism and our baseness. It serves to remind us that the predominant rivalries of our era, political, military, or ideological, are also the most wasteful consumers of our time, spirit, talent, resources and even of life. It reminds us of the strange fact that even now, with an unprecedented range of knowledge at their disposal, men in all parts of the world passively continue to accept policies and programmes of all kinds which not only fritter away their substance and the bountiful legacy of nature, but at times endanger their very existence.

The simplest citizen can grasp the fact that a fraction of the money that will be spent throughout the world on armaments in 1967 could finance economic and social programmes, both national and global, on a scale hitherto undreamed of. It is obvious that a small part of the ingenuity, effort, expertise and resources deployed in building an intercontinental missile system, for example, would almost certainly, if applied to the more immediate problems of human misery or of future human development, produce a series of breakthroughs which might well illuminate and inspire man's whole concept of his own future. It is a commonplace that, if nations could only lay down the sword and live in harmony, the world might, with judicious leadership and management, well become a place which could rival all the utopias of the philosophers—and certainly be far more interesting.

Why do these totally obvious and desirable developments fail to come about—fail, moreover, in an age which prides itself on its new mastery of communications of every kind? Why do we have to live in fear rather than in hope, in antagonism and distrust rather than in harmony and co-operation?

"Human nature" is popularly held to be responsible for this deplorable state of affairs, the assumption being that "human nature" is in some way a force which cannot possibly be controlled or improved. It is high time this comfortable pretext was exploded. Men should aspire to be the masters of their fate, rather than the victims of their own "nature." If we presume, as we do, to change and improve everything else in nature, why do we leave ourselves out of the process? Improvement and progress should surely begin at home.

If, then, we discard the facile notion that "human nature" is to blame and that nothing can be done about it, what is the real reason for our inability to shape our affairs as reason and self-interest tell us that they should be shaped? How does it come about that greed, prejudice, arrogance, envy, fear, misunderstanding and all the other less desirable human characteristics play such a large part in the affairs of the world, so that the common denominator of international life is fear and lack of mutual confidence? It is perhaps because we think more of our differences than of our opportunities. We are still in a state of mind where the traditional attitudes born of our past wants and conflicts influence us more than the abundant, and so far largely unexploited, opportunities of the hopeful present. The note of hope and idealism in the world is still tremulous at best, and tends all too often to be drowned out by a jangle of qualification, compromise and cynicism. We must sustain that note of hope, which our achievements in many fields so amply justify, until it overpowers the voices of fear, cynicism and reaction. We must gain enough confidence in ourselves and in each other to turn our ideals and our potential into reality.

The opening question—What could we build if we worked together?—certainly provides us with a powerful incentive to solve this basic problem, and it may even provide us with a clue to the problem itself. It is a historic fact that when men have worked together in enthusiasm and loyalty to a commonly held ideal the results have benefited all succeeding ages, and have even on

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occasion—as for example in Athens or Florence in their greatest days—inspired enduring works of genius of an extraordinary quality, vitality and variety. We may not hope to find the conditions of Athens or Florence in large modern states, let alone in the world. But we can at least recognize that working together in the pursuit of practical aims provides men with an unusual solidarity and vitality, an environment in which their differences are a stimulus rather than an obstacle.

In this century political ideology has taken the place formerly occupied by religion as a main source of strife in the world. We have been, perhaps, too anxious to define and agree, by force if necessary, upon the ideal to be pursued before making a practical start in co-operation on fundamental problems. The world is, mercifully, an infinitely varied place. If we could start pragmatically by working together on the problems which urgently concern all peoples, differences of ideology and other apparently insoluble conflicts might be seen in a new light as wasteful and unnecessary, and may thus work themselves out over a period of time.

If we were to ask ourselves: What could we work on together *now*?, a vast range of fascinating possibilities for enhancing the condition and the quality of human life opens up before us. This range of possibilities will, I hope, be explored in succeeding articles in this series. We have too often in the past been forced to regret some aspects of scientific progress, and have been driven to act belatedly to mitigate them. We are now in a position, if we work together, to foresee and, to some extent, to determine the future course of human development. We can do this, however, only if we cease to fear and harass each other and if together we accept, welcome and plan the changes that must inevitably come about.

If this really means a change in "human nature," then it is high time we began to work toward such a change. What is certainly required is a change in some human political attitudes and habits. Intelligent self-interest is reason enough for making this change, already long overdue. In this process, I believe that the United Nations, as a centre for harmonizing the actions of nations, may have a vital role.

I hope that this series, by showing what shining possibilities could be within our reach, and by inspiring people to concentrate on their opportunities for working together rather than on their differences, may contribute to the urgently required improvement of the attitudes of peoples and nations to one another. Then only will we begin to build as we should.

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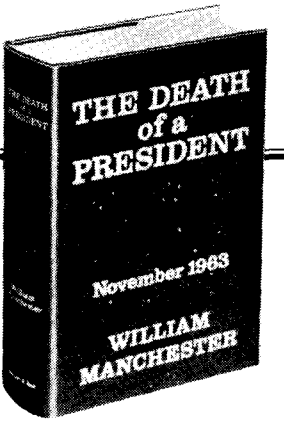

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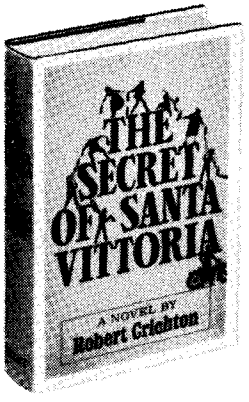

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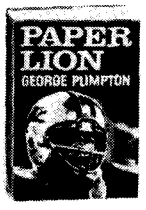

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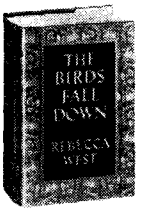

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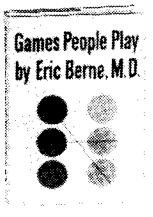

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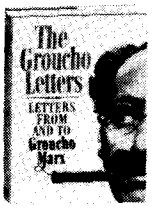

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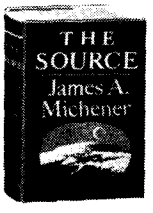

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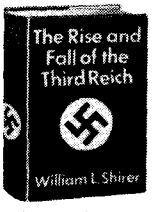

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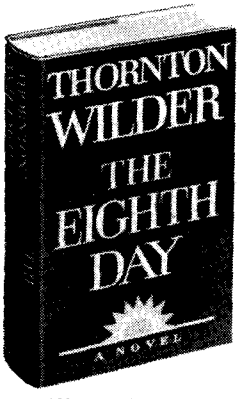

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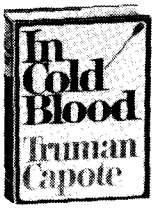

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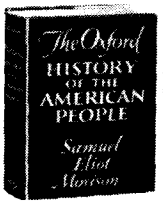

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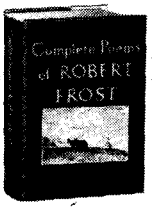

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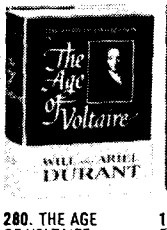

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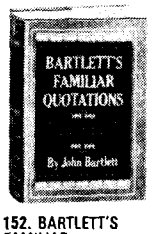

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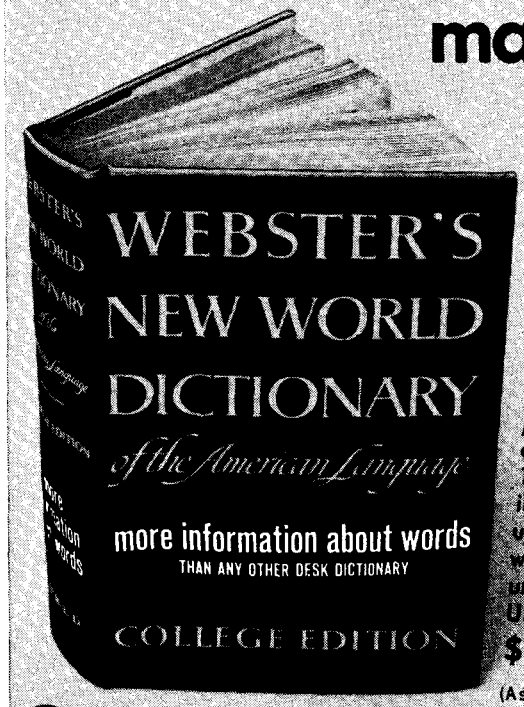

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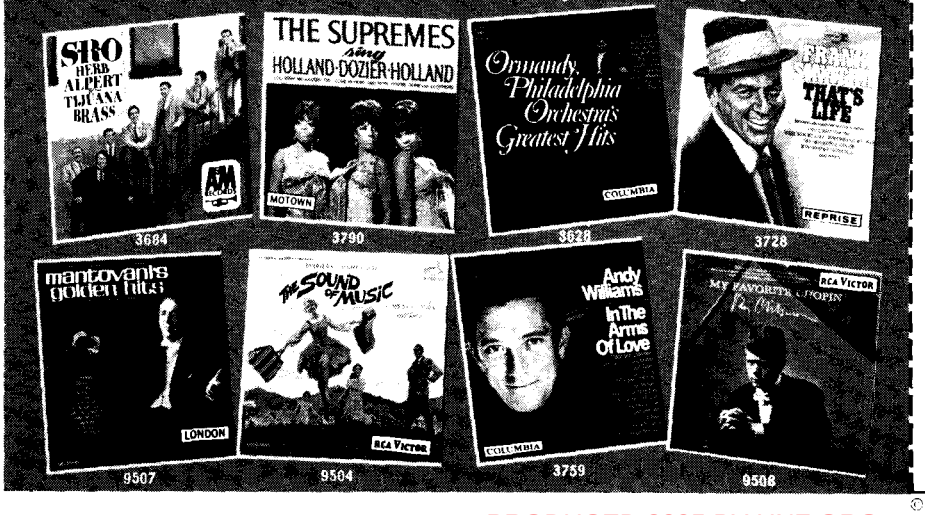

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Sales Slip

The Buying of a Book
April 1967

There are men that will make you books, and turn 'em loose into the world, with as much dispatch as they would do a dish of fritters. —CERVANTES.

Prologue

ON APRIL 6, 1967, I bought the book at Korvette's, on Fifth Avenue. During this act of purchase, I made the intricate journey from the street to the book department on the second floor. There I tendered money, was given the book, change, and a receipt. Then, carrying my package, I retraced my steps and left the store. Meanwhile, I saw clerks, cashiers, customers, store detectives; spoke to some, was jostled by others. I passed elevators and escalators, counters and aisles. I saw the departments of photography, records, drugs, notions, men's clothing. Perhaps my presence in this account will irritate you. But it is *my* purchase. And in telling of it, I can do no more—nor can I do less—than tell what I did. This, then, is the tale, as it happened.

Emporium

APRIL 6 was a wind-whipped day, gray-flecked; a day for tweed clothes and cold-catching. In Middletown, Connecticut, the author was announcing that the book would net him between $300,000 and $400,000. In Florida, Mickey Mantle, hoping his legs would hold out, was playing first base.

I entered Korvette's at 5:52 p.m., through the main entrance. Near the door was store detective Michael Culhane, a stocky, ruddy fifty-four-year-old, standing patiently on brown Florsheim shoes, size 8½ C. He paid no attention to me as I went by, nor did I speak to him. I have not seen him since.

I went to the center of the store and mounted the Otis escalator. Ahead of me stood Cecile Zuger, a sturdy housewife from Tenafly, New Jersey, shopping for a spandex-nylon long-leg panty girdle. Mrs. Zuger hoped to buy two—or even three—of these garments, if they had her size. I got off at the second floor, and she continued up.[1]

I turned left and walked the 43 feet, 8 inches to the book department. The counter was heaped high with copies of the volume I wanted. A large sign announced the price: $5.79.

I picked up a copy: blue-jacketed, white-lettered; trim, handsome. At last it lay in my hand; the nub of the controversy, the focus of headlines, of front-page claims and counterclaims; the literary *cause célèbre* of the century. Soon I, who had read no excerpts, would add my voice to the din of conflicting opinions. Soon I'd be able to hold up my head at dinner parties, instead of letting it sag into my quiche Lorraine, as had been happening all winter.

A salesman was passing: lanky, gray-mustached Sidney Goldman, a Korvette's veteran at forty-eight.

"I'll take this," I said.

"It's yours," he said tersely. He pulled out a blue Parker ball pen and began to write out a sales slip.

"Weren't you charging $7.99 a few days ago?" I asked conversationally.

Goldman sighed. He wished he were smoking an L & M in the men's room, instead of having to waste time on me. "That was a few days ago."

"Somebody told me Alexander's has it for $5.50," I went on.

"Could be."

"What happened to $10?" I asked.

Goldman laughed. Around Korvette's he was known as a man with a keen sense of humor, and the mention of a list price always sent him into a gale of mirth. "What happened to the 5-cent fare?" he said. Still chuckling, he handed me my book and sales slip and headed for the men's room.

There were four checkout counters, each with a line of customers. As usual, my sure instinct guided me to the slowest line of the lot. At length I found myself in front of the cashier, red-headed Anita Pazzoletti, of Bayside.

I gave her a $10 bill. Then, noting that my slip called for $6.08 ($5.79 plus 29 cents sales tax) I fumbled for three pennies. Inevitably, I found two. I always find two pennies when I need three, just as I find three when I need four and one when I need two. Resignedly I reached for a dime, but Miss Pazzoletti had already rung up the sale and was handing me three singles and 92 cents. I put the silver into my pocket, where it made a neat counterweight to the 72 cents and five subway tokens already jingling there.

The cashier put the book into a bag,

[1] Later inquiry revealed that she bought two girdles, dined at nearby Schrafft's, and returned home at 9:35 p.m.

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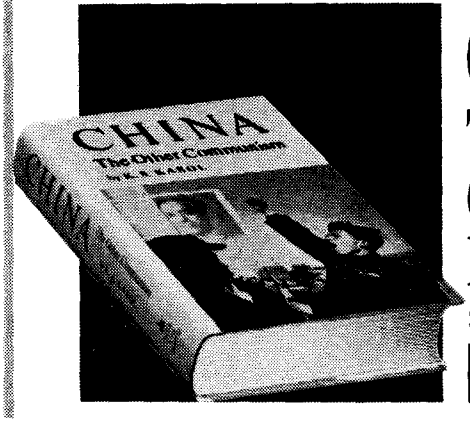

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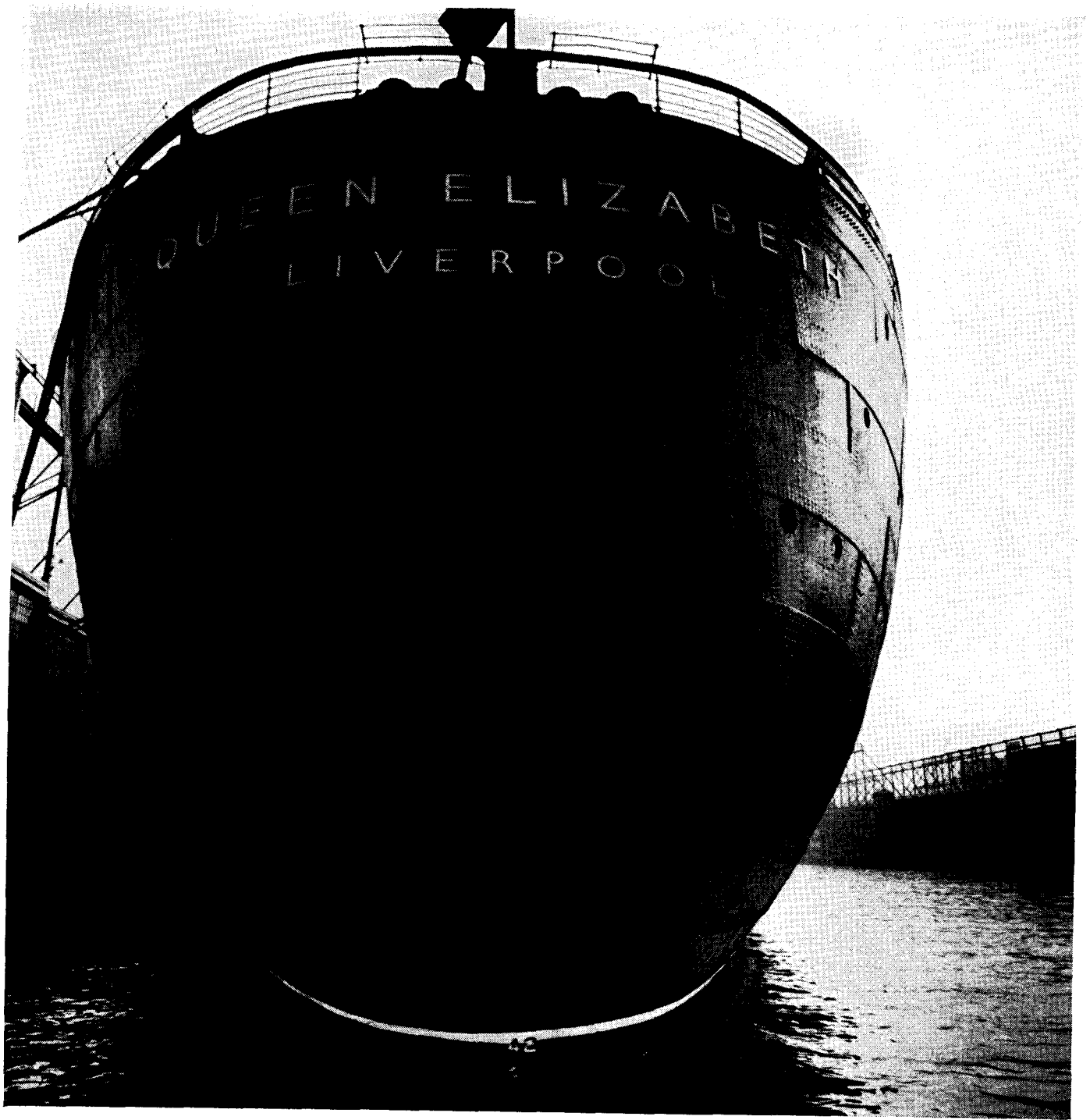

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to which she then stapled a receipt.

"Thanks," I said.

"Next," she said.

The book was mine.

Ozone

As I NEARED the Sixth Avenue subway, my watch said 6:17. The wind had turned even chillier. The rush-hour crowds were ill-tempered and impatient. Bucking the traffic, I was suddenly assailed by doubt. I thought of my wife, studying Russian literature at the New School, immersed in *War and Peace*. I thought of my daughter, taking her M.A. in Victorian Literature at Columbia, a worshiper of George Eliot.

How could I, a mere scanner of topical ephemera, hold my own at home between two such cultural amazons? Maybe I shouldn't have bought the book. And—an even more galling thought—maybe I'd paid too much for it. Tomorrow the price might drop to $5.18. Or even $4.98.

The wind grew more cutting. A drizzle began to spatter down. As I headed down the subway steps, the book felt heavy. Very heavy. Already I was reflecting that I might have done better to wait for the lighter—and cheaper—paperback.

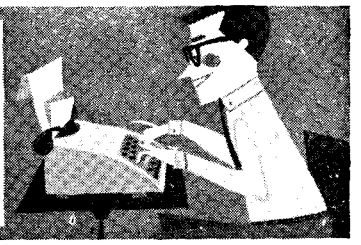
—ARNOLD M. AUERBACH.

Lyrics from a Lived-In Life
1911

That year
The Polo Grounds burned up
(In this case "up"
Is the same as "down"),
The spark-filled night
Giving Coogan's bluff
The air of wearing
A crimson crown.
The baseball bugs
Were there to mourn.
Some were bereft
And some were appalled
Not for the loss
Were they left forlorn,
But for fear that
Tomorrow's game
Would be called.
The Cubs were driving the Giants batty
Three-fingered Brown wasn't scared of Matty.
They never burned it
Down again;
The fans were much more
Violent then.

—HOWARD DIETZ.

Top of My Head



A Free Spirit

THIS is the weekend we order the sun to come up an hour later and stay with us an hour longer. This is a switch on Joshua, who once upon a time snafued celestial traffic by commanding the sun to stand still.

In the spirit of current protest, I go on record that "Daylight Saving Time Is Unfair." It makes for a most unattractive and disheartening picture—a sun that's been up for a whole hour, showered and shaved, and has to hang around because a creaky old earth is an hour late, before it can peek over the horizon to see what fools these mortals really be.

The "correct time" has become one of the absurdities of our civilization. What with aircraft speeding you somewhere in time for scrambled eggs you just finished in New York, the "correct time" has become a frenzied fetish. Having recently gone through six weeks without a watch, I share with you this way to a more leisurely life.

For two weeks the watch just lay on a bedside table without a tick. A mute protest against the day when I would have to turn it ahead one hour. Then my wife took it to her jeweler.

It must have been more critical than I thought. I haven't heard from the jeweler in a month. He may have wanted to get other opinions. For all I know it may be languishing at the Mayo Brothers or in Johns Hopkins or with Raymond Massey. I call the jeweler every day. He gives me the usual clinical routine: "Doing well, resting comfortably." No word on when it will come home.

And with no disrespect to my ailing ticker, I've been doing well, resting comfortably, too. I've been *guessing* at the correct time. The other day I got to an early-morning conference of TV craftsmen a half hour late. I didn't miss anything. That half hour had been spent ordering and then separating the black coffees from the regulars, the sugars from the saccharins, the wake-up pills from the tranquilizers, and the Danish from the toasted bagels.

After an hour's conference at which nothing had been decided, I suddenly looked at my wrist and said, "Is it that late? I have to go." I had looked at my naked wrist, with its hair spring. But the others, looking at their healthy watches, agreed that it was later than they had thought.

They left hurriedly to keep their next appointments on the split second. I sauntered leisurely out wondering what time it really was. I knew I had another appointment following this one but I was resolved to get there whenever. It wasn't such a high resolve, since the appointment was with a dentist.

I found him gulping a sandwich and grinding his molars. The molars were mine. I was his next patient. He hadn't quite finished at the correct time that he was to have been ready for me, even though he peevishly announced I was forty-five minutes late.

However, a more important, though personal, reason for protesting Daylight Saving Time is my wife. Every day for a whole week she has been reminding me as follows:

"Don't forget Saturday night. You have to set your clock ahead. That's Sunday at 2 a.m. Put your clock ahead. And I'll tell you how to remember to put it ahead. There's a poem about it. 'Spring ahead, Fall back.' You see? In the spring you set your clock ahead. In the fall you set it back. 'Spring ahead, Fall back.' But forget about fall right now. Just remember it's 'Spring ahead.'" Unquote.

And every day my reply has been unquotable. Except one day after she had picturesquely declaimed this deathless one line of unscanned and unrhymed bit of poetry, I asked how far ahead the clock should be sprung. She replied with a lifeless line of prose: "That's your department. I can't remember everything."

Happily, I am not alone in protest against DST. In a small item tucked away in the *Times* under [illegible]est of headings I find this:

> HONOLULU (AP): Governor John A. Burns signed into law today a bill exempting Hawaii from daylight saving time.

We could move to Hawaii. But that presents another problem. For my wife. How can she go about saying, "Nice day today, isn't it?" where every day is nice. Besides, what will she do with the poem she memorized?

However, for all my bravado I remain a sheep. When the watch comes back I will doubtless set it ahead. But not one hour. No sir! Twenty-four hours. I lose a day, but gain a free spirit.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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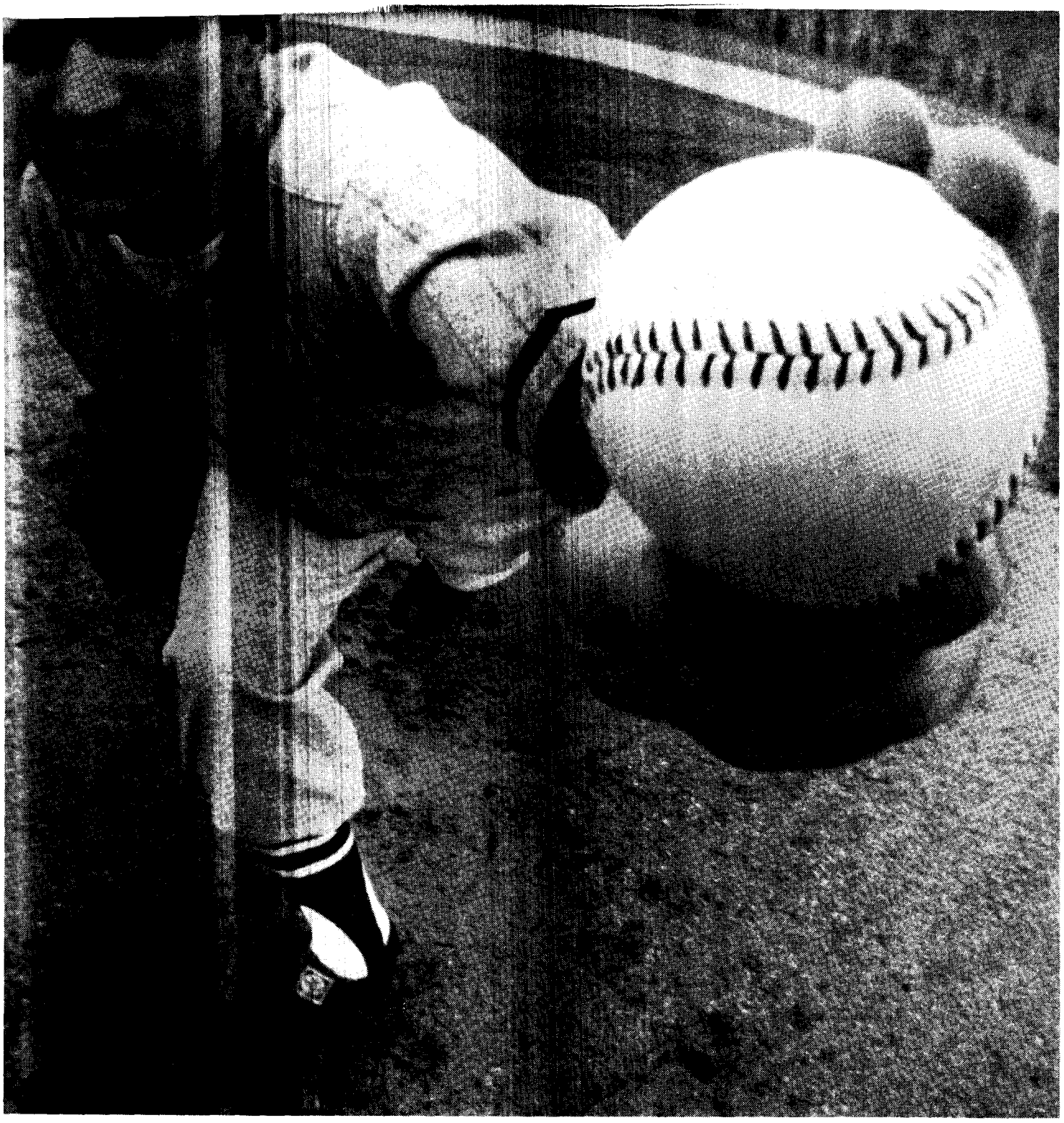

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At Bell Telephone Laboratories we're working with a new lensless photographic process that may, in time, improve your telephone service and lead to three-dimensional television.

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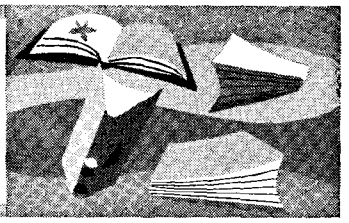


Forty years have passed since Franklin P. Adams initiated his futile campaign for highly visible street numbers on the front of every dwelling. Still, in any metropolis—let us say on Elm Street in Los Angeles—especially at night, one can ring half a dozen bells and knock on as many doors before he

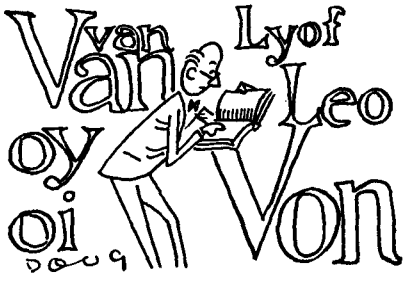
finds the home where, half an hour earlier, he was expected for dinner. For all the protests about conformity and increased grumblings about overcomputerization, most of what we live with remains fairly helter-skelter.

When I enter Adam Gimbel's establishment on Fifth Avenue and order the identical shirts I have been wearing for all of my adult life, the 33-inch sleeves and the 14½-inch neckband exist in theory only. The barber I patronize, who knows I want exactly three minutes' worth of sun lamp, may give me two and a quarter minutes, because he hasn't used a timer, or five minutes, if he happens to find an interesting occupant in the next chair with whom he is discussing the end-of-season collapse of the New York Rangers. Every couple of months I am obliged to call my bank and explain that I am missing several canceled checks that are listed on my statement and have received instead two canceled checks that belong to somebody else. Not long ago, when I was handed my monthly pay check, it was for $6.67. It came through one of those outside firms that makes a specialty of payroll errors. Certainly everybody will agree that I am worth more than $6.67. *Practically* everybody.

Once I sponsored a minor reform campaign of my own, against the varied terminology applied to olive sizes. I am not fond of olives, and ever since I saw the grubby little trees on which they grow in Italy and Spain I have had a mild contempt for them. In any supermarket, there the olives are, row on row of jars of them, marked medium, big, large, giant, jumbo, super-jumbo, colossal, and super-colossal. Now I ask you! I ask *any*body. I have been muttering about those crazy sizes, and writing letters, and even making a speech here and there, and nothing happens. Not even when Mrs. Esther Peterson yaks about it, it being the only subject on which Mrs. Peterson and I ever were in accord. No, nobody is going to con me into believing that the streamlined life is universally popular.

Especially because of the great strides of the computer, whose prime accomplishment to date has been a multiplication of errors by machine that provides employment for the hundreds of thousands of people required to correct them manually, I foresee a day when all of us will eagerly reembrace the abacus. By actual count, I have thirteen credit cards in my wallet. Except for air travel, I never use them. That doesn't stop American Express from sending me, for seven months running, not a bill but a credit to which I am not entitled. How to discharge a debt, I know; but how to dispose of an undeserved credit, except by cheating, I haven't figured out.

In an era when electric-data-minded IBM would like to take over, when deviation from a norm is frowned on by so many scientists as inefficient and



almost unpatriotic, it may seem subversive to suggest that in the publishing of books there *is* an area where uniformity may be as welcome as it would be practical. I confess to being confounded by the variations in the infinite forms of indexing in reference books. A contents page may present authors in alphabetical order, or by subject matter in alphabetical order. Some books will have the author's dates of birth and death on the same page with his bit of verse or excerpt from an essay; others will carry those dates in the alphabetical index. Translation credits are all over the lot. Acknowledgments of source material specify

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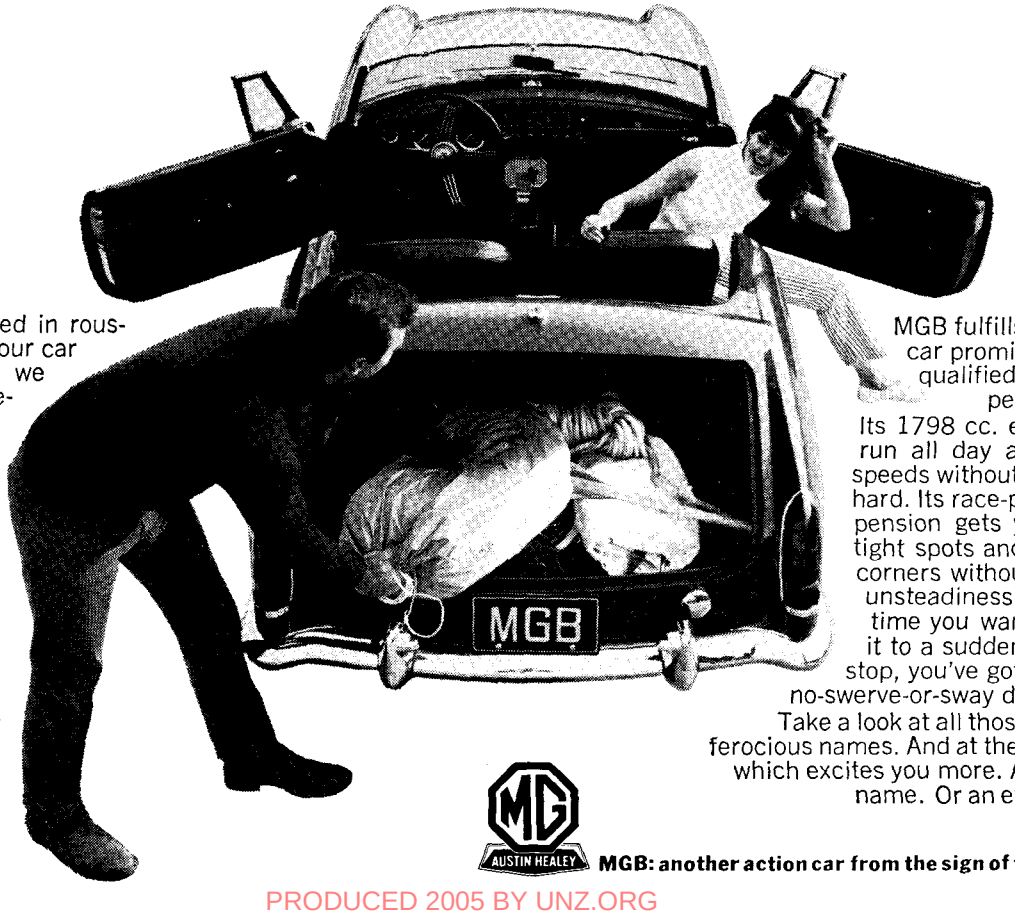

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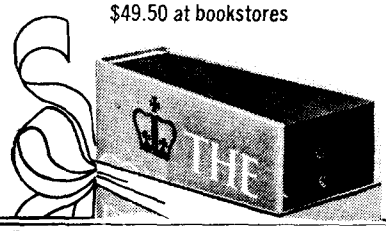

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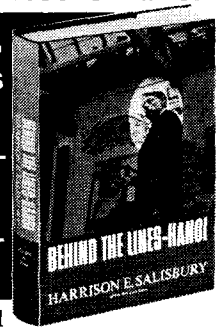

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If a man's name is Van Dyke, we look him up under V. Obvious? Yes, but if you are thinking of Henry, he is under a lower-case v; if John Charles, under a capital V. If you happen to have Philip van Dyck in mind, you find him under D.

Now we go to the Vons. Invariably, and certainly obviously, we flip to the *family* name. It is always under Schiller, or Hindenburg, or Goethe. Except when it is a Hungarian lawyer named Von Redlich, or the novelist Von Tempski! And as to consonance regarding lower-case v or capital V, there is none.

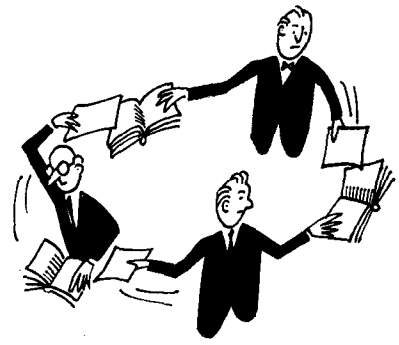
Consider the spelling of names. That subject alone makes many a researcher an older if not a wiser man. Should it be Leo or Lyof Tolstoy? Or Tolstoi? Artaphernes or Artaphrenes? Zachariah or Zacharias? *Webster's Biographical Dictionary* includes both of the last two, and then suggests you have a peek at Zechariah! It's always the same man.

In *Handy-Book of Literary Curiosities*, William Walsh takes the case of Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer-Lytton. I can't go into *that*. Instead, let us consider Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, and Horace Walpole, Earl of Oxford. Says Mr. Walsh: "The rule which most authorities are now agreed upon, that the names of peers should be printed under their titles and not their family names, is subject to numerous recognized exceptions. Though Lord Lytton would go under Lytton [always?], and the Earl of Oxford under Oxford, the Earl of Oxford would be classed under Walpole, because that is the name by which he is familiarly known to the public."

George Eliot's maiden name was Mary Ann Evans. Legally, she was married to John W. Cross. Not legally, she was married to George Henry Lewes. Walsh says librarians prefer to catalogue the author as Mrs. Lewes. So far, I have been unable to unscramble the reasoning.

The other evening I was groping for something Hester Thrale had written. I never think of her as anything *but* Mrs. Thrale. Yet for some reason—and for all I know it may be a very valid one—Hester Thrale generally is listed under her late-in-life second-marriage name, Piozzi. Incidentally, Mrs. Thrale was born in 1741. No doubt about it. When did she die? In Stevenson's *Home Book of Verse*, she died in 1921, at the fairly ripe age of 180. A typo, naturally. It will scarcely be believed, but it is true that perhaps 20 per cent of the birth and death dates in reference books are in disagreement, and I am not adverting to those assigned to ancient Greeks and Latins but to men and women who lived in the nineteenth century, and a few of them in the twentieth. Remember the old acrostic that says: I NEVER DID ENSURE XACTNESS.

In that superb volume compiled by Clifton Fadiman, *The American Treasury, 1455-1955*, this statement ap-



pears: "All anthologists borrow from each other. They do not steal, for both borrower and lender are sourced in a common treasury; and the borrower is himself destined to be a lender to the next anthologist." Perhaps the problem, as it has occured to me, is to persuade borrowers not to accept out of hand what has been printed already, but to do at least a modicum of research on their own account.

Is it reasonable to suggest that the Library of Congress, in cooperation with a group of publishers' representatives, undertake an exhaustive study of dates, name spellings, cross-reference arrangements, indexing policies generally, and come up with recommendations for standard procedures? It would save a host of us a heap of time. Perhaps the notion is too simple. As with olives, perhaps we prefer to be taunted.

—HERBERT R. MAYES.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1724)

(B. W.) TUCHMAN:

CAN HISTORY USE FREUD?

(From *The Atlantic*, March 1967, apropos the Freud-Bullitt *Woodrow Wilson*)

The undoubted insights of this book* raise the question, What can the Freudian method do for history? The answer must be that as an instrument of illumination it can do much—on one condition: Let it be applied by a responsible historian.

*Thomas Woodrow Wilson: A Psychological Study by Freud and Bullitt, published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

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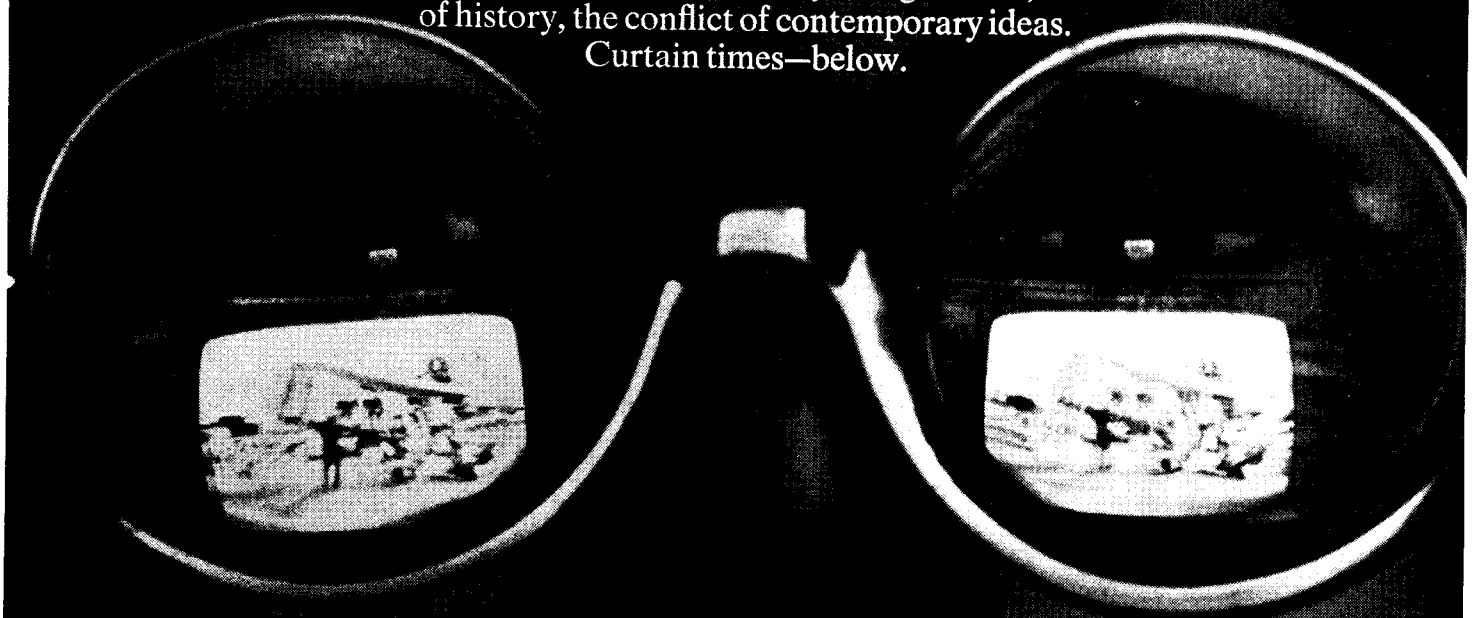

Zero Hour. Zero Mostel in a one-man show includes some "roles I wish I'd played." Monday, May 1 (10-11 pm)

The Crucible. George C. Scott and Colleen Dewhurst in Arthur Miller's drama of the Salem witchcraft trials. Thursday, May 4 (9-11:15 pm)

The Human Voice. ABC Stage 67: Ingrid Bergman in Jean Cocteau's one-character play. Thursday, May 4 (10-11 pm)

The Legend of Mark Twain. David Wayne in a depiction of Twain's life through his writings. Friday, May 5 (8-9 pm)

The 21st Century. Standing Room Only; The Mighty Atom; The Futurists; The Communications Explosion. Sundays, May 7, 14, 21, 28 (6-6:30 pm)

Carousel. Robert Goulet, Mary Grover and Charlie Ruggles star in Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. Sunday, May 7 (9-11 pm)

The Pursuit of Pleasure. An examination of America's new "fun morality." Monday, May 8 (10-11 pm)

The Old College Try. Study of what it takes to get a higher education today. Tuesday, May 9 (10-11 pm)

The Colgate Comedy Hour. Starring Eydie Adams, Kaye Ballard, Mel Brooks, Phyllis Diller, Nanette Fabray, Bob Newhart, Carl Reiner, Nipsy Russell, Dick Shawn, Allan Sherman and Rowan and Martin. Thursday, May 11 (10-11 pm)

Boston Pops Concert for Children. Arthur Fiedler conducts Saint-Saens and Britten works. Sunday, May 14 (6:30-7:30 pm)

Jack Paar and a Funny Thing Happened on the Way to Hollywood. A satirical look at the film capital of the world. Sunday, May 14 (10-11 pm)

Summer Focus. ABC News premieres a series of hour-long documentaries on current problems, such as the draft, air pollution, drug addiction, northern ghettos. Thursday, May 18 (10-11 pm)

The 1967 National Drivers Test. An updated version of the audience-involving test. Tuesday, May 23 (10-11 pm)

The American Image. America as seen through the eyes of artists, drawing on the resources of the Whitney Museum. Friday, May 26 (10-11 pm)

Ivanov. Sir John Gielgud and Claire Bloom star in Anton Chekhov's drama. Tuesday, May 30 (9:30-11 pm)

Regularly Scheduled Programs Monday through Friday: Captain Kangaroo/Today/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: CBS News Hour

Thursdays: ABC Stage 67 (Last broadcast May 11)
Summer Focus (eff. May 18)

Saturdays: Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester/Wide World of Sports/Vietnam Weekly Review

Sundays: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Directions/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/The Catholic Hour/Issues and Answers/National Professional Soccer League Game of the Week/College Bowl/The Frank McGee Report/The 21st Century/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Business, Economics

MANAGEMENT: A Humanist Art. By David E. Lilienthal. Columbia Univ. Press. $3.50.

STRATEGY FOR LABOR: A Radical Proposal. By André Gorz. Beacon. $5.95.

Collections

THE BEST OF RECALL #2. Edited by Joseph Gaer. Yoseloff. $4.95.

INTRODUCTION TO AFRICAN LITERATURE. Edited by Ulli Beier. Northwestern Univ. Press. $7.50.

THE SPEEDY EXTINCTION OF EVIL AND MISERY: Selected Prose of James Thomson (B. V.). Edited by William David Schaefer. Univ. of California Press. $7.50.

Crime, Suspense

ASK NO QUESTION. By Mary Hocking. Morrow. $3.95.

DEATH AND TAXES. By Thomas B. Dewey. Putnam. $3.95.

AN EXPENSIVE PLACE TO DIE. By Len Deighton. Putnam. $4.95.

FRAME-UP: The Incredible Case of Tom Mooney and Warren Billings. By Curt Gentry. Norton. $7.50.

GAT HEAT. By Richard S. Prather. Trident. $3.95.

THE MAN WHO DIDN'T COUNT. By G. M. Glaskin. Delacorte. $4.95.

MURDER PARADE. By Judge Gerald Sparrow. Roy. $4.50.

PRIVATE i. By Jimmy Sangster. Norton. $4.50.

THE TWENTYMEN. By Philip Purser. Walker. $3.95.

VICIOUS CIRCLE: The Case of the Missing Irish Crown Jewels. By Francis Bamford and Viola Bankes. Horizon. $5.59.

Current Affairs

BITTER GREETINGS: The Scandal of the Military Draft. By Jean Carper. Grossman. $5.

THE CHINA READER I: Imperial China; THE CHINA READER II: Republican China; THE CHINA READER III: Communist China. Edited by Franz Schurmann and Orville Schell. Random House. Vols. I and II, $6.95 each; Vol. III, $7.95.

CHINA: The Other Communism. By K. S. Karol. Hill & Wang. $7.95.

CHINA: The People's Middle Kingdom and the U.S.A. By John K. Fairbank. Harvard Univ. Press. $3.95.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS AMONG COMMUNISTS. Edited by Robert H. McNeal. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $2.45.

JOURNEY THROUGH CHINA. By Jules Roy. Harper & Row. $8.50.

PLANNING AND THE MARKET IN THE U.S.S.R.: The 1960's. By Alexander Balinky, Abram Bergson, John N. Hazard, Peter Wiles. Rutgers Univ. Press. $4.

THE PLOT AGAINST THE PATIENT. By Fred J. Cook. Prentice-Hall. $5.95.

THE SCAVENGERS AND CRITICS OF THE WARREN REPORT. By Richard Warren Lewis. Based on an investigation by Lawrence Schiller. Delacorte. $4.95.

VICTOR CHARLIE: The Face of War in Viet-Nam. By Kuno Knoebl. Praeger. $5.95.

VIET-NAM. By Lauran Paine. Roy. $4.95.

THE WEST ON TRIAL: My Fight for Guyana's Freedom. By Cheddi Jagan. International. $10.

Fiction

THE ATTEMPT. By John Hopkins. Viking. $4.50.

THE BITTER AND THE SWEET. By Ivan Olbracht. Crown. $4.50.

BLOW A WILD BUGLE FOR CATFISH BEND. By Ben Lucien Burman. Taplinger. $3.75.

BROTHERS IN ARMS. By Hans Hellmut Kirst. Harper & Row. $5.95.

THE CANDLESTICKS AND THE CROSS. By Ruth Freeman Solomon. Putnam. $5.95.

THE CAULDRON. By Zeno. Stein & Day. $5.95.

DON'T THE MOON LOOK LONESOME. By Don Asher. Atheneum. $4.95.

A DUCK MAY BE SOMEBODY'S MOTHER. By George Moorse. Delacorte. $3.95.

THE FARM. By Clarence L. Cooper, Jr. Crown. $4.95.

GREEN LIGHTS ARE BLUE. By Ursule Molinaro. New American Library. $4.50.

HOW THE FISHES LIVE. By Joel Lieber. McKay. $6.50.

INCIDENT AT MUC WA. By Daniel Ford. Doubleday. $4.95.

MAY WE BORROW YOUR HUSBAND? AND OTHER COMEDIES OF THE SEXUAL LIFE. By Graham Greene. Viking. $4.50.

PATH OF THE STORM. By Douglas Reeman. Putnam. $5.95.

PRECIOUS LITTLE. By Joseph Whitehill. Scribners. $4.50.

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SCRATCH ONE DREAMER. By David Lewis Stein. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

STRIP JACK NAKED. By Alexander Baron. Yoseloff. $4.50.

THREE FROM CATFISH BEND: High Water at Catfish Bend, Seven Stars for Catfish Bend, The Owl Hoots Twice at Catfish Bend. By Ben Lucien Burman. Taplinger. $6.95. (Reissue.)

THE VENDOR OF SWEETS. By R. K. Narayan. Viking. $4.95.

WIDE SARGASSO SEA. By Jean Rhys. Norton. $4.50.

WORLDS TO COME: Nine Science Fiction Adventures. Edited by Damon Knight. Harper & Row. $4.95.

Government, Politics

ANATOMY OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT. By Smith Simpson. Houghton Mifflin. $5.95.

THE CHALLENGE OF FOREIGN AID: Policies, Problems, and Possibilities. By Jacob J. Kaplan. Praeger. $8.50.

THE CHINESE COMMUNIST ARMY IN ACTION: The Korean War and Its Aftermath. By Alexander L. George. Columbia Univ. Press. $6.95.

LAST CHANCE IN EUROPE: Bases for a New American Policy. By Charles O. Lerche, Jr. Quadrangle. $5.95.

THE MOYNIHAN REPORT AND THE POLITICS OF CONTROVERSY. By Lee Rainwater and William L. Yancey. M.I.T. Press. Hardbound, $12.50. Paperback, $3.95.

THE POLITICS OF COEXISTENCE: Soviet Methods and Motives. By Michael P. Gehlen. Indiana Univ. Press. $6.75.

WITH LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL: The Meaning of the Bill of Rights Today. By Harold V. Knight. Oceana. $6.

History

THE ALBANIAN NATIONAL AWAKENING 1878-1912. By Stavro Skendi. Princeton Univ. Press. $13.75.

THE DECLINE OF EMPIRES. Edited by S. N. Eisenstadt. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

THE GODS OF MEXICO. By C. A. Burland. Putnam. $6.95.

THE GOLDEN DREAM: Seekers of El Dorado. By Walker Chapman. Bobbs-Merrill. $10.

THE GOTHIC LINE: The Italian Campaign, Autumn, 1944. By Douglas Orgill. Norton. $5.95.

JUST AROUND THE CORNER: A Highly Selective History of the Thirties. By Robert Bendiner. Harper & Row. $6.95.

THE OREGON QUESTION. By Frederick Merk. Harvard Univ. Press. $7.95.

A PROSPECT OF RICHMOND. By Janet Dunbar. Houghton Mifflin. $8.50.

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THE MIND AND ART OF HENRY MILLER. By William A. Gordon. Louisiana State Univ. Press. $5.

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FABLES FOR THE FAIR: Cautionary Tales for Damsels Not Yet in Distress. By One of Them. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $2.95.

FEIFFER'S MARRIAGE MANUAL. By Jules Feiffer. Random House. Paperback, $1.

THE MYTH OF THE MACHINE: Technics and Human Development. By Lewis Mumford. Harcourt, Brace & World. $8.95.

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BENEDICT ARNOLD: Hero and Traitor. By Lauran Paine. Roy. $4.95.

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(*Continued on page* 82)

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Educators Appeal To The American People . . .

HELP STOP THE WAR IN VIETNAM

HELP STOP the killing of American youth . . . more than 7,500 already dead protecting a corrupt military dictatorship against the wishes of the Vietnamese people.

HELP STOP the squandering of billions upon billions of our dollars in Vietnam . . . for which we foot the bill through inflation, cuts in essential government services, and inevitable tax increases.

HELP STOP the death and destruction in Vietnam . . . help stop the merciless bombing of men, women, and children; help stop the use of burning napalm, noxious gases, and chemicals that destroy the crops of this already impoverished country.

HELP bring our boys home.

The war continues because vital facts about its origin and development have been deliberately glossed over, distorted, and withheld from the American people. Only an informed public opinion can stop this barbaric conflict before it escalates into nuclear war. HELP destroy the myths about the war in Vietnam. HELP get the truth into your community.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

People all over the country are heartsick over the war and want to do something about it. Take the lead . . . get in touch with a like-minded colleague, a friend, a clergyman, or a neighbor. Decide TOGETHER what you can best do to get the facts into YOUR community. Maybe you should distribute fact sheets, have discussion groups in homes, or have a debate. Perhaps your community is ideal for a teach-in or an ad in a neighborhood newspaper. Make certain that your community's growing opposition to the war is made known repeatedly to Congress and the President by letter, telegram, or personal visit.

A wealth of factual material presenting a clear and forthright case for ending the war is now available. Do you want a reading list? film strips? Would you like to know what other communities have done, how *they* got started?

Then please get in touch with us. We will help in every way we can. But the important thing is to get started, for every increase in casualties, every bombing of a bridge, every escalation of the war, makes peace that much harder to achieve, nuclear war that much closer.

Join Us In Urging That Our Government

1. End all bombings both in North and in South Vietnam.
2. Declare a cease-fire.
3. Adopt the realistic position that the National Liberation Front is the representative of a substantial portion of the South Vietnam people and is thereby destined to play a role in any future Vietnam government.
4. Arrange to implement the 1954 Geneva Accords which call for the removal of all foreign troops from Vietnam.

As American citizens we are responsible for the actions of our government. And as teachers we feel a particular responsibility to the youth and children of our nation—and of all nations—to guarantee their future. No teacher, no American citizen can, in good conscience, sit idly by in the face of this illegal, immoral, and senseless war.

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Saturday Review
April 29, 1967

Peace, Empire, and World Government

Napoleon almost created an international political structure; now, with only two great powers on the scene, man has a comparable—but fleeting—opportunity.

By ARNOLD TOYNBEE

TODAY most people in the world are inclined to take the prevailing political dispensation for granted. It is assumed that the present partition of mankind among a number of local sovereign states that can, and do, go to war with each other is the natural order of human affairs at the political level. Yet this is not the only way in which mankind has organized itself politically since the rise of civilization about 5,000 years ago. For instance, in 800 A.D. the whole of the Western world, within its limits at that date, was united politically under the single sovereignty of Charlemagne, except for a few small states in Britain and in Northwestern Spain. And when, on Christmas Day, 800, Charlemagne assumed the title of Roman Emperor, he was deliberately reviving in the West a Roman world-state which, for more than four centuries ending about 400 A.D., had united politically the greater part of Western Europe with a ring of territories surrounding the Mediterranean basin.

In the West, these spells of political unity have been relatively short-lived. Charlemagne's unitary Western Empire did not outlast Charlemagne's own lifetime, and the Roman Empire's previous duration of four centuries in the West was short compared with its duration in the Levant, where, with its capital transplanted to Constantinople, it continued to have an effective existence till the turn of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The East Roman Empire's duration, again, was short compared with that of the Ancient Egyptian Empire and the Chinese Empire. The Ancient Egyptian Empire had been in existence, off and on, for about 3,000 years by the year 31 B.C., when it was absorbed into the Roman Empire. The Chinese Empire is still a going concern, and, as 1967 began it had been in existence, off and on, for 2,188 years.

These past attempts at the establishment of a world-state have had only a limited success. None of them has been either world-wide or permanent. Still, they have given peace to millions of human beings for numbers of centuries, and today their history is of more than academic interest now that the present partition of the world into a host of local sovereign states has been overtaken by the invention of the atomic weapon.

IN the history of the current international system the price of local sovereignty has been a series of wars of increasing violence, culminating in the dropping of the two atomic bombs on Japan in 1945. It may be that the only alternative to self-destruction now is the establishment of some form of world government—this time on the literally world-wide scale that was never achieved by any of the would-be world-empires of the past. In the Atomic Age this cannot be achieved by conquest, for an atomic war would end, not in victory and defeat, but in mutual annihilation. In the Atomic Age world government can be established, if at all, only by mutual consent. The major political problem of our time is how we are to arrive at world government from mankind's present plight of being partitioned among about 125 local states. One essential preliminary to the solution of this formidable problem is to understand the nature and the history of the current system of international relations.

The current system of international relations originated, on a small scale, among the medieval city-states of Northern Italy. It was extended to Transalpine Europe when the French invaded Italy in 1494. In the ensuing first bout of international warfare in the modern age of Western history, a pattern was set which had been anticipated in medieval Italy and which has been repeated, on a constantly widening geographical scale, through the time of the Second World War. Again and again, some single power has tried to unite, under its own domination, first Northern Italy, then Western and Central Europe, and finally the whole surface of the globe. In each case the power aiming at domination has been foiled.

In the first modern round of this repeatedly renewed conflict, the power that was aiming at domination was the Hapsburg dynasty, and the Hapsburgs were foiled by France. At the turn of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the Hapsburgs had added to their original dominions in what is now Austria the greater part of the Burgundian dominions, including the whole of the Netherlands, together with the already united Spanish kingdoms of Castile and Aragon. Both Austria and Spain were poor and thinly populated, but the Netherlands were populous and productive, and Spain had recently redressed its deficiencies at home by acquiring a vast empire in the New World. Charles V, who had gathered all these dominions into his own hands, was also elected Roman Emperor (i.e., successor to Charlemagne), and his objective was to make a reality of his nominally universal rule. But, to do this, he would have had

This article by Professor Toynbee is a preview of his introduction to the book *Major Peace Treaties of Modern History, 1648-1966*, edited by Fred L. Israel, to be published this fall by Chelsea House Publishers in association with McGraw-Hill.

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to break the power of France and this was beyond his strength; for France not only held the interior lines, now that it had been effectively unified by King Louis XI (reigned 1461-1483), it was by far the most populous single state in the Western world, with by far the largest amount of first-class cultivable land. France defeated the Hapsburgs' attempt to encircle and subdue it and the peace treaty of Westphalia (1648) marked the end of this attempt at empire-building.

The next round was started by the first of France's two attempts to win for itself the political supremacy in the Western world that it had prevented the Hapsburgs from winning. Each time, France was foiled in its turn; each time, by a coalition in which one power played a leading part. The moving spirit in the successful resistance to Louis XIV's attempt to unite the Western world under France's supremacy was Holland—a fragment of the Hapsburg dominions which had won its independence at the turn of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Louis XIV's aim was to secure for his grandson the Spanish portion of the Hapsburg dominions, which at this time included the Southern Netherlands, the Duchy of Milan, and the kingdom of the "Two Sicilies," besides Spain itself and the Spanish Empire overseas. Louis XIV did succeed in acquiring Spain and its overseas dominions for the Bourbon dynasty, but the Spanish Crown's European dominions outside Spain were taken by the victors, and Spain alone was by now too decrepit to give the Bourbons the decisive preponderance in Europe at which Louis XIV had been aiming.

France's second attempt at gaining supremacy in the Western world was made in the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars at the turn of the nineteenth century. Napoleon came nearer to succeeding than Louis XIV. Indeed, if the area that Napoleon was trying to dominate had been no larger than Louis XIV's world, it seems probable that he would have succeeded in uniting it permanently under French domination. During the intervening century, however, the Western world had expanded considerably in two directions. Overland eastward it had come, since Peter the Great's time, to include the huge Russian Empire. Overseas, the new world that had been opened up in all quarters of the globe by West European maritime enterprise since the fifteenth century had now become an important factor in the economic life of the Western world. The economic strength of these overseas annexes of Western Europe was thrown onto the scales, against France, by Great Britain, Napoleonic France's chief Western opponent, which held a world-wide command of the seas. Between them, British naval and economic power and Russia's vast spaces foiled Napoleonic France.

UNTIL the overseas parts of the Western world grew to full stature, as they did in the post-Napoleonic age, France surpassed all other Western powers in agricultural wealth, population, and military manpower; but it was not these material resources alone that made it capable of becoming an effective unifying force in the Western world. The strongest card in France's hand, in both Louis XIV's and Napoleon's day, was the attractiveness of its culture. Peoples that resisted France's attempts to dominate them militarily and politically adopted French culture of their own accord, and indeed with enthusiasm; and the peoples that did temporarily fall under French rule or ascendancy continued to bear the impress of French culture after they had shaken off French rule.

"Don't you see, by protesting and making it look like this is still a free country, we play the power structure's game. . . ."

France, in fact, had many precious and highly prized gifts to offer in compensation for its unpopular attempts to impose its hegemony. A Napoleonic French gift that was of special value for Western Germany and for Northern Italy was the French technique of rational administration on what, for the times, was a large scale. Before the temporary Napoleonic conquest of them, these two regions had each been a mosaic of small states with antiquated institutions. Under the Napoleonic regime, they were tidied up and modernized by able and experienced and enlightened French administrators. The Napoleonic regime was short-lived; yet the non-French parts of Napoleon's empire, as well as France itself, drew cultural and social profits from this regime by which they are still benefiting at the present day.

Until the invention and use of the atomic weapon at the end of the Second World War, it was assumed, as a matter of course, that it would have been a calamity if any of the powers that were successive aspirants to universal dominion had succeeded in achieving its aim, and accordingly the powers that were chiefly instrumental in foiling the aims of the ambitious empire-builders regarded themselves, and were regarded by their allies, as being benefactors of the Western society. France was given credit for having foiled the Hapsburgs; Holland and Britain were given it for having foiled France; and so were France, Britain, and the United States for having foiled Germany.

Looking back now, from the Atomic Age to the "modern" chapter of Western history which was brought to an end by the two twentieth-century world wars, we may well wonder whether, on a long view, it would not have been better for the West, and for the world as a whole, if Napoleon had succeeded in uniting Western and Central Europe permanently under his ascendancy. If he had united that much of the world permanently, he or his successors would assuredly have succeeded in adding the rest of the world to their empire sooner or later; the French Empire, like the Roman Empire before it, would eventually have won the hearts of the peoples whom it had originally incorporated in itself by force of arms, and then mankind would have been united more or less acquiescently under a literally world-wide world government before it had been overtaken by the Atomic Age. If history had taken this turn—and it might have taken it—should we not be sleeping more soundly today than we find ourselves able to sleep now that we are haunted by the nightmare of a possible atomic third world war?

When Napoleon was foiled the world lost its chance of being united politically

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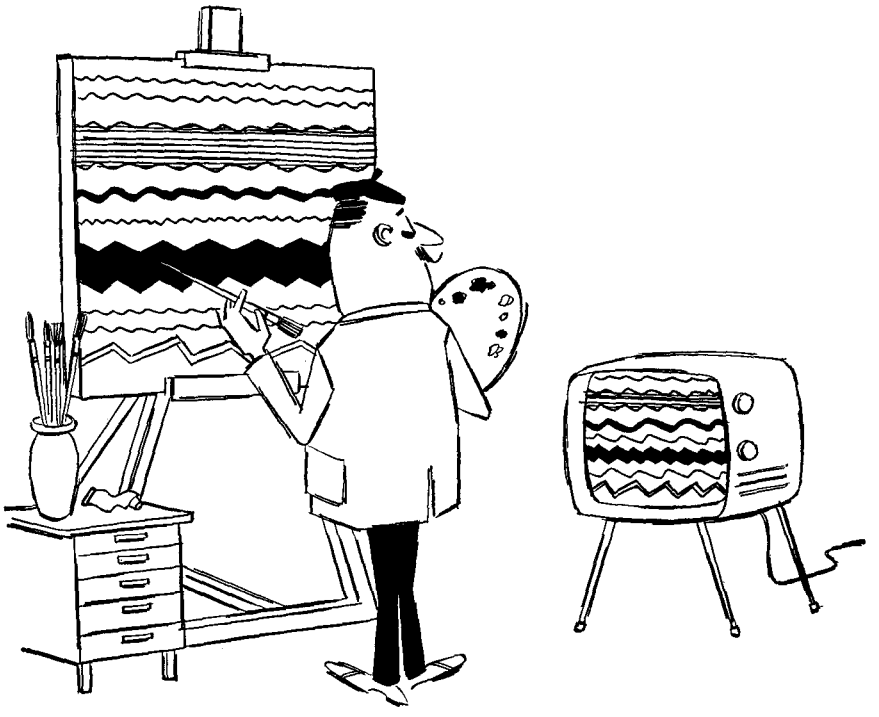
before the close of the pre-Atomic Age. The next and last two attempts at conquering universal dominion before the invention of the atomic weapon were Germany's. Its attempts, too, were foiled in their turn, at the cost of two world wars. In the First World War the brunt was borne by France, in the Second it was borne by Britain; but neither war could have been won against Germany if the anti-German alliance had not been reinforced by the massive power of the United States. Like France before it, Germany twice came near to success in its attempt to impose its rule by conquest; but, unlike Napoleon's ephemeral empire, Germany's had no prospect of lasting, for Germany failed to bring to the peoples that it momentarily conquered any gifts of the kind that had gone far toward reconciling the Germans themselves, the Italians, Belgians, and Dutch to being incorporated in Napoleonic France.

A noteworthy feature of the play of political forces in the modern international arena is the series of changes in the membership of the ring of "great powers." The Hapsburg dynasty's failure to get the better of France was followed by the decline of both the Spanish and the Austrian portion of Charles V's heritage. This decline of the far-flung Hapsburg power created so great a political vacuum in the Western world that it left room not only for France to make a bid for supremacy but for two countries with relatively small populations to attain great-power status. Holland first successfully revolted from Philip II's Spain and then successfully opposed Louis XIV's France. Sweden competed with the Danubian Hapsburg Monarchy in the Thirty Years' War for the hegemony over Germany. Neither Holland nor Sweden, however, was able to sustain this arduous role for more than about a century. After the foiling of Louis XIV's attempt to establish France's ascendancy had been confirmed in 1713 in the peace settlement of Utrecht, Holland and Sweden lost their great-power status, as Spain had lost its already.

The membership of the ring of great powers has not changed after the checking of every attempt by some single power to impose its ascendancy. France's second attempt, in the Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars, was more formidable than Louis XIV's had been, and it came nearer than his attempt had come to succeeding. Yet the set of great powers that entered the arena in 1792 stepped out of it, unchanged, in 1815. There were five of them—France, Britain, Austria, Prussia, and Russia; of these five, Russia alone was non-European and non-Western, and Russia had made itself a great power by deliberately adopting the Western way of life.



By contrast, an even more revolutionary change than the one in the early eighteenth century has been produced by the cumulative effect of the two world wars in which Germany's attempt at world power was foiled in the course of the first half of the twentieth century. This time two great powers—first Austria-Hungary and then Prussia-Germany itself—have been not merely reduced to a lower rank, but have been wiped off the map, and five—France, Britain, Italy, Japan, and Prussia-Germany's West German successor-state—have been depressed to a secondary level. In 1967 there are only two great powers—the United States and the Soviet Union—and of these two only Russia had already been a great power before the round of world wars began. The United States did not assume the role of a great power before its intervention in the First World War, though it had a great enough population and economic potential to play the part, if it had chosen, since the date of the preservation of the Union through the defeat of the Confederacy in the Civil War of 1861-1865.

THE annihilation of Austria-Hungary and Prussia-Germany has been an unusual fate for great powers in the modern Western power game as far as this game has yet been played. Other states that have lost their great-power status have not also lost their existence; but there have been striking differences in their reactions to the challenge of being reduced to a lower political rank. Holland and Sweden went through a period of eclipse in the eighteenth century but rallied in the nineteenth century. They did not become great powers again in the military and political sense but they did regain an important place in the world by virtue of new economic and cultural achievements. On the other hand, Spain has not, so far, found a new role for itself since it ceased to be a great power. Its decline began at the turn of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and, up till now, it has failed to revive. It remains to be seen whether France, Great Britain, West Germany, and Japan are now going to react in the Spanish way or in the Dutch and Swedish way.

Of all the former great powers, France had the longest run. In spite of suffering a number of reverses, it was a great power from 1494 to 1940. None of France's competitors has measured up to France's four and a half centuries of continuous military and political potency. The Danubian Hapsburg Monarchy had been a great power for a little less than four centuries by the time of its extinction in 1918. Great Britain was a great power for about two and a half centuries, reckoning from the War of the Spanish Succession to the Second World War inclusive. Russia, which is still a great power, became one at about the same time as Great Britain. Prussia had been one for about 200 years by the time of its extinction in 1945. Holland's and Sweden's careers as great powers were only about a hundred years long, as has been noted already. Japan had been a great power for less than half a century when it lost that status in 1945. The United States has been playing the part of a great power for only half a century now.

Today it seems unlikely that any of the surviving ex-great powers will ever

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recover great-power status. At the same time the United States and the Soviet Union cannot count on continuing for an indefinite time to be the only two great powers on the face of the globe. It is possible that China may challenge successfully these two countries' present joint monopoly. China was not merely a great power, but the unique world power in its half of the world for 2,060 years, reckoning from its political unification in 221 B.C. to its defeat by Great Britain, in the war that Great Britain made upon it, in 1839. In the course of those two millennia, China, like France in the modern age, suffered a number of reverses. It went through bouts of disunity and of subjection to Central Asian nomads; but, each time, it eventually recovered its unity and its independence.

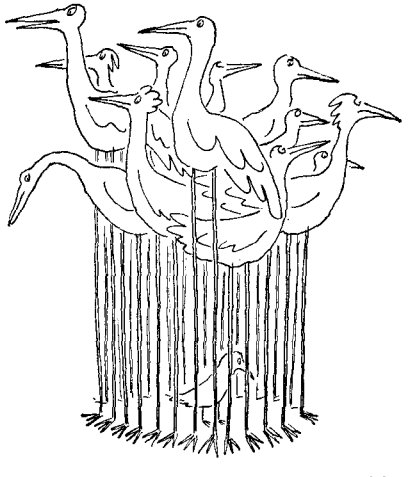
It was Britain's onslaught on China in 1839 that suddenly degraded it from being "the Middle Kingdom" to being a semi-colonial area whose inhabitants ranked, in Western eyes, as "natives." China went through a century (1839-1945) of impotence and humiliation. From this it has now re-emerged; it is evidently determined to recover its normal position of greatness, and it seems at last to have recognized, as Japan recognized a century earlier and Russia two centuries and a half earlier, that, if it wills to hold its own in a Westernized world, it must also will the means, and that the necessary means is a mastery of up-to-date Western technology. It is possible, though of course not certain, that in the early Atomic Age China is going to take its place side by side with the Soviet Union and the United States as one of the world's great powers.

These repeated changes in the membership of the ring of great powers have been one of the features of the modern system of international relations. Another feature of it has been the constant expansion of the geographical arena in which the power game has been played. In the Middle Ages this arena was confined to Northern and Central Italy, with Venice and Florence exerting themselves successfully to hinder Milan's attempts to achieve a pan-Italian hegemony. At the turn of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, which marked the beginning of the Modern Age, the arena expanded geographically from Italy to include Transalpine Europe. The Italian city-states, which had previously been the great powers within their own relatively small field, now became the prizes of victory for Transalpine great powers of the nation-state scale that contended for them on battlefields in Lombardy and in Flanders.

The turn of the eighteenth century saw a further extension of the arena to include two non-Western powers, Russia and Turkey (though Turkey's admittance into the Western system of international relations was not recognized formally until the negotiation of the Paris peace settlement of 1856, after the Crimean War). The eighteenth century saw the arena expand still further—into North America in one direction and into India in the other. Finally, in the nineteenth century, the arena became world-wide. First Eastern Asia and then Tropical Africa and Southern Africa were drawn into it. The two world wars were truly world-wide. Each of them was fought not only in Europe but all over the world as well; almost all the sovereign states that were then in existence became belligerents in each war before it ended, and in each war the outcome was eventually decided by the intervention of the United States, which is a non-European power, though not, of course, a non-Western one.

By 1967 the whole surface and whole air-envelope of the globe had been knit together into a unity for purposes of warfare. By this date any point on the earth's surface can be hit more or less accurately by a missile shot from a launching pad at any other point. By this date, too, anything that happens in any part of man's habitat may be a matter of life and death for the rest of the world. For instance, the destinies of the whole world are now involved in the war in Vietnam and in the tension along the armistice lines in the Near East and Kashmir.

There have been a number of momentous changes in the international situation since the last days of the Second World War. The first of these changes has been the invention and use of the atomic weapon. This has been different in kind from any previous "improvements" in military technique, such as the invention of gunpowder. The invention of the atomic weapon has changed the nature of war itself. War has always been wicked and destructive but, before 1945, the liability of a belligerent was usually limited. A defeated belligerent would be mulcted of territory, wealth, and power; it might be conquered and annexed by the victor; but it was rare for the vanquished to be wiped out. The annihilation of Carthage and the Carthaginian people by the Romans was an exceptional atrocity, and even this and other comparable crimes were only local tragedies; they were not threats to the survival of the human race as a whole.



Since 1945, on the other hand, the cost of war, if escalated to the atomic level, has become prohibitive. It seems probable that, in a war fought with atomic weapons, there will be no victor. There will be mutual defeat, and the defeat might take the Carthaginian form of annihilation. Indeed, this fate might engulf the whole human race; for the course taken by both world wars has shown that a war which starts as a local one tends, under modern technological conditions, to become world-wide, while the history of all wars shows that it was in the very nature of all wars to get out of hand. Even before "the annihilation of distance" by modern technology, most wars had spread and had escalated beyond the expectations and intentions of the war-makers. The invention of the atomic weapon made it evident that war could no longer be used effectively as an instrument of policy. In particular, it became evident that, in the Atomic Age, the world could not be united politically by military force. In the pre-Atomic Age of Western history, each successive attempt to unite the world by conquest had been defeated. In the Atomic Age, any attempt to do this would be a symptom of suicidal mania.

THE second of the momentous changes that have been sequels to the Second World War is the reduction of the number of great powers from seven to two—that is, to the number with which the competition had started at the beginning of the modern age, when the powers in the arena were the Hapsburg Monarchy and France. If the United States and the Soviet Union had not been overtaken in 1945 by the Atomic Age, they might have fought each other for the prize of supremacy, as the Hapsburgs and France had done in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. So far America and Russia have refrained from going to war with each other, but they have also failed to come to terms with each other. In consequence, international relations continue to be anarchic. In 1967 the United States and the Soviet Union are both facing the prospect of losing the pre-eminent power that each of them has been enjoying since the overthrow of Nazi Germany. Both powers alike are menaced by the proliferation of the possession of atomic weapons and by the possibility that China, already an atomic power, might raise itself one day to

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achieve parity with the present Big Two.

Meanwhile, the anarchy in the world has been aggravated by the great increase in the number of sovereign independent states that resulted from the liberation of Asian and African countries which formerly were parts of the British, French, Dutch, Italian, and American colonial empires. Since the close of the Second World War, the number of local sovereign independent states on the face of this comparatively small planet has nearly doubled. There are now about 125 of these, including such tiny entities as Andorra, San Marino, State of Vatican City, and Singapore. The increase in their number has made the world more difficult to govern. Some of these new states—e.g., India and Pakistan, or, again, the Arab states and Israel—have been at swords' points with one another from birth; and each of these new local feuds is a danger to the maintenance of world peace. Moreover, the doctrine of the equality of states, which had been recognized in 1648 in the Westphalia peace settlement, was written into the constitution of the United Nations and this doctrine puts a premium on political disruption. If, for instance, Nigeria were to break up into five separate fragments, the Nigerians would be rewarded for their political incompetence by getting five seats in the Assembly of the United Nations instead of the one seat allotted to an undisrupted Nigeria—and likewise to an undisrupted India, United States, and Soviet Union. This distribution of seats is unrealistic. It bears no relation to the real ratios of population, wealth, power, and responsibility, and it therefore threatens to bring the Assembly into disrepute. The constitution of a world government could never be built on this fantastically inequitable basis.

IN the Atomic Age, the need for the establishment of some kind of world government is still more evident than it has been before. In the Atomic Age, a world government can be established by consent only, not by force, and it would be hard to induce the newly liberated Asian and African states, and even the less recently liberated Latin American states, to agree to the reduction of their voting power to the ratio to which they are properly entitled. On the other hand, there is one propitious hard fact: by 1967 the postwar power of the United States and of the Soviet Union might be a wasting asset; these two states, out of the officially sovereign 125, still hold, between them, about 90 per cent of the world's power. Since the collapse of Nazi Germany, America and Russia have been frustrating each other. If the rise of Communist China moves them to come to terms with each other and to form a partnership, they would still have it in their power to establish a world government *de facto* by acting in concert. This would not be a democratic world government, but it would be one that would ensure the survival of the human race; for America and Russia, working together, could not only eliminate the possibility of their falling into an atomic war with each other; they could also make it impossible for an atomic war to be made by any other power.

"Our anti-anti-missile-missile just shot itself down, sir!"

UNDER the political and psychological conditions prevailing in 1967, a world government is evidently going to be hard to establish. It would be hard enough for the United States and the Soviet Union to bring themselves to work together—though, by now, the vital interest of each of these two powers calls urgently for cooperation between them. It would be still harder to persuade the other 123 states of the world to reconcile themselves to seeing their sovereignties subordinated to a Russo-American directorate, even if there were a prospect that this undemocratic form of world government would be democratized progressively as time went on. Yet however difficult it might be to achieve world government, it looks in 1967 as if, in the Atomic Age, this has become a necessary condition for the survival of the human race. In the pre-Atomic Age, it was possible for mankind to survive without world government, but the cost of living in this way was a permanent state of international anarchy in which each of the spells of uneasy peace between local sovereign states ended invariably in a fresh outbreak of war between them. At the western end of the Old World, in contrast to China, this miserable state of affairs set in with the breakdown and break-up of the Roman Empire in the fifth century of the Christian Era. From the turn of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries onward, this lamentable Western way of life has spread progressively to the rest of the world. It has partly been imposed on the non-Western majority of mankind by the West European powers' conquests of colonial empires overseas, and has partly been accepted by still independent non-Western states – e.g., by Russia and Japan – under the influence of the West's prestige.

The modern West has had many good things to give to the world in the field of science and technology, but in the field of international relations the effect of the Westernization of the world has been disastrous. It has aggravated international anarchy where this had existed before, and has imported it into regions, such as China and Peru, that had previously achieved a unified government within their own respective domains. Mankind's present major political task is to save itself from self-destruction by erecting some kind of world government in the present unpropitious circumstances. As a start, we could well be content with any arrangement—for instance, a Russo-American joint dictatorship—that would exclude the possibility of an atomic war.

Effectively enforced, law is an indispensable condition for civilized life on the world scale just as much as it is on the municipal scale. But we cannot have effectively enforced law on any geographical scale unless we have an effective government on the same scale. If there is to be an effectively enforced world law there has to be an effective world government. This is one of the lessons of modern treaties. Of the many lessons latent in such documents, this, in my judgment, is the most valuable lesson of all.

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Saturday Review

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Public Opinion and Vietnam

SOME of the positions taken by leaders of the April 15 mass demonstrations in New York and San Francisco against the war in Vietnam are neither accurate nor useful. If the best chance for ending the war is through a negotiated settlement, and if an articulate and forceful American public opinion is vital to this purpose, then the April 15 demonstrations may have missed their mark.

First of all, the American people are not likely to be won over by arguments equating the United States with Nazi Germany. The very fact of public protest against the Vietnam war cancels out the comparison. It should be possible to express forcible anger and outrage at the air bombing and the saturation ground attacks, to mention only two aspects of the war, without invoking comparisons with deliberate mass murder and systematic racial extermination.

Next, the demand that the United States end the war by immediate unilateral withdrawal from Vietnam is a particularly futile and wasteful expenditure of public advocacy. The United States is not going to pick up and walk away from Vietnam—regardless of problems of safety and stability. One point about which there need be no doubt is that the United States will not leave without reference to the future of Vietnam.

It is to this end—the need for negotiations to terminate the conflict and create a reasonably secure peace—that U.S. public opinion can be most meaningfully directed. For there are disturbing signs that basic U.S. policy calling for negotiations may be shifting. In some quarters of government, there appears to be diminishing support for the policy of a limited war aimed at achieving a political settlement. In fact, in the nation as a whole today the delusion is beginning to take hold that negotiations are not really necessary after all. Only a year ago, it was widely accepted that a policy directed to the use of overwhelming force would almost certainly lead to a limitless land war in Asia, involving untold millions of fighting men, and even to a suicidal world nuclear war. Now that the military situation in Vietnam has improved, there is less talk about military restraint and limited objectives. It is possible to perceive a new mood of senseless bravado. Men seem to have much less hesitation today than they did only a short time ago about rattling the apocalyptic dice. The unthinkables of 1965 seem to be giving way to the ghastly compulsions of 1967.

If the delusion of victory through force is to be resisted, it may require something more substantial than the opposite delusion built on hopes for a sudden and extemporaneous exit of American forces from Vietnam. An alternative to both delusions—one that could constructively engage American public opinion—is represented by the proposals put forward by U Thant, Secretary General of the United Nations. No one has made more sense on the subject of the Vietnam war than U Thant. He has called for negotiations. He sees clearly how negotiations can best be brought about. He has called for an end to the bombing. He wants not just to stop the war but to create a genuinely stable situation in Vietnam and in Indochina as a whole.

The April 15 demonstration in New York was subtitled "March to the U.N." Nothing would have been more appropriate or more useful under such a banner than for the demonstration to have concentrated its support behind the Secretary General's specific proposals. It would have been useful, too, if the demonstration had taken advantage of the U.N. symbolism by making the point that the war in Vietnam did not occur in a vacuum. It occurred in the context of a world of conflicting absolute sovereignties, with each nation insisting on unilateral decision in the field of foreign policy, thus adding up to an anarchy of the whole.

Beyond the Vietnam war lie dozens of other dangerously volatile situations. These situations will not be kept under control by any one nation assigning to itself the role of policeman. They will not be made less explosive by being allowed to remain points of contention in a world-balance-of-power struggle.

To be sure, U Thant's proposals were endorsed by some of the speakers at the rally but they lacked the centrality they deserved. The response of the crowd to the mention of these proposals was disproportionately greater than their place in the total program. In fact, what was most encouraging about the meeting was the people themselves. In their comportment, manner, and restraint, they made it apparent they had come not to engage in random agitation but to bear witness to their concern over events for which they as free citizens must accept a full share of responsibility. The opportunity was never greater than it is today for serious discussion of serious issues as the forerunner to public decision and action. And high on the agenda of such discussions should be the role of the U.N. as keeper of the peace.

Wars—whether Vietnam-style or much larger—are going to be prevented only as the United Nations becomes a genuine authority in the field of world security. It is toward the development of such a U.N. that an American peace movement can most usefully be directed. In this way, a sense of despair may give way to a sense of history and a sense of connection with vital purpose.

—N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Chronofile Revisited

THE ARTICLE by "Buckminster Fuller" ["Man With a Chronofile," *SR*, Apr. 1] was hilarious—a marvelous parody of pseudo-scientific gobbledygook. We'd love to know the identity of the author—W. H. Auden? Jacques Barzun? Of course the cover picture is a touched-up photo of Jack Benny with thick lenses. But *who* wrote the article?

W. C. HOPGOOD, M.D.
Beverly Hills, Calif.

BUCKMINSTER FULLER'S polymeric chains of thrice-compounded words abraded my eye and brain. Yet the total effect was ephemeralizational—he did a lot of thought-provoking in small space!

JOHN D. BELL.
Provincetown, Mass.

Vietnam War Casualties

DAVID MCLANAHAN'S article "Diary of an American Medical Intern in Vietnam" [*SR*, March 25], corresponds generally to others published recently. It is, however, directly contradicted by an article entitled "Vietnam Tour—I" by Howard A. Rusk, M.D., in *The New York Times* of March 12.

Dr. Rusk apparently visited the Danang hospital where McLanahan served. It is implied that among the burn victims, there was not one due to napalm. His statistics indicate that 30 per cent of the February admissions were war casualties vs. a 90 per cent estimate by McLanahan.

PETER LEACH.
St. Paul, Minn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *David McLanahan comments, "It is true that Dr. Rusk may not have seen many burns at Danang. There are several reasons. Victims of extensive burns may not reach a hospital—90 per cent of them die within a few hours. Most are hit by air in areas too dangerous for ground troops to evacuate. The district hospitals filter out the less severe and treatable cases because there isn't much that a surgical hospital, such as Danang, can or has time to do initially. Also, burn contracture problems do not manifest until those who have survived initial burn complications are back in the villages, and by then they are reluctant to leave.*

"Regarding the discrepancy between my estimate that 90 per cent of the patients in the surgical hospital are there as a result of war injuries and the 30 per cent figure attributed to Dr. Rusk: He relates the figure of 468 war-related admissions to a total of 1,661 Danang admissions for the month of February; the latter figure, however, refers to both surgical and medical hospitals. All war casualties go to the surgical hospital. Other factors such as varying military activity, higher turnover rate of nonwar cases, etc., could be discussed at length."

I SPENT eight months in Vietnam as a Navy doctor.

It is true that the Danang surgical hospital is overcrowded and understaffed—woefully so by our standards. But very little was mentioned of the considerable progress at this facility.

PETER D. CALDWELL, M.C.
U.S.N.R.
FPO San Francisco 96602.

"Gentlemen, please! You're flying the friendly skies of United!"

YOU HAVE MADE a substantial contribution to all of those who are attempting to do something about civilian casualties in Vietnam by publishing David McLanahan's article and N.C.'s editorial, "Morale and Morality in Vietnam" [*SR*, March 25]. Both spoke in a most clear and compelling way of the human suffering and the need for action.

HERBERT L. NEEDLEMAN, M.D.
Chairman, Board of Directors,
The Committee of Responsibility, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

WPA Notables

IN HIS ARTICLE "When Culture Came to Main Street" [*SR*, Apr. 1], Robert Bendiner writes that "the memorable names connected" with the WPA Writers Project "can be counted on the fingers."

Katherine Dunham and Richard Wright had left shortly before I took over, but from behind my desk as state supervisor of the Illinois Writers Project I observed the following: Nelson Algren, Arna Bontemps, Studs Terkel, Arthur Weinberg, Stuart Engstrand, Frank Yerby, Jack Conroy, Willard Motley, George Vincent Martin, and scores of others who since have become successful journalists, college professors, playwrights, and writers for radio and television.

CURTIS D. MACDOUGALL,
Professor of Journalism,
Northwestern University.
Evanston, Ill.

IN NEW YORK the Writers Project included Richard Wright, the eminent Negro novelist, and Roi Ottley, who has written some important books. There were many others. Harold Strauss was the director and later went to Alfred Knopf, Inc., as editor in chief.

The esprit de corps was wonderful, and all the WPA guides and books stand as monuments to the humanitarianism and cultural ideals of Franklin D. Roosevelt. It is noble of *SR* to revive them.

ANTHONY NETBOY.
Portland, Ore.

From Mrs. Pinter

HENRY HEWES'S article about my husband, "Probing Pinter's Play" [THE THEATER, Apr. 8], states that we employ a "nanny" to take care of our ten-year-old son. We have never employed a nanny, but, as I am playing in *The Homecoming* every night, we did bring over a "baby-sitter" from England whom our son has known for some years.

Since I have nearly killed myself to personally look after our child from the day he was born, and only work when and if possible, I would be grateful if you could put this information right.

VIVIEN MERCHANT
(Mrs. Harold Pinter).
New York, N.Y.

Roper Remembers Luce

I ENJOYED and agreed with Herbert Mayes's article about Henry R. Luce [*SR*, March 18]. In my opinion the two most unfettered minds of this generation were those of Beardsley Ruml and Harry Luce.

I recall two experiences that I think throw a little additional light on Harry Luce and how his mind worked.

(*Continued on page* 50)

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Today's Eastman School—Balanchine's Latest

ROCHESTER, N.Y.

"MADE in Rochester, N.Y." has long been identified with industrial products with an international as well as a national influence, typified by such trade names as Kodak and Xerox. For a first-time (musical) visitor to this sprawling, none-too-comely community, these hardly matched, in magnetism, the attraction to a downtown corner where, nearly fifty years ago, George Eastman caused to be built a school of music bearing his name. It stands there today, performing the same functions that have identified it with the benefactions of Mrs. Curtis Bok in Philadelphia and Frederick Juilliard in New York.

Each attained a direction as well as a distinction of its own, whether either or both were exactly as their creators imagined they would be. An aspiring composition student who finds his way to Eastman can imagine himself treading ground familiar to such as Peter Mennin, Alec Wilder, David Diamond, William Bergsma, and Robert Ward, to mention but a few; it has spawned conductors occuping positions of prominence in half a dozen centers, and its other individuals of measurable attainment include, at random mention, not only Mitch Miller but William Warfield, not only Goddard Lieberson but Doriot Anthony Dwyer, whose abilities gave her priority above all others when Charles Munch was required to fill the post of principal flutist in the Boston Symphony a decade ago.

All of these—and thousands of others—came and went from Rochester to their varied destinations while the school was under the guidance of Howard Hanson. This is not quite so singular a record as it might appear, for the Eastman School had no other director until Hanson succumbed to time and the tide of human affairs three years ago. He left not only a record to be reckoned with, but a length of tenure not likely to be equaled by his successor, Walter Hendl. Were Hendl to equal Hanson's reign of more than forty years, he would have to endure until 2003 and attain the age of eighty.

To estimate Hendl's influence in Rochester after a mere three years would be akin to comparing a sapling to a redwood. There have, inevitably, been faculty changes. Such singers of Metropolitan repute as Julius Huehn and Josephine Antoine are now counseling young vocalists; Eugene List has been added to the piano faculty, as his wife, Carroll Glenn, has been to the staff of violinists; Brooks Smith has been called upon to institute a department for aspiring young accompanists; and Willis Page will take over the training of conductors formerly entrusted to Laslo Halasz.

What will flow from this, nobody could now possibly estimate. But what continues to flow to Eastman from a majority of the fifty states is an eager, alert, serious-minded student body. Whether estimated in terms of a clarinet-piano-violin-cello ensemble which gave an understandably imperfect but unexpectedly artistic performance of Olivier Messiaen's difficult *Quatuor pour la fin du temps* under the productive coaching of John Celentano, or the mixed student-professional personnel of the Eastman-Rochester Orchestra, which, under Hendl's knowing direction, sight-read a variety of works in the annual Symposium of Student Composers, there was professional leadership to draw the aspirants to a higher level than they had known before. If setting a student's sights higher than they had been is one of the subtle purposes of education, it prevails in the demonstrations that came my way at Eastman.

All too often, however, it is carried on despite deteriorations in the physical plant which are unhappily consistent with the neighboring commercial buildings. The spacious Eastman Theater is shabby and rundown, the smaller Kilbourne Hall in need of facelifting to regain the beauty built into it at great expense. Unlike comparable constructions in Europe, where age adds a patina of mellowness because basic values are sustained by a proud municipality, those of Rochester suffer from usage without adequate provisions for upkeep.

Though the Eastman School is part of the University of Rochester, it does not appear to benefit from the program of expansion in vogue at the River Campus. Here, where the resourceful W. Allen Wallis presides, ground is being moved, structures are going up, forces being shaped in the newer mold of educational endeavor. The "music majors" I encountered there were an alert, inquisitive group. Some profit from instruction at the downtown source, some do not; but all appear to benefit from the physical surroundings. Perhaps the career-bent students at Eastman couldn't care less about physical surroundings, but it would have to be proved to me before I'd accept it.

Back at the State Theater in Lincoln Center, the first performance by the New York City Ballet of George Balanchine's latest creation showed him to be possessed of what might be called a truly precious idea: to affiliate a three-part dance sequence with such gems as emeralds, rubies, and diamonds. The permutations of the idea are innumerable, and Balanchine has worked with the craftsmanship of the jeweled mind that is his to realize them. An original score, carrying through the theme of brilliance and contrast, would have been an asset; it is almost, but not quite, a liability that he has settled for a sequence of Fauré (*Pelléas et Mélisande* and *Shylock* excerpts), Stravinsky (*Capriccio*), and Tchaikovsky (much of his Symphony No. 3).

As a result, the primary assets are visual rather than aural. These include the artfully varied and thematically inclusive costumes of Karinska, somewhat less the serviceable settings of Peter Harvey, which reflect the lighting suitable to the green, red, white sequence. Clearly, Balanchine's purpose has been to create a work which permits the exhibition of the company's varied personnel (female especially) in an ascending order which presents Suzanne Farrell and Jacques d'Amboise as the most precious of all (diamonds, naturally). Violette Verdy, partnered by Conrad Ludlow, and Mimi Paul, associated with Francisco Moncion, are prominent in Emeralds; Patricias McBride and Neary, with Edward Villella, in Rubies.

Much of it is good, standard Balanchine in which arms and legs, torsos, and hands are utilized in relationships hardly intended by their Maker, but easily accessible to one as intimately understanding of stresses and angles, ligaments and joints as their remaker, Balanchine.

It glints, it is pleasing to the eye, it has elegance and a suitably shining surface. What it lacks, as gems themselves do, is identity with an individual, something more than an impersonal, easily transferable value. Those satisfied with movement for its own sake will derive abundant pleasure from Balanchine's evolutions and their beautifully polished performances. Robert Irving's direction of all the music was carefully considered, as was Gordon Boelzner's playing of the piano part in the Stravinsky.

If the work has not, to this point, been identified by title, it is not an oversight. There was, in the place in the program usually allotted to such matter, merely a blank space. As the basic costumes are white, it might be called a *Ballet Blank*. In terms of jewels, why not *Bijoux de Balanchine*, or *A Girl's Three Best Friends*?

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Good Fathers and Good Sons

THE IMPRESSION one gets from most contemporary fiction is that youth today is both disturbed and disturbing. Everyone knows about J. D. Salinger's Holden Caulfield, who, with the best of intentions, gets into one mess after another. But Holden's troubles are nothing compared to the difficulties of other young people we read about. Wright Morris's Jubal Gainer whirls away on his (stolen) motorcycle from crime to crime. John Updike's Rabbit Angstrom runs and runs. The college students in John Nichols's *The Sterile Cuckoo* major in alcohol and sex, but they are tame in comparison with the undergraduates in the late Richard Fariña's *Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up to Me*. John Hersey, in *Too Far to Walk*, presents the newest lost generation, complete with LSD. And we are reminded of the hoodlums in the lower depths by such books as Hubert Selby's *Last Exit to Brooklyn*.

We are likely to be startled, therefore, when we are introduced to two brilliant, studious, serious boys, as we are in Chaim Potok's *The Chosen* (Simon & Schuster, $4.95). Danny Saunders and Reuven Malter are fifteen when we encounter them and they encounter one another, and we leave them after they have been graduated from college, both *summa cum laude*. They have their problems, of course, but these are not the problems that we are used to reading about.

It is a critical commonplace that good boys, like good men and good women, are likely to seem pretty dull in fiction, but Potok succeeds in making his boys interesting as well as credible right from the start. He begins with a softball game, which is essential to the plot and at the same time seizes the reader by his lapel. The scene is Williamsburg, and the time is June of 1944. As a result of the wartime spirit, some of the teachers in the Jewish parochial schools have organized a kind of little league "to show the gentile world that yeshiva students were as physically fit, despite their long hours of study, as any other American student." Reuven Malter, who tells the story, sometimes plays second base and sometimes pitches for the yeshiva he attends. He describes the outlandish appearance of the rival team: "There were fifteen of them, and they were dressed alike in white shirts, dark pants, white sweaters, and small black skullcaps. In the fashion of the very Orthodox, their hair was closely cropped, except for the area near their ears from which mushroomed the untouched hair that tumbled down into the long sidecurls. Some of them had the beginnings of beards, straggly tufts of hair that stood in isolated clumps on their chins, jawbones, and upper lips. They all wore the traditional undergarment beneath their shirts, and the tzitzis, the long fringes appended to the four corners of the garment, came out above their belts and swung against their pants as they walked. These were the very Orthodox. . . ."

The almost demoniacally belligerent leader of the very Orthodox is Danny Saunders, son of the rabbi of a Hasidic synagogue. After a dramatic accident he and Reuven become close friends, and the novel focuses on this friendship and on the relationship between the two sons and their fathers. Reuven's father, a teacher at his yeshiva, is Orthodox but no fanatic, a man of wide knowledge and true tolerance. Reb Saunders, on the other hand, is a zealot, consecrated to the purity of the small sect to which he belongs and held in the utmost reverence by his followers. Both fathers believe in the most rigorous sort of intellectual discipline, and it is no wonder that their sons, one led on by love and the other driven by unsparing severity, excel in school and college.

Because of Reb Saunders's fanaticism his relationship with Danny becomes more and more difficult, and it complicates Danny's relationship with Reuven. It takes time for the situation to develop to a satisfying conclusion, and Potok handles the passage of the years with marked skill. After the revelation of Hitler's slaughter of the Jews—one million, three million, six million—Reuven's father becomes a staunch and eloquent supporter of Jewish nationalism, and almost wears himself out for the cause. Reb Saunders, however, is an anti-Zionist, arguing that there can be no true Jewish state until the coming of the Messiah. Reuven grows bitter at this, but his father tells him: "The fanaticism of men like Reb Saunders kept us alive for two thousand years of exile. If the Jews of Palestine have an ounce of that same fanaticism and use it wisely, we will soon have a Jewish state." There are times, he has himself learned, when it is not enough to be broad-minded.

Whatever happens, the center of the novel is always the conflict between Danny and his father. It has been taken for granted from his birth that Danny will become a *tzaddik*, a great leader of his people, like his father and grandfather. But, though Danny is a brilliant Talmudist when he is fifteen, he becomes interested in psychology, and be-

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fore he is graduated from college he has resolved to become a psychologist. The climax towards which the novel builds is the decisive confrontation between Reb Saunders and Danny, which is as surprising as it is moving.

One of the important literary phenomena of the past twenty years is the number of novels written by and about Jews, some of them in the highest rank of contemporary fiction. As has often been pointed out, the persecution and near-extermination of the Jews of Germany and its neighbors had the effect of making Jews in this country acutely aware of themselves as Jews. It has also been said, and I think accurately, that the Jewish writers, in exploring their own predicament, have expressed the sense of alienation that is felt by many men of our times.

The Chosen points to an even more significant conclusion, for it suggests that almost any situation, no matter how unfamiliar to the population in general, may have meaning for the multitude if the author goes deep enough. Who cares about the Hasidim? Not many people, I suppose. But we all know about fanaticism and can recognize that it may have power for good as well as evil. And many of us are either fathers or sons or both. As I began by saying, it is hard to make good boys credible and interesting; it must have been even harder for Chaim Potok to bring to life a pair of good fathers, good in such different ways. But he succeeded, and the result is a fine, moving, gratifying book.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1238

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1238 will be found in the next issue.

YU XOODOL XA XYDMJO KWOG

AGO KCX EAQGT CGL GOK

YLOCX KOZO DOGUYAGOL GAU

UA TZAK ZOL YG UWO RCIO

CGL TAFFJO.

—J. M. XDYUW

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1237

The mind of the bigot is like the pupil of the eye; the more light you pour upon it, the more it will contract.

—O. W. Holmes, Jr.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Grove Picks Up Plumb

Unaware that *Saturday Review* is now reviewing publishers' catalogs, I was astonished to see J. H. Plumb's review of the Grove Press "School and College Catalog" in the March 25 issue—and would appreciate the opportunity to reply to some of the charges he made.

Mr. Plumb seems very concerned that the Russians, the Chinese Red Guards, and the Viet Cong might be upset by the contents of the catalog and cites nine books that he finds objectionable out of the approximately 250 titles listed.

He reserves his harshest criticism for a book, *Three Men* by Jean Evans, which Erich Fromm (quoted in the catalog) considers "invaluable for the teacher and student of psychology." Perhaps Mr. Plumb would like to learn more about this book which he has condemned without, I suspect, ever seeing or reading it.

When *Three Men* was originally published by Alfred A. Knopf in 1954, it was reviewed by Albert Deutsch in *Saturday Review* (4/24/54): "Here are the case histories of three misery-laden men, narrated largely in their own words, infused with the insight of a compassionate writer who unobstrusively informs her stories with modern psychological and sociological knowledge. . . . *Three Men* makes profitable reading for anyone interested in human beings." The stories in *Three Men*, Mr. Deutsch reported, "are being used by an increasing number of instructors conducting classes in social work, psychology, and criminology."

In his introduction to *Three Men*, Gordon W. Allport, professor of psychology, Harvard University, said: "I hope this volume will find its way into classrooms where students are being introduced to the study of child development and personality, to the study of social problems and policy, to the study of abnormal psychology and psychotherapy. The three cases offer precisely the raw material for which each of these fields of study is composed."

Perhaps we should be grateful for Mr. Plumb's concession that our catalog "opens well enough with a solid section on Drama, containing some of the outstanding plays of the avant-garde theater." He found that "Brecht is there, and Beckett, Arden, Pinter, Dürrenmatt, Ionesco—a good list this and well worth a place in a college library." Should Mr. Plumb have been so inclined, he might have chosen to list as well Brendan Behan, Ugo Betti, Rolf Hochhuth, and John Osborne.

Mr. Plumb noted that the catalog includes Melville but seemed disturbed by the omission of *Moby Dick*. Since its inception, Grove has made a constant effort to publish, or bring back into print, neglected works by important writers, rather than to add still another edition to those already available. If Mr. Plumb glances into *Paperbound Books in Print*, he'll find that fourteen publishers have editions of *Moby Dick*. He'll also find that Grove's *White Jacket* is the only paperbound edition available for schools and colleges. Grove was the first to publish *The Confidence-Man* in paperback—and four other publishers have since followed. For the record, the Grove catalog lists three books by Melville (*Pierre*, *White Jacket*, and *The Confidence-Man*) and not two, as Mr. Plumb tallies.

Since Mr. Plumb mentioned Mark Twain, he might also be interested in learning that Grove was the first to issue *Pudd'nhead Wilson* in paperback. There are now five editions in print. However, I am surprised that Mr. Plumb didn't complain that Grove has not published *Tom Sawyer* or *Huckleberry Finn*.

Ignored by Mr. Plumb was the poetry section of our catalog which includes the works of Beckett, Brecht, Catullus, Cummings, Lorca, Neruda, and Voznesensky. Also ignored were the anthologies of world literature—three of Japanese and one of Chinese, the latter described by the *Library Journal* as "the first true anthology in English of Chinese literature, [it] is enjoyable, informative and, last but not least, readable to the student and the general reader alike." What would Mr. Plumb's Red Guards think of that?

Authors in the catalog whom Mr. Plumb overlooked include Hanson Baldwin, C. Wright Mills, Ashley Montagu, Edgar Snow, Eric Berne, Robert Lindner, Theodor Reik, William Barrett, Ernst Breisach, D. T. Suzuki, Erich Fromm, A. L. Basham, Frantz Fanon, Octavio Paz, Karl Mannheim, and Robert S. Lynd.

Perhaps the next time Mr. Plumb looks for amusement he should try Joe Miller rather than the Grove Press "School and College Catalog."

Barney Rosset,
Publisher, Grove Press.
New York, N.Y.

Centro Mexicano de Escritores

Two letters in *SR*, March 18, both challenging John Hutchens's motives in writing his perceptive piece on Mexican writers [*SR*, Feb. 25] and by implication the motives of Americans involved in the Centro Mexicano de Escritores, seemed rather silly to me. Mr. Anna thinks there must be more to the story and indeed there is. We see it every year when sometimes 200 applicants come for nine *becas* [fellowships]. What is needed is more Centro not less. In January, when we celebrated our fifteenth anniversary, the Secretary of Education, Agustin Yañez, a fine novelist himself, participated. So did that great Mexican Jaime Torres Bodet, and dozens of other Mexican leaders. For them the Centro is part of the cultural life of Mexico. Anyway, 90 per cent of the

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Centro income is now from Mexican sources; the generous North American money we had at first was to set up the Centro, and then if Mexico did not want it, rightfully it would have died. Once in a while we still get North American money for special projects, the current publication of a CME anthology for instance, or a plan to get good reading materials to Spanish-American libraries in the U.S.

Something which seems not to occur to Mr. Anna, nor to Mr. Humphrey for that matter, is that sometimes people like a little help and encouragement. Is all generosity suspect? Having lived in Mexico for awhile, I am tired of Americans who mope over poor Mexico being dominated by the U.S. That is a cliché if there ever was one. Mexicans, including writers, are about the most independent people in the world. Anyway, does culture have to be fragmented into nationalities? The CME does not think so. Those of us, of several nationalities, who work there respect writers, first as writers and people, and then as whatever race or family or nationality they might be. And, for the record, we have also had a dozen or so North Americans, a Chilean, Argentinians, Cuban-Americans or Mexican-Cubans and others.

Some remarkable books have come out of the Centro; we hope they will be read in many languages (some already are being read); what we try for is wide and true communication, the far opposite to propaganda of any sort.

As to that other dreadful cliché, the "mañana idea" mentioned by Mr. Humphrey, it must be thirty years since anyone with Mexican experience has said or thought that. Least of all the CME. We see many Mexican writers who have three jobs and do their writing at night. If the CME is able to take the load off a good writer and give him a year, or hopefully two, to say what he really wants to, who cares whether the money comes from North Americans or Mexicans? Although, as it happens, now the money is mostly from the latter. Finally, Mr. Humphrey may like to know that Carlos Fuentes was one of our *becarios* and that Octavio Paz is a member of our Board.

MARGARET SHEDD,
Centro Mexicano de Escritores.
Mexico, D.F.

Holiness in All

IT IS TOO BAD that the Secretary of Christian Education who criticized Tom Driver's review of *Miracle of the Rose* [*SR*, Apr. 1] has decided not to renew her subscription. I, on the other hand, will renew my subscription because your writers are not conventional but dare to tell the truth. Yes, the truth, as Mr. Driver told it [*SR*, Mar. 18]. He recognized that no matter how sick or mad a person is, that person still has some humanity, some holiness. . . . I do not condone criminal minds nor do I curse them. But I do see some holiness in them, as Mr. Driver does, because everyone has some of it in him.

I should think that a Secretary of Christian Education would see this common holiness in all men just as Christ saw it in the demented Mary Magdalene.

CURT JOHNSON.
Rock Island, Ill.

The State of Man and State

The Political Illusion, *by Jacques Ellul, translated from the French by Konrad Kellen (Knopf. 258 pp. $8.95), maintains that the overriding malaise of modern civilization is our tendency to rush to government for the solution of every difficulty. Saul K. Padover's books include "French Institutions, Values, and Politics."*

By SAUL K. PADOVER

THIS is the third book by University of Bordeaux Professor Jacques Ellul to appear in the United States. In his first, *The Technological Society* (1964), he discussed the tension arising between freedom and modern technology. In his second, *Propaganda* (1965), he pointed out how contemporary man, enveloped by propaganda and manipulated by it, embraces it without visible reluctance. In *The Political Illusion* Ellul carries his analysis of modern society into the realm of politics, and comes to conclusions not likely to please traditional democrats in general or manipulatable Americans in particular. Ellul, in fact, is emerging as a fresh political thinker, something of a cross between an academic Eric Hoffer and a French *enfant terrible*.

He is worth listening to, if for no other reason than that he stands out against the prevailing current of political writing in the United States today. In contrast to many contemporary American behaviorists, Ellul is not interested in nonproblems. He is a genuinely political writer who understands that politics deals with problems that matter. He writes in the classic tradition, viewing man as the center of political discussion. To him, man is not a fragment to be studied through "mathematical, experimental, and microscopic" sociological analysis. He believes that such an approach has some value but is of limited utility. Ellul's concern is with the human entity, whose moral values are an essential part of his existence as a member of society. Studying fragmented pieces of man yields no more meaningful results than does viewing man as a cog in some predetermined impersonal "process."

Ellul uses the term "political" in the traditional sense. There are two meanings involved here. One is *"le politique,"* that is, public interest as connected with government; the other *"la politique,"* denoting actions of political groups. Politics, then, is the study of public affairs through the conduct of political entities as they compete for the solution of problems arising in society.

The key terms in *The Political Illusion* are "politization" and "depolitization." The more customary words are obviously "politicization" and "depoliticization," but Konrad Kellen, the scholarly translator of Ellul's works, may have been right

"To tell the truth, I had greatness thrust upon me."

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in shortening them. It is hoped that this may lead to popularizing the verb "to politize," which would certainly be a useful addition to the language of politics.

"Politization," as Ellul conceives it, is the overriding malaise of modern civilization. Politization means the permeation of virtually every aspect of life by politics, whether there is a political need for it or not. According to Ellul, contemporary men, unlike those of preceding ages, have developed the dangerous habit of rushing to government for the solution of every ailment or difficulty that confronts them. They expect the state to solve for them problems—whether of political freedom or individual happiness—that government is not equipped to solve and, in fact, has no business being dragged into.

POLITIZATION is not confined to any one country or political system. It is a worldwide phenomenon, to be found in industrial societies as well as in developing ones, in the West as well as in the East. But it is particularly striking in democracies, which are rife with political illusions. It is in democracies that men are living lives of pervasive self-delusion.

In abdicating his personal responsibilities and asking government to act as his surrogate, twentieth-century man is creating an ever-increasing series of evils. One of them is the transformation of government into a gigantic and overpowering leviathan. Another is that the individual, like the drug addict, becomes ever more dependent upon the state. Finally, man as a citizen loses control over the mighty political mechanism, and thus government by the "people," as envisaged in the democratic philosophy, ceases to have reality.

This lack of reality is what Ellul refers to as "illusion." There are several political illusions at play in modern society, the most important being those that involve the relation of the people to the government and those that concern the very nature of what are called "political problems."

Ellul flatly denies that democracy—or what we would call "Jeffersonian democracy"—really works. It is a basic illusion to think that "the people" either control the state or participate effectively in its operations. The people do, of course, vote, but balloting does not really change the massive government; it only ratifies or replaces elected representatives who, in their turn, have but limited actual control over the government. Often, indeed, the chosen representatives do not even understand the political system. These politicians merely play with *le politique*, that is, engage in insubstantial moves. Real power continues to lie deeply rooted in the governmental machinery. In brief, Ellul claims that politicians come and go, but government remains entrenched forever.

The people are manipulated into an illusory belief, carefully fostered by propaganda, that they really help to run the government. Actually, the people have no equipment for decision-making. Information is filtered down to them by experts in the management of media. Basic political decisions, including those involved in economic planning, are not made democratically but by specialists.

Another illusion is that there is a political solution for everything. Ellul denies this. Many human and social problems have no solution at all, although the people are deceived — by politicians or technicians or media manipulators — into believing that they do. So-called political solutions are, at most, merely temporary compromises.

The way out, as Ellul sees it, is not to depolitize; it is to repolitize. To depolitize would only further increase the power of government and make man even more apolitical than he is now. To repolitize means that man, particularly democratic man, would have to rethink his own role in society as well as that of government. He must learn to understand the meaning of real political problems, and the limits of politics. He must begin by rejecting the myth of the all-powerful state, transforming it back into an institution with relatively limited scope. He must rediscover himself as an individual able—and, of course, willing—to face reality and cope with it as a person, and not as a deluded and manipulatable cog in a vast, impersonal political machine. As Ellul puts it: "Private life itself must be re-established, but this cannot be done artificially, by technical and external processes. That would also mean an impermissible invasion by politics. Private life must be 're-invented.'"

Ellul is clearly more cogent in his description than in his prescription. His analysis of modern society reminds one of the child who blurted out that the emperor was naked. The emperor *is* naked. Ellul has raised great questions, but troubled democrats will find that he has provided small answers. Nevertheless, *The Political Illusion* deserves to be read and pondered.

His Chips Are on the Brainy

Power in America: The Politics of the New Class, *by David T. Bazelon (New American Library. 408 pp. $7.50), sees "the major American myth" of individualism as our main adversary in creating a new world. Hans Kohn, visiting professor of history at the University of Texas, is the author of numerous works, including "Living in a World Revolution."*

By HANS KOHN

DAVID BAZELON is by training a lawyer and an economist, but he writes with the sharpness of a good journalist. His book, a discussion of American politics, reads easily; it is eminently personal, and so is his style. Mr. Bazelon, who is forty-three years old, dedicates his book to his son, aged three—for sons are, according to the author's last words, "the only true modern American Muse for writers of my kind."

Now I am almost as much older than Mr. Bazelon as he is than his son. And this may be the reason that I probably cannot do full justice to his book, as his son may not do when he is forty-three, though men of that age do not appear to me as *les vieux*. In his last chapter Mr. Bazelon warns above all against the "great sacrilege of homosexuality." He may be right; but I, alas, believe that the young generation—Mr. Bazelon's as well as his son's—will have to face infinitely graver problems.

More reasonable are Mr. Bazelon's other wishes for his son: to be smart as well as idealistic, and to create a new world. Alas, again; my generation, born two decades before the First World War, expected also to create a new and better world. Yet the Cold War of our time seems as dangerous as the days before 1914, the armament race even more frightening.

But these are the reflections of another "old man." Before Mr. Bazelon ar-

David T. Bazelon—"stimulating."

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rives at his "final words to the next generation" he has made many interesting and thoughtful statements. He believes that this mighty and sprawling nation is in need of reform. The Constitution was conceived, in accordance with eighteenth-century "progressive" ideas, to protect the independence of the states and, above all, the individual against centralized power. The first sustained attempt at a "real" national government was made by FDR. After 1945 the New Deal was caught in the crossfire between business and the South; it was outflanked by the "military-industrial complex." Lately, however, a New Economic Policy, as the author calls it, has become institutionalized: a policy of "purposeful deficits" by which the Democrats have corralled "enlightened national business." According to Bazelon, "the political events of 1964 make possible, and all but ensure, the early completion of the New Deal." He emphasizes the need for central control of a highly industrialized America, and sees the main adversary in "the major American myth, that of Individualism," which creates an emotional paralysis.

I AGREE with Mr. Bazelon that individuals live in communities and that politics are necessary. But I cannot agree that our community is so weak at its center, or that, as he claims, "politics is impossible without lying." (Perhaps that is because I do not "psychoanalyze myself endlessly," as does Mr. Bazelon.) He looks to a majority (there is, of course, no "natural" majority in the United States, or in any other free country) of Democrats and intellectuals who have overcome their distrust of authority. As he rightly observes, we have a new class of intellectuals who increasingly occupy strategic positions in the power structure in Washington. I have been in agreement since my very young days with the goal that he sets for this "new class": to exploit more fully America's technology and wealth in the interest of social progress and social justice. The problem, however, is complex; it holds great promise but also great danger.

Mr. Bazelon knows American government much better than I do. He was a fellow of the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington for more than two years. I have never been near the seats of power, and thus my reflections may be without any real value. I enjoyed reading his provocative and stimulating book, but I cannot help wondering why he omits considerations of foreign policy, which (next to and even beyond the racial problem) is the most important factor that will determine America's image in the eyes of the world and probably even determine the future of American democracy itself.

Journeys Into Night

Marie-Claire Blais—"rhapsodic torrent."

The Day Is Dark and Three Travelers, *by Marie-Claire Blais, translated from the French by Derek Coltman (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 183 pp. $4.95), comprises two novellas, one dealing with an orphaned family in the author's native Quebec, the other with a triangle situation in Paris. Laurent LeSage teaches French literature at Pennsylvania State University.*

By LAURENT LESAGE

THE YOUNG French-Canadian writers have been made much of this year in Paris. Among them, Marie-Claire Blais has received notable attention, and her *A Season in the Life of Emmanuel* (*SR*, June 25, 1966) won the Prix Medicis. The volume we have here offers two earlier novellas, which anticipate the best features of *Emmanuel* and exhibit, without compromise, the unique quality of Mlle. Blais's inspiration.

That is not to say there are no characters, plot, or setting. *The Day Is Dark* deals with three couples: Raphael and Marie-Christine, Joshua and Yance, Jessy and Roxane. In the background there is Genevieve, elder sister of Raphael and Yance, who in this orphaned family forever mourns her little brother Nicolas. Roxane is Yance's daughter, fated to carry on into another generation the story of doom and destruction which it is the author's purpose to tell. We glimpse the couples as children and as adults, follow their meetings, their separations, and their ultimately tragic adventures in the summer sun or winter cold of Quebec province. Bleak and enormous old country houses, student rooms in the city, frozen forests and blossoming orchards alternate to provide the action with the enhancement of setting.

In *Three Travelers* we move to Paris and into concert halls, theaters, and studios. The story concerns a young Spanish couple, Miguel and Montserrat, and a Viennese pianist, Johann, come to Paris to perform a Mozart concerto. It is a triangle with a tragic resolution.

But although the basic structures of fiction are still recognizable, they have been weakened and distorted to prevent any illusion of realistic dimension or true-to-life anecdote from distracting us from the author's intention. Without warning the narrative shifts from one character to another, chronology is jumbled, events are sometimes contradictory, and the fancied is never clearly separated from the real. By a series of interior monologues Mlle. Blais works along the lower levels of consciousness, and only rarely does she come to the surface.

The world of her revery is the somber, shadowy one of primitive urges and responses. The characters do not know why they exult in life or wish for death. Mysterious tropisms bring them into contact one with the other and cause them sorrowfully to part. Each obeys a force that resembles a tragic predestination, leading them in a lonely quest through life to their final destruction. In *The Day Is Dark* the prominence of the family as a unit suggests that the author is describing a house accursed by God. There is also a hint that she has in mind her generation—the last men on earth before the end of the world, "*le temps des assassins.*" Really nothing less than the mortal adventure itself is her theme and inspiration—the life of sorrow and symbolic gesture as apprehended by one sort of Christian consciousness.

To express her vision of life, Marie-Claire Blais lets her words pour forth in a rhapsodic torrent. In *Three Travelers* they often form into verses, but everywhere they have the poetic qualities of image and cadence as they create laments and paeans, cries of love, lust, and hate for the wretched characters whose affliction is the sickness of life. The power of her writing is terrific. One might ask of her the question that Johann poses concerning Miguel, and his play: "How did he create this slow torture drawn from the depths of time, how did he find the immodest strength to make it live outside of himself?"

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Beyond Rational Reaches

The Island: Three Tales, *by Gustaw Herling, translated from the Polish by Ronald Strom (World. 151 pp. $4.95), assembles a triptych of stories on religious themes. Robert L. Stilwell teaches comparative literature at the University of Michigan.*

By ROBERT L. STILWELL

THE THREE extended narratives that comprise this volume are "tales" in the senses creatively defined by Hoffmann and Tieck and Kleist, by Poe and Hawthorne and Melville, by Gogol and Flaubert, and, on a flimsier rung of artistic achievement, by Isak Dinesen. Romantic in backdrop, extravagant in event, mannered and heightened in prose style, they thicken with obsessive symbols and constantly teeter on the verge of portentously hinted allegory.

Their design, clearly, is to render areas of experience and meaning that lie beyond the secular and rational reaches of most contemporary short stories. Yet it is manifestly difficult to revivify fictional modes no longer generally cultivated. Perhaps only an authentic master can do so without seeming to have posed himself the task of deliberately producing faked-up museum pieces. At any rate, *The Island* heartlessly demonstrates that the eminent Polish man of letters Gustaw Herling has not succeeded in such a revivifying, despite a cluster of bookjacket reminders that in 1965 he received the Polish Millennium Literary Prize and that his novel *A World Apart* won superlative praise from Bertrand Russell, Edward Crankshaw, and Ignazio Silone.

In old modes or new, after all, some kind of gift for the art of literature had better be displayed; but reading the collection at hand makes one wonder whether Herling has ever heard that not unreasonable axiom. The title story, which occupies more than half the book, constitutes a case in point. Set on a Capri-like island in the Bay of Naples, it seeks to fuse past and present into timelessness, through combining a history of the island's monastery with an account of the particularly terrible twentieth-century fates that bind together a young stonecutter named Sebastiano, an island girl called Immacolata, and a priest, Padre Rocca. Unhappily, everything has been handled with a truly monumental lack of structural skill, and the result is that portions of "The Island" resemble chapters from some ill-written guidebook (replete with statistics), while the remainder emerges as fictional narration of the most rambling and creaking sort ("It is time to describe Sebastiano's appearance," Herling decides on page 35). One does get a certain tactile impression of locale—of the sea, the sunlight, the rocks—and of the passions and sufferings that doom the characters. Still, to convey such an impression is no very dazzling accomplishment; and for the most part "The Island" seems wastefully diffuse and diffusely wasteful.

So does the next story, "The Tower," which derives from De Maistre's *Le Lépreux de la cité d'Aoste*. Perhaps "derives from" is too mild a way of expressing matters. Herling's narrator, evidently the author himself, begins by describing how during the summer of 1945 he came upon De Maistre's tiny book in a house amid the Piedmontese hills, and thereafter he lavishes no fewer than fourteen consecutive pages on an inch-by-inch summary of its contents, frequently using the same words and phrases employed by the earlier writer. Herling's principal addition consists in some pages devoted to investigating the life of the late occupant of the dwelling where he encountered the De Maistre work. That work is not particularly memorable, being little more than a rather sentimentalized record of De Maistre's admiration for the patience and quiet resignation of a leper whom he found subsisting in an abandoned tower near the city of Aosta in 1797. And Herling's paraphrase constitutes a trudgingly uninspired stretch of prose by anybody's standards, besides carrying the disadvantage of being absolutely superfluous.

With "The Second Coming," the last and briefest of the stories, Herling recites a darkly tortured legend from the Middle Ages. The scene is thirteenth-century Italy during the early years of the Black Plague, when city and countryside swarm with death and with processions of Flagellants. The jaggedly disjointed plot involves an unnamed priest who doubts the doctrine of transubstantiation and dies of torture, a miracle in which the Eucharistic wafer begins to drip blood, and the return of Christ, not as final judge but as a saddened and unspeaking visitor who merely stirs the ashes of burned Jews and heretics. Now and again the exposition comes to rest on the enigmatic figure of Pope Urban IV, and one wistfully supposes that here at last the events have attained their unifying presence, their center of perception. But it soon becomes painfully obvious that even Urban is simply another costumed stick and that he possesses no discoverable connection with any of the goings-on that he witnesses. Amorphous and unfocused, freighted with *kitsch* medievalism, "The Second Coming" probably represents the weakest panel in Herling's triptych—although its competition for that distinction is punishing indeed.

Certainly there is no satisfaction to be gained from belaboring these ungainly but, finally, quite innocuous narratives. It should be pointed out, however, that they will strike most readers as curious and ultimately profitless experiments in the revival of old-fashioned forms, experiments conducted without much power and with only the most rudimentary semblances of shape and economy. One may hope that Mr. Herling will expend his energies on giving us another novel comparable in quality to *A World Apart*, which wasn't nearly so good as most reviewers appeared to think but which was incomparably better than anything in the present volume.

Uncle's Career as Poor Relation: Ved Mehta's first bound fiction (it isn't a novel even if the jacket says it is) is entitled *Delinquent Chacha* (Harper & Row, $3.95). A gentle, noncommital, politely uncritical report on the pranks of a peculiar relation, it's a quiet amusement with a point of view humorously deferent and tolerant, set forth in understated prose that is soft and smooth and dear and sweet. Since all the 115 wide-margined pages of Mr. Mehta's book have previously wound a tighter columned way through *The New Yorker*, perhaps you've already chuckled over this slight tale of an irascible but innocent delusionary, a harmless and possibly charming nut—already found in The Most Unforgettable Character You've Ever Met (albeit more elegantly worded, more sedately punctuated than any you're apt to have become acquainted with in another, smaller magazine).

> My uncle was without question the greatest failure in the memory of our family [Mr. Mehta tells us on page 1]. As if he were born with a foreknowledge of the role he was destined to play, he thought up the appellation

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"Delinquent Chacha" for himself—"chacha" means "uncle" in Hindustani—when he was eight years old and his eldest sister had her first child. Throughout his years at British College, Lahore, instead of slaving over books, he chain-smoked and played poker, and he achieved the notoriety of scoring the lowest marks in the college. Though all my other uncles had successfully competed for government jobs and had become important, he worked for his living only once, as a master carpenter, in a shop my father bought him. By the end of the first week Delinquent Chacha had mortgaged the establishment, lost the money in one hand of Five Card Draw and started on his long and successful career as a poor relation.

Before the young narrator, Mohan, leaves New Delhi for Oxford, he has brunch with the Delinquent Chacha, a great admirer of British rule, who expresses his intention to visit England also, to attend the Ruskin Delegacy for Adult Education: Oxford. The Delinquent Chacha inveigles passage to England with a film company on promise of a film part, which falls through; and so he winds up working as porter for the All-India Taj Mahal Curry, Chutney and Soup Restaurant. The D.C. then visits an English club, signing himself C.M.G. (Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George). As C.M.G. he is invited to participate in a Model United Nations at Oxford. When he purchases clothing on credit he is discovered to be not a C.M.G. but only a p.o.r.t.e.r., and not to be worth much on credit. The apparel house sues him and, with all the persuasiveness and tilting logic becoming a most agreeable, aging eccentric, Chacha wins his case.

Undeniably, first to last, the story, the characters, the tone of voice put forth a relentless and unassailable charm. Perhaps that is what makes it seem to me so trite.

—Louise Armstrong.

Deflating and Sobering Alliances: "Stories," that well-known writer-professor of mine used to drawl, "are about people"—always taking care to mention that he was quoting a far more famous writer than himself. By this single criterion, as well as by its obvious concomitants, *Winter's Tales 12* (St. Martin's, $4.95) is a gratifying collection of stories. In it A. D. Maclean has brought together a group of writers, all either English or Irish, whose concern with people and their interrelationships is the very soul of their writing and has produced, through its eloquent communication, moving, beautifully conceived and developed short stories.

With the exception of Anthony Powell, whose "A Reference for Mellors" achieves its irony primarily on the basis of a familiarity with *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, each of these writers has been impelled, not by a single idea that incidentally bred its characters, but by an understanding of people, by compassion for the deflating and sobering alliances of personality and fortune through which small triumphs and great disappointments are inexorably ordained.

Many of them deal with marriage: Tom MacIntyre, lyric and gently humorous, in "Epithalamion," a tale of temporary honeymoon impotence at an overbearingly appropriate Irish castle; Margaret Drabble, in "Hassan's Tower," the story of an unnerving holiday in Morocco, in which a possibly doomed union is brightened by a kind of personal epiphany; Celia Dale, in "Something to Take Back," whose sensual evocation of an idyllic Italian vacation setting is merely contrapuntal to a perceptive examination of middle age—its sense of loss, its sudden compensatory sexuality, its final capitulation to the defeating knowledge that something will always be missing and the lost remnants of self will forever elude us; Janice Elliott, whose "The Perfectionist," reminiscent of Maugham but entirely her own, is an exquisitely executed if somewhat contrived account of how the title character, having secured as his final acquisition an apparently perfect wife, comes to terms with a serious flaw in her physical condition; V. S. Pritchett, whose charming tale, "The Nest Builder," is about an interior decorator and his partner, who unexpectedly and amusingly constructs his own unlikely nest.

If occasionally potent, "A Winter's Day," by Penelope Bennett, loses its power in the pitfalls that beset the writer looking through a child's eyes. Muriel Spark, though familiarly strong, is curiously metaphysical in "The House of the Famous Poet." However, in "Innocent Pleasures" Olivia Manning's fine nostalgia is affectingly tinged with regret for the mysteriously abstracted dentist of her childhood. Also perceptively spent is Frank Tuohy's compassion in "A Special Relationship" — that between a soldier and the woman who once nursed him. These stories, like the others, are the work of writers whose driving involvement with humanity matches their articulate professionalism.

—Nancy G. Chaikin.

A Passion for Puppetry: "Everything can be turned into a puppet," Jean Paul, the exotic stranger who has moved in next door, tells nine-year-old Ania in *A Ride on the Milky Way*, by Marguerite Dorian (Crown, $4.95). This is a miracle that Ania can believe in. Hasn't she just watched her parents' delightful guest take a napkin and a crust of rye bread and suddenly make a dry little old woman stand on his left hand? And so the enchanted summer in prewar Bucharest begins, and with it Ania's love for puppets and the puppeteer.

But Jean Paul's charm extends beyond puppetry. Who else would dress up and pretend he was a Gypsy? Who else would invite Ania to an elegant dinner to celebrate the exact moment of the end of summer? Even if, before ten in the morning, he sits on his front steps, sleepy, rumpled, with a few white hairs on his chin, which Ania tries not to look at, he has a gift for transmuting the ordinary into something wonderful. He makes the summer a turning-point in Ania's life. She discovers a vocation in puppetry and falls under Jean Paul's spell. In delicate, poetic images Miss Dorian, herself a native Romanian, recreates the sensuous richness of that childhood time: of strudels "generously powdered with sugar, wearing the beauty marks of dark raisins like a French royal favorite"; of ruffles fresh from the iron, tremulous and beautiful; of Tatiana the maid's smell of mountain cheese.

With the departure of Jean Paul for Paris at the end of the summer Miss Dorian breaks her story, resuming it after World War II. Ania, still cherishing at nineteen her feeling for Jean Paul and her dream of learning puppetry from him, comes to work in a children's summer camp in the Maritime Alps to earn money for her studies. When she reaches Paris she finds that Jean Paul has forgotten her. And then their roles are reversed—it is she who is the miracle-maker.

There is almost a folktale universality to this novel, although some characters, like Ania's lover Mark, remain shadowy and unreal. But from the old, predictable story of a girl growing up Miss Dorian has fashioned a glowing first novel, transforming ordinary details by the freshness of her point of view. This is the kind of miracle Jean Paul himself would applaud. —Elizabeth Easton.

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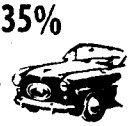
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Act of Darkness
John Peale Bishop
G. F. KOSON
THE HARD AND BITTER PEACE
WORLD POLITICS SINCE 1945
AT LAST—THE TRUE INSIDE STORY! THE STORMY PASSIONATE LIFE OF A TORMENTED AMERICAN GENIUS
DREISER
Jonathan Swift
A Critical Biography by John Middleton Murry
Carl A. Coppolino, M.D. and Carmela M. Coppolino, M.D.
THE BILLION DOLLAR HANGOVER
Emily Dickinson
An Interpretive Biography
Thomas H. Johnson
MURIEL SPARK
THE MANDELBAUM GATE

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

As everyone knows, the most important, provocative, and defiant naysayer to the findings of the Warren Commission on the assassination of President Kennedy has been thirty-nine-year-old attorney Mark Lane. In his book *Rush to Judgment* (Crest, 75¢) he lucidly and persuasively advocates the theory that a conspiracy was responsible for the tragedy on November 22, 1963. Two hundred twenty-five thousand copies of Lane's book were published in hardcover by Holt, Rinehart & Winston. The initial printing in the paperback format was three-quarters of a million copies, and already the presses are at work on another huge edition. Among the readers is New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison, whose activities in behalf of the conspiracy theory have had the country buzzing with anticipation.

"All America is indebted to Mark Lane," Garrison stated recently. "He held the door open until the rest of us decided to examine the case critically. His book has been extremely valuable to me. In fact, it played a large part in convincing me to begin the investigation which has led to the conspirators." William Manchester, author of *The Death of a President,* is less credulous about Lane's book; indeed, on television he made a sarcastic reference to Lane's premature 'rush to judgment.' In reply, the personable, articulate, New York-born Lane told us, "We would all still be sitting on the sidelines if we had all accepted the 'official' view." Of Manchester's book Lane says, "It isn't worth much. It's a gossipy account of the Warren Commission Report, perfectly proper for serialization in a ladies' magazine, where the interest might be high in the details of Jackie Kennedy's Texas wardrobe." Lane recently returned from a consultation with Jim Garrison in New Orleans; while there he was named an honorary citizen and given a key to the city. "Jim Garrison is the most important man in America. What astounds me is the ridicule to which he has been exposed by the news media for doing his duty. It's incredible, too, that both Chief Justice Warren and Attorney General Clark would say that Clay Shaw, a man charged with a crime, a man awaiting trial, is innocent. My book makes no judgments, points to no villains, but instead tries to underscore the discrepancies and omissions in the Report. Now we're at stage two. Garrison is going into the courtroom to show a conspiracy initiated and executed by a powerful force of anti-Castro plotters."

Chess-players beware. Your compulsions are showing. At least they are in Reuben Fine's *The Psychology of the Chess Player* (Dover, $1). Dr. Fine, one of the world's great chess masters, shines the light of his experience as a psychoanalyst on the game, in which he finds "heroes and nonheroes," the King attacked by the Queen mother figure, quantities of sexual expression and, for so sedentary a sport, fantastic deep-seated aggressive impulses. . . . *Vermont's Year* (Tuttle, $1), a collection of twelve verses by Samuel Robinson Ogden, contains charmingly complementary illustrations by Jane Newton, one for each month of the state's scenic year. . . . Cheap thrill department: *The Billion Dollar Hangover* (Popular, 60¢), by Carl A. Coppolino and his late wife, Carmela, for whose murder he has been on trial in Naples, Florida. No. It's all about alcoholism. —ROLLENE W. SAAL.

Fiction

Avon Library seems to have a special corner on the literary 1930s, having exhumed such one-time favorites as Henry Roth's *Call It Sleep* and Tess Slesinger's *The Unpossessed.* Now Avon issues John Peale Bishop's long-out-of-print *Act of Darkness* (95¢), which when it was first published in 1935 Horace Gregory called "one of the few memorable novels of this decade." It's a story of violence that erupts within the serenity of old Southern traditional gentility. Bishop, better known as poet and critic, friend of R. P. Warren and Allen Tate, wrote only this one novel.

Vintage, now a division of Random House, is reprinting all the Modern Library in paperback. On hand is William Faulkner's *Sanctuary* ($1.65), but without his 1932 introduction in which he explained that he wrote the book as a potboiler. "I had to pay for the privilege of rewriting it, trying to make out of it something which would not shame *The Sound and the Fury* and *As I Lay Dying* too much and I made a fair job and I hope you will buy it and tell your friends and I hope they will buy it too."

Two famous novels of the Thirties are also newly published. One is *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh* (Compass, $2.25), Franz Werfel's rather old-fashioned but nonetheless absorbing tale of Armenian courage in face of a Turkish barrage. Then there's I. J. Singer's *The Brothers Ashkenazi* (Universal, $2.95), which has gone through some fourteen or fifteen editions since its 1936 appearance and still gathers readers to its story of Max and Yakob Ashkenazi, who are spiritually locked together though their lives in Poland take different paths.

Just reissued is Marguerite Duras's early novel *The Sea Wall* (Noonday, $2.25). The author of *Moderato Cantabile* as well as the script for *Hiroshima, Mon Amour,* Mme. Duras, a highly cerebral writer who was born in Vietnam, presents in touching human terms the timeless existence of the peasant countryside. Muriel Spark's newest work, *The Mandelbaum Gate* (Crest, 75¢), is marked with her customary cool in the face of intrigue and love. While not in the same literary class, Helen MacInnes's *The Double Image* (Crest, 75¢) huffs and puffs its way along her usual track, the intrigue-love combination still working, and the Greek backdrop is almost worth the trip. Then there's Friedrich Duerrenmatt's *The Pledge* (Avon, 50¢), which starts out as a detective story but in the best European philosophical manner turns into an inquiry about the nature of guilt.

Europe

When *Daedalus,* that mightily intellectual journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, sponsored a symposium on Europe such distinguished international authorities as Raymond

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Aron, Lord Franks, and Eric Weil answered the call. Now their essays, collected in *A New Europe?* (Beacon, $3.45), edited by Stephen R. Graubard, probe Continental changes in education, culture, and basic attitudes toward the United States. One of the most formidable European figures of this century is also the author of one of its most imposing documents, *The Complete War Memoirs of Charles de Gaulle* (Essandess, $3.95), translated by Jonathan Griffin and Richard Howard. This illuminating book provides a magnificent key to the man who believes with a crusader's zeal that his destiny and that of France are interwoven. Fine history, with recollections of Churchill and Roosevelt and other wartime leaders, the *Memoirs* are also wonderfully poetic. *Le Maître*, for instance, recalls, "As a young native of Lille living in Paris, nothing struck me more than the symbols of our glories: night falling over Notre Dame, the majesty of evening at Versailles, the Arc de Triomphe in the sun, conquered colors shuddering in the vault of the Invalides." As a footnote to the dark years of the Forties, William L. Langer's *Our Vichy Gamble* (Norton, $2.25) speculates on what might have been had we not taken the course we did in our wartime French policy. It's all a little like Sunday morning quarterbacking but interesting as sidelights.

Many of the long-range shifts in European structure are the results of what in a clear, well-stated study Englishman G. H. Hudson, borrowing John F. Kennedy's phrase, calls *The Hard and Bitter Peace* (Praeger, $2.50). While noting the rise of American influence in Europe since 1945, Hudson examines the differences between its potency and that of earlier foreign forces, and scrutinizes as well the weight of African and Asian states on the transatlantic scales. Thomas C. Schelling is also interested in international change, but in *Arms and Influence* (Yale University Press, $1.95) his concern is how military power has been altered since the advent of nuclear weapons. Both Berlin and Cuba serve as examples of the "diplomacy of violence."

Penmen

A. E. Hotchner's *Papa Hemingway* (Bantam, $1.25) was the book that the novelist's widow tried to stop, although on the paperback cover one critic is quoted as saying that "Papa would have approved of it." It's doubtful. As uncompromising as Hemingway might have been, no one could savor the spectacle of himself in all his weakness, childish egotism, desperate search for youth, vitality and, indeed at the very last, for sanity itself. Nor in his hefty (722 pp.) and fascinating biography *Dreiser* (Bantam, $1.25) does W. A. Swanberg spare his subject. He reveals the writer as thoroughly unattractive—a rough, tough man, a lecher, a braggart, with little of the compassion he showed in such great novels as *Sister Carrie*.

John Middleton Murry's *Jonathan Swift* (Noonday, $2.25), long unavailable, is a meaty account of the eighteenth-century satirist, who was as peculiarly perverse as some of Gulliver's fellow-travelers. The essence of a writer's work is reassessed in books by Albert J. Guerard and Richard Chase. Guerard's *Conrad the Novelist* (Atheneum, $2.65) tries to isolate those qualities which distinguish the fiction, while Chase's *Walt Whitman Reconsidered* (Apollo, $1.65) explores the idea that Whitman's complexity included the "good, gray poet" as well as the "obscene and immoral old man."

No less complex a personality is studied by Thomas Johnson in *Emily Dickinson* (Atheneum, $2.75). Like Whitman she was frequently misunderstood. True, says Johnson, she was the willowly, white-clad Amherst recluse, but at the same time, an independent, strong-willed woman.

Among the more subtle views of Marcel Proust is Roger Shattuck's brilliantly illuminating *Proust's Binoculars* (Vintage, $1.65). With remarkable percipience Shattuck explores the shadowy relationship between time and light, past and present.

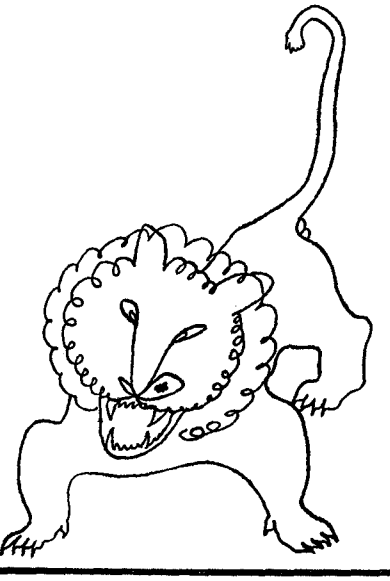
Stage Front

For anyone to whom "the Method" is still a mystery, *Stanislavski and America* (Premier, 95¢), edited by Erika Munk, goes a long way toward solving it. Stella Adler, Sanford Meisner, Lee Strasberg are center-stage to interpret the impact of the Moscow Art Theater upon our own drama. One of the best pieces is a lengthy interview with actress Geraldine Page, who went so far as to clarify aspects of her role in *Summer and Smoke* with a psychoanalyst. Another contributor to the book is Eric Bentley, recent recipient of the George Jean Nathan Award for dramatic criticism and the author of *The Life of the Drama* (Atheneum, $2.95) a sober, balanced account of various dramatic forms by a man who can eagerly appreciate both Racine and Brecht.

A youthful critic and one often on the griddle these days is Robert Brustein. As dean of the Yale Drama School, he has been outspoken in his defense of the "peace plays" produced under his aegis. If the essays in *Seasons of Discontent* (Essandess, $1.95) are often outrageous, they also comprise a lively and provocative survey of the New York theater from 1959-65, when he was the *New Republic*'s critic. Among plays reviewed: Ionesco's *Rhinoceros* ("the enormous sum of Zero"); Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* ("For sheer theatrical skill, no American, not even Williams, can match him").

One of the drama's most original creators, August Strindberg also wrote a series of strange autobiographical "novels," which remain unique in their blend of fancy and fact. *A Madman's Defense* (Anchor, $1.25) indicts his first wife, the actress Siri von Essen, for her attempts through infidelities to drive him mad. It all reads like a Bergman script.

A literary collector's item is the 1931 limited Paris edition of *Fables of Aesop*, now here in a charming paperback facsimile (Dover, $1.25). Neatly retold by the seventeenth-century's Sir Roger L'Estrange, the text, preserving words like "lyon" and "wolfe," is quaint. However, fifty wonderfully inventive Alexander Calder drawings, impertinent as any of the artist's wire sculptures, make a delightful, modern counterpoint to the thoroughly moral tales.



Above: "A Boy and False Alarums."
Right: "A Gnat Challenges a Lyon."

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One With the World

Maiden Voyages: A Lively Guide for the Woman Traveler, *by Rochelle Girson (Harcourt, Brace & World. 245 pp. + Appendix and Index. $5.75), shares the joys and jolts experienced by SR's book review editor while journeying about four continents. Co-author with Cornelia Otis Skinner of "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," Emily Kimbrough has also written about her holidays abroad in "Forever Old, Forever New: Travel in Greece," "Pleasure by the Busload," "Water, Water Everywhere," and "So Near and Yet So Far."*

By EMILY KIMBROUGH

ANY WOMAN, if she is like Rochelle Girson, can travel alone anywhere. I should like a show of hands from those who could do this: Duffel bag in hand, Miss Girson on foot left a hotel at Ibarra in Ecuador to catch a bus to the Otavalo fair at half past four in the morning. She could hear, and see in the moonlight, an Indian following her. However, sprinting she reached the bus stand before he caught up.

The crowd waiting there deflected his pursuit. She pushed her way onto the bus; a local woman "carrying a huge bundle lost her footing and fell flat against the steep steps, which did not deter a big man from using her as a ladder. . . . When the bus halted at Otavalo, the passengers poured out. The Indians were clustered nearby as I stumbled off the high bottom step and took a belly-flop into the mud—a comedy turn that convulsed them. A raisin-eyed Indian boy helped me up, slung the strap of my flight bag over his shoulder, and said to me in Spanish that he would be my guide. He told me his name was Manuel Dias and that he had eight years. I blotted up as much of the mud as I could with a tissue, smiled at the Indians to show that I, too, liked a good laugh, and, heigh-ho, we were off to the fair."

A belly-flop into the Otavalo mud—a raisin-eyed Indian boy to the rescue.

—Photographed in Ecuador by Rochelle Girson.

All those who raised hands may now follow Miss Girson. She will lead you and, anticipating every exigency, great or small, show you how to emerge triumphant and solvent. All you need provide, beyond what she advises, are fortitude, energy, and fearlessness.

Miss Girson did not set out to be a solitary traveler, but after a shakedown cruise she eliminated companions because they overweighed her. Solo she could do more, move faster, and make new friends more widely and frequently.

A woman standing alone with bags too heavy to carry and no taxi in sight will attract a man without sinister purpose—on his part. He only wants to help the helpless little creature. If that journey's end is the deposit of her bags at the hotel, and dinner or drinks at a café not suitable for an unescorted woman, his purpose and hers have been happily achieved.

For a number of years I have put in a notebook practical suggestions as I have come upon them in travel books. As I read *Maiden Voyages* I started to extract items for my list. I began to lag around page sixteen. At page twenty-three I gave up: I was transposing the whole book longhand to my memorandum pad. I have never found so much travel information packed so solidly into such a modest container—245 pages.

In addition to the hardy show-of-hands group who will follow this blazer of a single-file trail, there is the middle-of-the-road traveler who likes a companion on either side. I belong here. After saying where I would like to go, I want someone else to do the mapping out. This is partly because I cannot read maps, and partly because I am easily confused by timetables. I winced when I read how much money Miss Girson tells me I could save by doing without the services of a travel agent, but realistically I know that the price of incompetence has to be included in my budget.

There is a third group of travelers. It is made up of the stay-at-homes, who have little opportunity to go away but who take flight or ship vicariously, by reading. They are not interested in the minutiae of transportation. They like to know what happened when the writer got there. A great deal happens to Miss Girson.

Maiden Voyages belongs to all these groups. The reason for this wide membership is Miss Girson's capacity for enjoyment. She relishes what she sees, hears, even smells, and relishes her preparations for enjoyment. Hers is an invitation to laughter, frequently audible, and to learning—in practical areas. She expects you to do your reading elsewhere for history and art.

She does not want me for a companion and, frankly, I do not want her; I have neither her stamina nor digestion; but I will not travel again without *Maiden Voyages* by my side.

ALTHOUGH I MISSED HAVING *manna* in the Fertile Crescent, I did try *sangat*, an unleavened Persian bread that looks like whole-wheat matzo and tastes like damp ones. Isfahan bakeries festoon their fronts with them—evidently not to dry out. In Egypt, as an appetizer, one dips folds of *pita*, a similar pancake, into *homos*, which is a paste of chick-peas diluted with one of *tehina*, and that's sesame seeds puréed with water.

The whole Middle East has marvelous kebabs, which means any grilled meat (the "shish" is the skewer). The Iranians distill the petals of the damask rose and other blossoms to flavor their puddings and sweets, and are fond of throwing cherries, apples, nuts, and a variety of dried fruit into their *khoreshes*, or stews. One of them—*Mullah Ghas Kardeh* (Swooned Priest)—is said to be so succulent that the *mullah* fainted from the joy of eating it. The Turks, who claim to have invented the kebab, have a dish called *Imam Bayildi* composed of the same ingredients—eggplant, onions, and tomatoes—that *their* prayer leader, the *imam*, liked so much he also fainted. (I get a bit of vertigo myself from eggplant.) Regardless of who was its innovator, the Turks win hands down with the most sensual-sounding victuals: *e.g.*, a typical dessert, *Kadin Göbeghi*, or Lady's Navel, and *Kadin Budu*, Lady's Thighs, which is meatballs.

—From the book.

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Mail from the Front

Letters from Vietnam, *edited by Bill Adler (Dutton. 212 pp. $3.95), and* ***The Letters of Pfc. Richard E. Marks, USMC*** *(Lippincott. 190 pp. $3.95), display a spectrum of attitudes toward the war, from idealistic conviction to embittered resignation. Orville Prescott was for many years book critic on The New York Times.*

By ORVILLE PRESCOTT

"THE SERGEANT said it's a dirty war, but it's kill or be killed." A sentence like this could have been written by a soldier on either side in the Punic Wars. It *was* written by a young American in Vietnam, and may be found in an interesting and quietly moving book called *Letters from Vietnam*, edited by Bill Adler.

Most books about our participation in Vietnam are produced either by reporters or by polemicists attacking or defending our presence in that unhappy land. The men who fight and die there are rarely heard from. Mr. Adler, who runs his own assembly line turning out books of letters, has here created a volume that lets the men on the spot speak for themselves. They do so, frankly, bitterly, eloquently. The result is unpretentious and almost casual, but a genuine contribution to the literature of war.

All branches of the armed services and all ranks from general to private are represented here, as well as Red Cross nurses and members of the International Voluntary Services. They discuss rain, heat, insects, exhaustion, boredom, combat, death, and the people of Vietnam. Sometimes they write with crude humor, sometimes with shock.

> The many men that died, I will never forget. The odor of blood and decayed bodies, I will never forget. I am all right. I will never be the same though, never, never, never. If I have to go into battle again, if I am not killed, I will come out insane. I cannot see and go through it again, I know I can't. The friends I lost and the many bodies I carried back to the helicopters to be lifted out, I will never forget.

Few of the letters are as sad as this. Most are grim and resigned. Some are bitter about corruption, inertia, and ingratitude in Vietnam, or mismanagement in Washington, or "the punks at home" who protest against the war. Many of the writers pity the Vietnamese and are sincerely attached to individuals, particularly children. Most of them, if they discuss the issue at all, are convinced of the righteousness of the cause for which they are fighting. To them it is just as important to die for liberty in Vietnam as it was to die in Korea, Okinawa, France, and Germany.

In our present perplexed and confused time, when all causes are questioned and all motives are suspected, many well-informed and thoughtful people are convinced that the United States should not be fighting in Vietnam; and so are many ignorant and hysterical people. Idealistic belief in the value of sacrifice, old-fashioned patriotism, and unquestioning courage are not often encountered. But in this book there is a series of letters from fathers trying to explain to their children why they are fighting on the other side of the world. Whether their reasoning is sound may be debatable. The nobility of their motives is not.

Several of the writers describe the gratitude of villagers to the Americans who drove out the Viet Cong masters; a number of letters from Vietnamese expressing thanks for American help and sacrifice are quoted. Other letters are skeptical, doubtful, embittered. A few Americans are disgusted by the behavior of the Vietnamese, and also by that of their compatriots. One quotes a Vietnamese friend: "Why do you make Communists of our men, prostitutes of our women, and beggars of our children? Do you do this at home?" Such different points of view make *Letters from Vietnam* provocative.

The Letters of PFC Richard E. Marks, USMC tells little about the war and much about a brash and confused but cheerful and likable prep school dropout who enlisted in the Marines and fifteen months later was killed in Vietnam. Young Rick Marks had trouble with English grammar and sprayed his hasty notes with misspellings. Candid, affectionate, courageous, Rick did a lot of growing up in the Marines and more under combat conditions in Vietnam. There is considerable psychological interest in these letters, as well as much repetition and trivia. And, of course, there is the tragedy of the war itself, which ended Rick's life at nineteen, just when he had overcome the troubles of his adolescence and was displaying an admirable maturity.

A new novel by

Christopher Isherwood

A MEETING BY THE RIVER

In which a rich and sybaritic Londoner whose younger brother is about to take final vows in a Hindu monastery attempts to persuade, charm, bludgeon or trick him into returning to the world.

$4.50. Published by SIMON AND SCHUSTER

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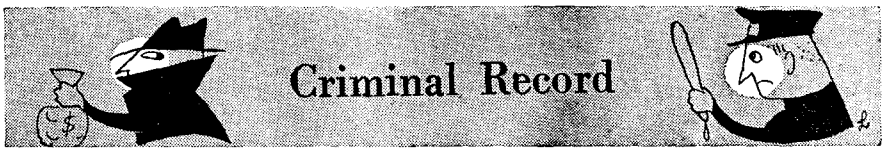

The Silent Syndicate. *By Hank Messick. Macmillan.* $6.95. "If you want to write about the Cleveland Syndicate . . . you will get NO help repeat NO help from the Cleveland Police Department," says the author of this panoramic study, who, wherever he got his stuff, got it (even President Harding's White House bootlegger is identified).

Murder Parade. *By Gerald Sparrow. Roy.* $4.50. A veteran English jurist here presents an assortment of true cases with such varied locales as Thailand, Germany, Colorado, and Mexico (in the last-named the victim was Leon Trotsky). Particularly valuable for the author's comments and opinions.

The Executioners. *By John Creasey. Scribners.* $3.95. Supt. West of the Yard (Handsome to his peers) goes all out to frustrate group seeking retention of death penalty. One of the best in this long series.

A Most Private Intrigue. *By Leo Rosten. Atheneum.* $5.95. So here we go, from exurban Connecticut to Washington to London to Istanbul and up (or is it down?) the Bosporus on a superb chase-cum-intelligence job; *hier spricht Mann turkisch* occasionally.

Murder for Art's Sake. *By Richard Lockridge. Lippincott.* $3.95. Gunning of Greenwich Village painter on the way up carries self-effacing Lt. Nathan Shapiro smack into a cultural explosion; wife of Capt. Bill Weigand lends a helping hand. Smooth and effective.

Taint of Innocence. *By Marquis Childs. Harper & Row.* $4.95. Here a respected Washington correspondent tries to "take the spy business out of the realm of fantasy and show what in fact it is like." He succeeds admirably. The scene is a Near Eastern oil satrapy, the main character a wholly credible CIA agent.

The James Joyce Murder. *By Amanda Cross. Macmillan.* $3.95. So it's ho for the Berkshires, where J.J.'s first publisher, now deceased, had parked his priceless letter files; violent death pounces; Double-Crostics fan present. High jollity reigns supreme.

Thirty Days Hath September. *By Owen John. Dutton.* $3.95. Ordered by persons unknown to keep a diary in his Italian cell, the narrator of this straightforward story, a British scientist employed by the U.S. Air Force, does just that. Ingenious and plausible.

Snow on High Ground. *By Raymond Sawkins. Harcourt, Brace & World.* $4.50. Ex-Yarder named Snow, now in business for himself, undertakes tour of Germany, Austria, Lichtenstein, Italy in attempt to prove young English accountant was murdered; all travel is by ship or train, which relieves the monotony of the jet era.

Wanted for Killing. *By John Welcome. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.95. Englishman visiting friends in Corsica collides with unsavory conspirators of various stripes; Dublin and London also included in tour. This cliff-hanger produces a real cliff to hang from.

Ellery Queen's Anthology: 1967 Midyear Edition. *Edited by Ellery Queen. Davis Publications. Paperback.* $1.25. The latest issue of this hardy perennial contains "bonus stories" by Abraham Lincoln and Daniel Webster, no less.

The Powerhouse. *By William Haggard. Washburn.* $3.95. Colonel Charles Russell, unruffleable English Security Executive, studies political crisis in high places and looks at Grade B London gambling clubs which, oddly enough, take an interest in statesmanship; Brussels visited. Smooth and suave, as expected.

The Nameless Ones. *By Lesley Egan. Harper & Row.* $4.50. Detective Vic Varallo and crew of Glendale, California, police (Glendale is third largest town in L.A. County) tackle assorted crimes, including murder. Another good package job.

The Devil at Your Elbow. *By D. M. Devine. Walker.* $3.95. Gassing of professor and knifing of student give all hands at huge English university something to worry about. A bit hard to follow, but worth following (next time, please, let's have just a few fewer people).

Traps Need Fresh Bait. *By Erle Stanley Gardner writing as A. A. Fair. Morrow.* $3.95. Donald Lam, diminutive L.A. peeper and affiliate of nondiminutive Bertha Cool, looks into supposititious insurance swindle that balloons into murder. Follow this one with a fine-tooth comb.

In Pursuit of Evil. *By Hugh Mills. Lippincott.* $3.95. Minor Swiss candy firm exec who enjoys playing detective bites off more than he can chew, and grief showers down. Neat and highly sophisticated; and utterly unlike author's previous works. —SERGEANT CUFF.

"Good heavens, Lydia, your hair is longer than your skirt!"

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WORKSHOPS FOR WRITERS

SR's Annual Preview of Writers' Summer Conferences

By GORHAM MUNSON

IN THE early years at writers' conferences most of the enrollees were middle-aged, a few were elderly, and students under thirty were rare. Women were in the great majority. I remember Margaret Widdemer saying to me, after she had looked over the dining room of the Bread Loaf Inn on the first night, "Not so many on crutches this year." But the proportions of age groups in the U.S. have changed in the last forty years, and writers' conferences appear to reflect these changes. According to Robert Mitchner, director of the Indiana University Writers' Conference, twenty-five of 125 enrollees last year were under the age of thirty (20 per cent) and forty out of 125 were men (32 per cent). "I hope this is the trend at all conferences," Mitchner writes, and I add that my observations at several conferences in the past decade confirm his hope.

One reason for the appeal of writers' conferences to successive young generations in the last two decades has been the kind of faculty recruited for the leading ones such as The Writers' Conference at the University of Utah. When Brewster Ghiselin, who is now retiring after twenty years as its director, organized the first in 1947, he engaged as workshop leaders Eric Bentley, Walter Van Tilburg Clark, Caroline Gordon, Mark Schorer, Allen Tate, Ray B. West, Jr., and that perennial *cher maître* of the young, William Carlos Williams. To later conferences in Salt Lake City he brought, among others, the first rank critics Malcolm Cowley, Francis Fergusson, and Joseph Wood Krutch; poets John Berryman, Richard Eberhart, John Crowe Ransom, Karl Shapiro, Stephen Spender; prose writers George P. Elliott, Herbert Gold, Wright Morris, Vladimir Nabokov, Irwin Shaw, Wallace Stegner, and Harvey Swados. Thus, procuring as teachers the best professional poets and critics became a tradition at the University of Utah conference, as it was in the pioneering conferences at Bread Loaf, the University of New Hampshire, and the University of Colorado. Ghiselin's successor, Harold Moore, believes that "the Writers' Conference which Brewster Ghiselin created and nourished has through the years played an incalculably significant role in Utah. For Utahns it has been the only direct contact available with the best professionalism in American letters."

This summer the distinguished Russian poet Andrei Voznesensky will go on the writers' conference circuit, starting at the Suffield Writer-Reader Conference in June and reaching the Aspen Writers Workshop in July.

Although the summer writers' conference started in the East, it has had its most spectacular growth in the West, star examples being the Writers' Conference in the Rocky Mountains, the Writers' Conference at the University of Utah, and the Pacific Coast Writers Conference at California State College at Los Angeles. The last has had a truly phenomenal rise in the last five years. Its registration, which used to be around thirty-five, has jumped to 175 and will likely reach 200 this summer. Director Leon Surmelian says that the Pacific Coast Writers Conference "grew rapidly in the last few years by preaching the holy word and holy poverty. We are, frankly, arrogant highbrows. The pace is fast, the atmosphere electric. With us, sincerity, absolute dedication to artistic principles, has paid off. I think that's the only way to run a writers' conference. The curse has been the idea of writing for money. The profit motive will lower all values in literature. We emphasize technique but it is technique for beauty, for a close, honest, convincing mimesis of significant experience."

The directory below is inclusive rather than selective, particularly in the second section, which lists short-run conferences. The norm is a ten- to twelve-day conference under university sponsorship that brings together professional writers and editors and serious would-be professionals for workshop meetings, and emphasizes the personal interview on manuscripts. Several conferences of that type have been discontinued this spring. Director George Weyant of California Western University is abroad but will revive the Writers' Roundtable at San Diego next year. McKendree Writers Conference at Lebanon, Ill., also pledges to return next year from suspension this summer. Fairleigh Dickinson's Florham Park-Madison Writers Conference failed to get off the ground last summer and will not try again.

On the other hand, the New York City Writers Conference (Wagner College), which offers the sizable Stanley Award for Drama, will convene this July after canceling last year's conference. And the State University of New York is putting two new conferences on the circuit, one at Plattsburg, a second at Star Lake on the fringe of the Adirondacks forty-two miles from the college at Potsdam. The Star Lake conference is making a bid to become one of the major writers'

Gorham Munson, visiting professor of English at the University of California at Davis, is the author of *The Written Word* and *Penobscot: Down East Paradise.*

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conferences, with Archibald MacLeish engaged to give the inaugural lecture and James Dickey, poetry consultant at the Library of Congress, signed to lead the poetry workshop.

To enable you to shop intelligently for conferences that will really bring together old pros and young talents the directory below gives rather fuller information than those compiled in writers' trade journals.

One- to Three-Week Conferences

PACIFIC COAST WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of California State College at Los Angeles, will meet June 19-July 6 on the campus of California State College at Los Angeles, San Bernardino Freeway at Eastern Ave. Founded 1952. Director: Leon Surmelian. Staff: Budd Schulburg, Christopher Isherwood, Ray Bradbury, Robert Kirsch, Ann Stanford, Robert Lee, Richard G. Lillard, David Chandler, Frederick Shroyer, Wirt Williams, Luther Nichols, Ted Simmons, William Kelley, Niven Busch, Scott O'Dell. Novel, short story, film and TV writing, playwriting, nonfiction, poetry. Evaluation of manuscripts and personal interviews. Those who attend for credit may earn four quarter credits. Tuition: $65 noncredit, $74 credit. Members of conference can live near campus, eat in college cafeteria. Last year's attendance: 175. For brochure: Dean John Morton or Leon Surmelian, director, Pacific Coast Writers Conference, California State College at Los Angeles, Los Angeles, Calif. 90032.

FIFTH ANNUAL WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of San Diego State College, will meet Aug. 7-18 at San Diego State College. Founded 1963. Director: Noel M. Loomis. A short college course in English conducted by Hal G. Evarts, Mabel Robison, Dorothy Loomis. Visiting speakers: Isabel Moore, Florence Laughlin, Dorothy Collett, Earl V. Theisen, Kirk Polking, Burris Butler. A workshop in writing for publication. College credit offered. Tuition: $19.75 per week. Room: $20 single, $12 double, per week. Cafeteria meals at student rates. Last year's attendance: 80. For brochure: Noel M. Loomis, SS-216, San Diego State College, San Diego, Calif. 92115.

TAHOE WRITER'S WORKSHOP AT ZEPHYR POINT, under auspices of University Extension, University of California at Davis, will meet three weekends, May 12-14, May 19-21, May 26-28, at Zephyr Point Presbyterian Conference Grounds, Zephyr Cove, Nev. Staff: Gorham Munson. Three lectures on American poets, six workshop talks, manuscript evaluation and individual conferences. All-inclusive fee for tuition, room and board: $140. Enrollment limited to 32. For information: University Extension, Administration Building, University of California, Davis, Calif. 95616.

SUFFIELD WRITER-READER CONFERENCE, under auspices of Suffield Academy, will meet June 25-July 2 at Suffield Academy, Suffield, Conn. Founded 1956. Director: Paul G. Sanderson. Staff: William Jay Smith—poetry; Jacques Cartier—drama; Benedict Kiely—fiction. Visiting lecturers: Louis Untermeyer, Andrei Voznesensky. Limited scholarships available for writers, teachers and college students who have not previously attended. All-inclusive fee for tuition, room and board: $125. Day students, $75. Evening lectures open to the public; $6 for series of six. Last year's attendance: 75. For brochure: Paul G. Sanderson, Jr., director, Suffield Writer-Reader Conference, Suffield Academy, Suffield, Conn.

THIRTY-FOURTH WRITERS' CONFERENCE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, under auspices of University of Colorado, will meet July 23-Aug. 4 at Libby Hall, University of Colorado, Boulder. Founded 1930. Director: John H. Wrenn. Staff: Hiram Haydn—novel; William Peden—short story; William Stafford—poetry; David Lavender—nonfiction; Lilian Moore—juvenile writing; Lorus and Margery Milne—science writing. Four fellowships given by Harcourt, Brace & World; one scholarship in poetry; four Colorado Teachers' Scholarships; one nonfiction fellowship given by Charles E. Tuttle Co. Those applying for fellowships and scholarships should submit samples of their writing and letters of recommendation by May 1. Tuition: $65 minimum, $100 maximum. Single room and board, one week $49; two weeks $98; double room and board, one week $39; two weeks $78. Last year's enrollment: 100. For brochure: Professor John H. Wrenn, director, Hellems 122W, Writers' Conference, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo. 80302.

WRITERS' WORKSHOP IN CHILDREN'S LITERATURE, under auspices of Temple Buell College (formerly Colorado Woman's College), will meet July 31-Aug. 11 at Temple Buell College, Denver. Founded 1965. Director: Robert N. Rothstein. Staff: Joseph Krumgold, writer-in-residence; Ann McGovern, children's book editor, Scholastic Magazines; Alyesa Forsee, Curtis Casewit, Donald Malmgren, Carol Katchen. Panel on marketing and publishing: Jean Karl, David Raffelock, Lucile Hatch. Panel on writing for minority-group children: Joseph Krumgold, Alyesa Forsee, Lena Archuleta. Limited number of tuition scholarships awarded on merit. Entries may be in any form and of any length, typed, double-spaced. Scholarship applications must be received by June 15. Two days will be spent at Rancho Tranquilo, the college's mountain estate. Optional visit to a play at Central City Opera House. For brochure: Robert N. Rothstein, director, Writers' Workshop in Children's Literature, Temple Buell College, 1800 Pontiac St., Denver, Colo. 80220.

TENTH ANNUAL INSTITUTE IN TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COMMUNICATIONS, under auspices of Colorado State University, will meet June 12-16 at Colorado State University, Fort Collins. Founded 1958. Director: Dr. Blaine K. McKee. Staff: Dr. S. I. Hayakawa, Dr. Edward U. Condon, Dr. Thorrel Fest, Dr. Israel Light, Dr. James Perry, Dr. Donald Dedmon, Dr. Julian Tebo, James Bennett, Percy Field, and others. The theme will be "Communications in the Coming Decade." Tuition: $75; additional charge for those desiring two credits of graduate or undergraduate credit. Room: double occupancy $38.50, single occupancy $47.50. Last year's enrollment: 60. For brochure: Blaine K. McKee, director, Institute in Technical and Industrial Communications, Room 322, Liberal Arts Bldg., Colorado State University, Fort Collins, Colo. 80521.

ASPEN WRITERS' WORKSHOP, an independent nonprofit organization, will meet July 1-Aug. 21 at Aspen, Colo. Founded 1962. Director: Robert Vas Dias. Staff: Paul Blackburn and Toby Olson—poetry; Edward Pomerantz—fiction and playwriting; Sol Yurick—fiction. Visiting lecturer: Andrei Voznesensky. Rose Scholarship (full tuition and housing); Alexander Scholarship ($200); two Aspen Writers' Workshop Scholarships ($240 each). Tuition: $240 full session, $145 half-session. Last year's enrollment: 53. For brochure: Robert Vas Dias, director, Aspen Writers Workshop, 855 West End Ave., New York, N.Y. 10025; after June 1 address Box 686, Aspen, Colo. 81611.

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of Summer School, Georgetown University, will meet July 31-Aug. 11 at the campus of Georgetown University, Washington, D.C. Founded 1960. Director: Dr. Riley Hughes. Staff: Patricia McGerr—novel; Marjorie Holmes—creative article: Milton Lomask—biography; David Cornel de Jong—poetry; Robert A. Knowlton—short story; Donn B. Murphy—one-act play; Joseph T. Durkin—history. Others to be announced. Visiting lecturers: Hallie Burnett, Whit Burnett, Katie Lockheim, Harry Edward Neal, Elsa Russell, and others to be announced. Twelve full-tuition scholarships. Tuition: $80 for twelve days, $45 for six days. Manuscript consultation and reading fee: $25. Room: $20 a week (double occupancy), air - conditioned. Meals, cafeteria style. Last year's enrollment: 139. For brochure: Mrs. Robin Friedheim, Summer School, Georgetown University, Washington, D.C. 20007.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Indiana University, will meet July 3-8 at Bloomington, Ind. Founded 1940. Director: Robert W. Mitchner. Staff: Jerome Weidman—novel; Elizabeth Enright—short story; Gerold Frank—nonfiction books; Richard Atcheson—nonfiction articles; Gwendolyn Brooks—poetry; Beatrice Schenk de Regniers—juveniles;

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Malcolm Foster—techniques. Seminar leaders: Jean Atcheson—books for young adults; Rachel Peden—writing a newspaper column; Kirk Polking—writing and marketing the short short story; Paul R. Reynolds—business aspects of writing; and probably two or three others. Three-session playwriting workshop led by R. David Cox. Additional consultants headed by Gertrude Hecker Winders. Visiting lecturers: Richard Ellmann, Harry Kemelman. Grant of more than $1,000 from Indiana University Foundation to cover Ralph L. Collins All-Expense Fellowship, ten regular tuition scholarships, five Young Talent Scholarships, a $100 grant-in-aid, $100 Bobbs-Merrill Fellowship, $100 grant-in-aid for juveniles, $50 Indiana Press Woman's Fellowship, $50 Founder's Award, six cash prizes for superior writing in individual workshops. Tuition: $5 registration fee, $25 for one workshop, $45 for two workshsops, $15 to audit one workshop, $10 for auditing each additional one. Except for a few teachers of creative writing, auditors are not accepted who are not regular Mss.-submitting members of at least one workshop. Minimum fee, $30. Room and board: $3 per person per night for dormitory rooms; $5-$8 per person per night for air-conditioned rooms with private baths in Indiana Memorial Union. Meals at student rates in the Union's dining facilities. Last year's enrollment: 125. For brochure: Robert W. Mitchner, director, Indiana University Writers' Conference, 448 Ballantine Hall, Bloomington, Ind. 47401.

WEST-CENTRAL WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Western Illinois University, will meet June 18-24 at Western Illinois University, Macomb, Ill. Founded 1967. Director: E. W. Johnson. Staff: Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., John Clellon Holmes, Richard Yates, Frederic Will. Visiting lecturers: Helen Jones of Little, Brown; James Wade of Macmillan; Edward Murray, drama critic. Workshops in novel, short story, nonfiction, poetry, science fiction, screen play, juveniles, translation. Tuition: $45. Reading fees: $10 for twenty-five pages; $30 for book-length manuscript. Room and board: $39.25. For brochure: E. W. Johnson, director, West-Central Writers' Conference, English Department, Western Illinois University, Macomb, Ill. 61455.

CREATIVE WRITING CONFERENCE, under auspices of Eastern Kentucky University, will meet July 17-21 at Eastern Kentucky University, Richmond, Ky. Founded 1963. Director: Byno R. Rhodes. Staff: Paul Engle—poetry; Emil Roy—drama; Walter Tevis—prose. Tuition: in-state undergraduate, $9; out-of-state undergraduate, $22.50; in-state graduate, $12; out-of-state graduate, $30. Air - conditioned dormitories available. Room, $8; board, about $3 per day. Last year's enrollment: 24. For brochure: Byno R. Rhodes, Eastern Kentucky University, Richmond, Ky. 40475.

APPALACHIAN ARTS AND WRITERS WORKSHOP, under auspices of Alice Lloyd College, will meet July 16-29 at Pippa Passes, Ky. Founded 1964. Director: Albert Stewart. Staff: Jack Gilbert—poetry; Harriette Arnow—fiction and nonfiction, Jane Mayhall—fiction; Billy C. Clark—fiction; Jack Cady

—short story. Some tuition scholarships available. Prizes for best story and sheaf of poems. Tuition: $20 per week. Room and board: $25 per week in college dorms and dining hall. Last year's enrollment: 40 (limit).Former students have received such distinctions as an Atlantic First, *Yale Review* publication, contracts for movie scripts. For brochure: Albert Stewart, director, Appalachian Arts and Writers Workshops, Box 132, Pippa Passes, Ky.

UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of University of Montana. Founded 1949. No information received on 1967 conference. For information: Director of Summer Schools, University of Montana, Missoula, Mont.

CAPE COD WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of Twelve O'Clock Scholars and Cape Cod Community College, will meet Aug. 13-19 at Craigville Inn, Craigville, Mass. Founded 1963. Chairman: Professor Deane M. Warner. Staff: Margaret Walker—novel; Scott Corbett—juvenile; Frederic Willey—nonfiction; John Stevens Wade—poetry; Jack Matthews—short story; Miriam Balf—drama. Visiting lecturers: Isaac Asimov, A. S. Burack, Max Kaplan, Clyde Reid, Eugene S. Clark. Tuition: $50. Room and board: $60. Last year's enrollment: 83. For brochure: Mrs. Pierre Vuilleumier, secretary, Cape Cod Writers Conference, Craigville Inn, Craigville, Mass. 02636.

TECHNICAL WRITERS' WORKSHOP ON NANTUCKET, under auspices of University of Massachusetts, will meet July 24-Aug. 11 at Nantucket Island, Mass. Founded 1966. Director: John H. Mitchell. Staff: B. C. Brookes, reader in information studies, University College, London; Paul H. Flint, dean of Graduate School, Tufts University; M. D. Morris, president of Morris Associates; Kenneth Tong, president, STWP, and Eastern editor, John Wiley & Sons; R. E. Chandler, vice president, Sales Promotion Services. All-inclusive fee for tuition, room and board: $161. Workshop limited to 16, course accredited on both graduate and undergraduate levels. Last year's enrollment: 16. For information: Professor John H. Mitchell, Department of English, University of Massachusetts, Amherst, Mass. 01002.

IMAGINATIVE WRITERS' WORKSHOP ON NANTUCKET, under auspices of University of Massachusetts, will meet Aug. 14-Sept. 1 at Nantucket Island, Mass. Founded 1967. Director: John H. Mitchell. Staff: Richard Kim. Visiting lecturers: Michael Curtis, Edwin Seaver, Steve Oberbeck, Thomas Aczel. Participants will enroll for three credits, graduate or undergraduate, in English 345 or English 781. Enrollment limited to 12 students in residence, 4 day students. Fees, including tuition, board and room: $116 for Massachusetts residents, $141 for out-of-state residents. Day students, $65 or $80 respectively. Deadline for applications June 1. Applications must be accompanied by samples of student's work in prose fiction. Inquiries and requests for applications: Professor John H. Mitchell, Department of English, University of Massachusetts, Amherst, Mass. 01002.

STAR ISLAND WRITERS' CONFERENCE will meet Aug. 5-18 at the Oceanic Hotel, Star Island, Isles of Shoals off Portsmouth, N. H. Founded 1957. Director: Mary Chisholm Sweetser. Staff: Richard F. Reed. Visiting lecturers: Joyce Varney, Shirley Goodstone, Cid Ricketts Sumner, David McCord, Nelson Tolman, Rhoda Truax. Two Edna Cornell Scholarships (already awarded). Tuition: $50. Room and board: $95-$112 for 13-day period. Last year's enrollment: 15. For brochure: Mary Chisholm Sweetser, director, Star Island Writers' Conference, 10 Kneeland St., Malden, Mass. 02184.

NEW HAMPSHIRE WRITERS SEMINAR, sponsored by the Poetry Society of New Hampshire, will meet Aug. 13-26 at Farragut House, Rye Beach, N. H. Director: Raymond B. Swain. Staff: Curtis W. Casewitt—novel and articles; Edith Roelker Curtis—nonfiction; Alex Jackinson—marketing; Daniel Smythe—poetry; Robert and Lee Wyndham—juveniles. Visiting lecturers: John Williams Andrews and Miriam Wise Andrews, Richard Eberhart, Paul Scott Mowrer. Tuition: $100-$75. Reduced tuition for members of Poetry Society of N. H. Room and board: $14 a day, double; $18 a day, single; American plan. Last year's enrollment: 37. For brochure (send self-addressed stamped envelope): Robert J. Leiter, registrar, New Hampshire Writers Seminar, RFD #1, Box 142-A, Chester, N.H. 03036.

CHAUTAUQUA WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of Chautauqua Institution, will meet July 3-21 at Chautauqua, N.Y. Founded 1946. Director: Dr. Stanley Koehler. Staff: Richard E. Kim—fiction; Stanley Koehler—poetry; Dr. Martin Light—nonfiction. Visiting lecturers: Richard Elman, Tamas Aczel. Participants are entitled to an hour's conference in each course taken. By arrangement with the Syracuse University Center at Chautauqua qualified students may enroll for college credit. Only one section (two credits) may be taken for credit in any one year. Auditors accepted. Tuition: $36 each for fiction, nonfiction, poetry; $90 for all three. For credit students fee is $43 for each credit hour. Auditor's fee, $1.75 for each class hour. Room: $10-$15 per week. Board: $25 per week. Last year's enrollment: 60. For brochure: Joseph C. Clark, vice president, Education, Chautauqua Institution, Chautauqua, N.Y. 14722.

NEW YORK CITY WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of Wagner College, will meet July 10-21 on the campus of Wagner

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College, Grymes Hill, Staten Island, N.Y. Founded 1955. Director: J. J. Boies. Staff: Robert Kelly—fiction; Peter Viereck—poetry; Ben Tarver, John Clifton, Rick Besoyan—musical theater. Stanley Drama Award ($500). Victor Weybright Scholarships. Tuition: $150. Room and board: $33 per week; room without board: $15 per week. No conference held in 1966. For brochure: J. J. Boies, Graduate School, Wagner College, Staten Island, N.Y. 10301.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Columbia University, will meet July 3-Aug. 11 at Harkness Theatre, Columbia University, New York City. Founded 1951. Director: Gerald Sykes. Staff: Robert Phelps, Ivan Gold, Thalia Selz, David Ignatow. Visiting lecturers: Edward Dahlberg, Kenneth Koch. Workshops in fiction, poetry, nonfiction, structure and style, film-writing. Tuition: $53 per point. Conference lectures free to public. Room and board: reasonable rates at Kings Crown Hotel, owned by Columbia University. For brochure: Dr. William A. Owens, director, Summer Session, Columbia University, New York, N.Y. 10027.

TECHNICAL WRITERS' INSTITUTE, under auspices of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, will meet June 26-30 at Troy, N.Y. Founded 1953. Director: Jay R. Gould. Staff: W. K. Brown, F. Hammet, R. A. Sencer. Visiting lecturers: Ralph Balzano, S. J. Goodman, Fred Wallisch, Dr. Lionel Wyld, Dr. Herman Weisman, Henry G. Weiss, Warren Deck, E. W. Quintrell, Roland A. Labine, Malcolm Macdougall, A. G. Hoshovsky, William Vogel. Instruction in article writing, reports, manuals, technical writing. Tuition: $175, luncheons included. Room: $3.50-$7 per night. Last year's enrollment: 92. For brochure: J. R. Gould, director, Technical Writers' Institute, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N.Y. 12181.

CREATIVE ARTS WORKSHOP, under auspices of State University of New York College at Oswego, will meet Aug. 14-Sept. 1 at Oswego, N.Y. Founded 1965. Directors: George Stark, Lewis Turco. Staff: John Herrmann, R. V. Cassill, Mark McCloskey. Visiting lecturer: Edward Field. Three college credits available for student registrants. Tuition: $62.55. Room and board: single room, $43.50; double, $31.50. Cafeteria-style meals. For brochure: Millard Harmon, director, Summer Session, State University of New York College, Oswego, N.Y. 13126.

CHAMPLAIN WRITING WORKSHOP, under auspices of State University of New York College at Plattsburgh, will meet Aug. 7-18 at Plattsburgh, N.Y. Founded 1967. Director: George Abbe. Staff: George Abbe—poetry; Charles Angoff—fiction; Margaret Coit—nonfiction; Emily Neville—juveniles. Tuition: $44.70 for New York undergraduates; $57.70 for others. Two credit hours available. Room: single, $32; double, $24. College dining, about $38. For brochure: Dr. Herman Doh, resident coordinator, Champlain Writing Workshop, State University College, Plattsburgh, N.Y.

STAR LAKE WRITING WORKSHOP, under auspices of State University of New York College at Potsdam, will meet June 5-30 at Star Lake in the Adirondack Mountains 42 miles from Potsdam, N.Y. Founded 1967. Director: K. B. Vaid. Staff: Paul Engle and James Dickey—poetry; Howard Stein—drama; K. B. Vaid—fiction. Visiting lecturers: Archibald MacLeish, Anaïs Nin, Richard Poirier. Workshop limited to 45 to be selected on basis of sample writings. No formal educational requirements. Academic credit given to those who qualify. Ten scholarships worth $200 each. Tuition: N.Y. State students, $207.60; others, $233.40. Room and board: $196. For brochure: Dr. K. B. Vaid, director, Star Lake Writing Workshop, State University College, Potsdam, N.Y. 13676.

ST. DAVIDS CHRISTIAN WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of St. Davids Christian Writers' Association, will meet June 18-23 at Eastern Baptist College, St. Davids, Pa. Founded 1958. Director: Mildred Schell. Staff: Edward D. Fulweiler, Berneice Roer Neal, Harry Edward Neal, Charles Paul May, M. Charles Rebert, Daniel Hertzler. Visiting lecturers: Glenn H. Asquith, Lucille E. Hein, Richard A. Duprey. Manuscript contest (book prizes). Tuition: $21.50. Room and board: $33.50. Last year's enrollment: 100. For brochure: Mrs. Margaret S. Ward, program director, American Baptist Board of Education and Publication, Valley Forge, Pa. 19481.

THE WRITERS' CONFERENCE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH, under auspices of the University of Utah, will meet July 10-21 at Salt Lake City. Founded 1947. Director: Harold Moore. Staff: James Dickey—poetry; Peter Taylor—short story; R. V. Cassill—novel. Limited number of scholarships available. Workshops can be taken for college credit. Tuition: one week, $40; two weeks, $50. Room and board: $5.25 per day, double occupancy; $6.25 per day, single occupancy. Last year's enrollment: 62. For brochure: Harold Moore, director, Writers' Conference, University of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah 84112.

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BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Middlebury College, will meet Aug. 16-30 at Bread Loaf, Vt. Founded 1926. Director: John Ciardi. Staff: John Aldridge, Seymour Epstein, William Lederer, William Sloane, and John Williams—fiction; Camille Davied and Henry Simon—nonfiction; Judson Jerome, John Frederick Nims, Robert Pack, and Miller Williams—poetry; Susan Hirschman—children's literature. Visiting lecturer: William Hazlett Upson. Fifteen full fellowships and/or scholarships pay all conference fees, awarded in fiction, nonfiction, poetry, and juvenile literature. Twenty-two full or partial tuition scholarships for those who earn room and board by waiting on table. Tuition: contributors, $135; auditors, $100. Board: $65; room: $35-$75. Last year's attendance: 180. For brochure: Edward A. Martin, assistant director, Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt. 05753.

RHINELANDER SCHOOL OF ARTS WORKSHOP, under auspices of Wisconsin Idea Theatre, will meet July 17-28 at Rhinelander Union High School, Rhinelander, Wis. Founded 1964. Director: Robert E. Gard. Staff: Jesse Stuart, writer-in-residence; Edna Meudt and William Martz—poetry; August Derleth and Tere Rios—fiction; George Hartung—humorous and satiric writing; Robert E. Gard—playwriting; Rus Arnold—photography for writers. Tuition: all writing workshops, $25 one week, $40 two weeks. Last year's enrollment: 130. For brochure: Robert E. Gard, Wisconsin Idea Theatre, Cooperative Extension Programs, 216 Agriculture Hall, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis. 53706.

CHRISTIAN WRITERS AND EDITORS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of American Baptist Board, will meet July 1-8 at Green Lake, Wis. Extension School of Christian Journalism July 8-15 for limited number of conferees. Founded 1948. Director: Glenn H. Asquith. Staff: Charles Paul May—fiction for beginners; Edward D. Futweiler—article writing for beginners; Roland E. Wolseley—advanced article writing; Ralph W. Seager—verse; Richard A. Duprey—dramatic writing; Charles Waugaman—photo essay; Glenn H. Asquith—editor; Elizabeth Yates—advanced tutorial. Visiting lecturers: Benjamin P. Browne, Taylor Caldwell. Tuition: $20 first week, $10 second week. Room and board: varies according to room selected. Last year's enrollment: 185. For brochure: Mrs. Margaret S. Ward, program director, American Baptist Board of Education and Publication, Valley Forge, Pa. 19481.

One- to Four-Day Conferences

ARKANSAS WRITERS' CONFERENCE will meet June 3-5 at Albert Pike Hotel, Little Rock, Ark. Founded 1945. Director: Anna Nash Yarbrough. Visiting lecturers: Lawrence Fisher, Stella Craft Tremble, and others. Registration: $3. Last year's attendance: about 200. For brochure (send self-addressed stamped envelope): Anna Nash Yarbrough, director, Arkansas Writers Conference, 510 East St., Benton, Ark.

CALIFORNIA WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of California Writers Club, will meet June 23-25 at Mills College, Oakland, Calif. Founded 1955. Co-chairmen: William Fox and Scott Wilson. Visiting lecturers: Catharine Barrett—short story; Louis L'Amour—TV; Janet Lewis—poetry; Caroline Rogers—nonfiction; Zola Ross—novel; Lenora Webber—juveniles. Five full scholarships given for manuscripts; deadline Apr. 15. Tuition, room and board: $60; commuters, $50 including meals but no lodging. Last year's attendance: 100. For brochure: Secretary, California Writers Club, 504 Boynton Ave., Berkeley, Calif. 94707.

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL WRITERS' WEEK IN PASADENA, under auspices of Educational Division, Pasadena City College, will meet May 8-11 at Holliston Avenue Methodist Church (mornings) and Harbeson Hall, Pasadena City College (evenings). Founded 1955. Director: Mrs. Helen Hinckley Jones. Visiting lecturers: Clifton Fadiman, Mrs. Yvor Winters, David Raffelock, Marshall Lumsden, Luther Nichols, David Lavender, Lorenz Graham, Kay Haugaard, Ernest D. Glucksman. Tuition: free. Last year's attendance: about 200 per session. For brochure: L. Herman Smith, dean of Educational Services, 1570 E. Colorado Blvd., Pasadena, Calif. 91106.

UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Kansas University School of Journalism and University Extension. Founded 1948. No information received on 1967 session. For information: Frances Grinstead, director, Writers' Conference, School of Journalism, Lawrence, Kan.

DEEP SOUTH WRITERS AND ARTISTS CONFERENCE, INC., sponsored by the Louisiana branches of American Pen Women, Inc., will meet June 9-11 at the University of Southwestern Louisiana, Lafayette, La. Founded 1961. Director: Mary Frances Fletcher. Workshop leaders, speakers, and panelists to be announced. Registration: $3. Entitles members to attend all sessions and to enter any one of five manuscript contests. For information: Mrs. Vincent Cassidy, 172 Vermilion Drive, Lafayette, La. 70501.

BOSTON COLLEGE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Boston College, met Apr. 15 at McElroy Commons, Boston College. Founded 1960. Director: Francis Sweeney, S.J. Lecturers: Naomi Burton, Caroline Gordon, A. S. Burack. Last year's attendance: 190. For information about 1968 conference: Humanities Series, Boston College, Chestnut Hill, Mass. 02167.

STATE OF MAINE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Ocean Park Association, will meet Aug. 22-25 at Porter Memorial Hall, Ocean Park. Founded 1941. Co-directors: Loring Williams and Adelbert M. Jakeman. Staff: Alfred B. Cahen, David O. Woodbury, Alfred Barrett, Clarence E. Farrar, Doris Ricker Marston, Beulah Fenderson Smith. Prizes for prose and poetry. Registration: $5. For brochure: Adelbert M. Jakeman, State of Maine Writers' Conference, Ocean Park, Me. 04063.

SIXTEENTH ANNUAL EASTERN NEW MEXICO WRITERS WORKSHOP, under auspices of Eastern New Mexico University, will meet June 21-24 at Portales, N. M. Founded 1952. Director: E. Debs Smith. Staff: L. W. Michaelson. $50 in awards. Tuition: $15. One hour credit in English or journalism. Last year's enrollment: 80. For brochure: Dr. E. Debs Smith, Writers Workshop, Eastern New Mexico University, Portales, N. M.

IONA COLLEGE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Iona College, met Apr. 22 and today (Apr. 29) at Iona College, New Rochelle, N.Y. Founded 1964. Director: Patrick S. Collins. Staff: Hayes Jacobs—short story; Norma Rosen—novel; James Conniff—nonfiction books; Andrew Svenson—juvenile fiction; James Fixx—article. Fiction Editors Roundtable Discussion: Barbara Blakemore, Neal Stuart, Jean Todd Freeman, Stewart Beach. Nonfiction Editors Roundtable Discussion: Paul Lapolla, Virginia Kendall, Tom McKinney, Ray Robinson, Robert Parke. Louis S. Auchincloss will receive the 1967 Columba Prize in Fiction, and Sumner C. Powell will receive the 1967 Columba Prize in Nonfiction, at Awards Luncheon, Apr. 22. Tuition: $15. Manuscript evaluation fee, $3 per manuscript. Last year's attendance: 210. For information about 1968 Conference: Writers' Conference, Iona College, New Rochelle, N.Y. 10801.

ANNUAL SPRING WORKSHOP, under auspices of Akron Manuscript Club, will meet May 20 at Iacomini's Restaurant, 321 West Exchange St., Akron, O. Conference meets from ten A.M. to three P.M. and includes lecture, workshop, question and criticism period, luncheon. Visiting lecturer: Billy C. Clark. Tuition, including luncheon: approx. $6.50. For information: Mrs. Carl Hawse, 103 Elmwood Ave., Barberton, O.

PROFESSIONAL WRITERS WORKSHOP, under auspices of University of Oklahoma, will meet June 7-9 at Union Bldg., University of Oklahoma, Norman. Founded 1938. Director: Foster-Harris. Staff: Helen Reagan Smith. Confession, short story, textbook, novel, and nonfiction. Visiting lecturers:

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PHILADELPHIA REGIONAL WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Philadelphia Regional Writers, will meet June 7-9 at Bellevue Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia. Founded 1949. President: Margaret T. Cheyney. Staff: Robert Adleman, Hobart F. Berzolzheimer, Arthur H. Lewis, Jean C. Soule, Morton Fineman, Jay Kogan, Barbara Bates, Sara Woy, John P. Mullen, Pauline Bloom, Ruth L. Sampter, Edgar Williams. Visiting lecturers: Charles W. Ferguson, Richard Gehman, Marion Benasutti. Cash awards and other prizes for best manuscripts entered in contests. Tuition: $7 for one three-day workshop. Room: twin-bedded room with bath, single, $11; double, $16 at Bellevue Stratford. Last year's attendance: 150. For brochure: Jean C. Soule, registrar, P.O. Drawer "U," Springfield, Pa. 19064.

PINEYWOODS WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of Stephen F. Austin State College, will meet July 5-7 at Nacogdoches, Tex. Founded 1960. Director: Dr. Walter Kidd. Staff: lecturers in English 473 (Creative Writing). Visiting lecturers: Mark Harris, Rebecca Townsend, Conrad Pendleton, Theodore Tindall, Dr. Warren French, Bessie Bergquist, Charlotte Baker Montgomery. $1600 in prizes. Tuition: $15. Room and board: $7 a day and up. Last year's attendance: 192. For brochure (send self-addressed stamped envelope): Dr. Walter Kidd, director, Pineywoods Writers Conference, SFA Box 6157, Nacogdoches, Tex. 75961.

LEAGUE OF VERMONT WRITERS' SUMMER INSTITUTE, under auspices of League of Vermont Writers, will meet July 13-14 at University of Vermont, Burlington. Founded *c.* 1930. Director: Lilian Baker Carlisle. Visiting lecturers: Dr. Charles Morrissey, Lewis Seebring, Don Willcox, Ishbel Ross, and others to be announced. Registration $3; banquet $3.75. For brochure (send stamped self-addressed envelope): Mrs. Carroll W. Dodge, secretary, League of Vermont Writers, 312 Maple St., Burlington, Vt. 05401.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Pacific Northwest Writers Conference, Inc., a nonprofit literary association, will meet July 27-29 at Seattle University, Seattle, Wash. Founded 1955. President: Patricia Campbell. Staff: Nelson Bentley, Zola Helen Ross, Lucile McDonald, Irene Foster, Rega McCarty. Visiting lecturers: Paul R. Reynolds, Donald Wollheim, Neal Gilkyson Stuart, Charles Ferguson, Samuel Taylor, Thomas Thompson. Prizes of $50, $15, and $10 in each of four categories. Tuition: $20. Room: $3.50 per night in dormitory; varying rates in hotel. Last year's attendance: 350. For brochure: Patricia Campbell, #614, 1330 Boren Ave., Seattle, Wash. 98101.

WISCONSIN REGIONAL WRITERS' FALL CONFERENCE, under auspices of University of Wisconsin Idea Theatre, will meet Sept. 23-24 at Retlaw Motor Inn, Fond du Lac, Wis. Director: Edgar J. Kezell. Staff to be announced. Registration: $3 for members of WRWA; $7 for nonmembers. Last year's attendance: 207. For brochure: Mrs. Tom Higgins, registrar, Box 222, R. 1, Fond du Lac, Wis.

STORYBOOK WRITING SEMINAR will meet Aug. 7-11 at diLido Hotel, Miami Beach, Fla. Founded 1964. Director: Eve Titus. Visiting lecturers: Don Sobol, Celeste Edel, Cathrine Cleven. Evening panels. Manuscript criticism of writing for children. Tuition: $45. For information: Eve Titus, P.O. Box 2395, Miami Beach, Fla.

WRITERS' CONFERENCE, sponsored by *Writer's Digest*, will meet June 10 at the University of Cincinnati. Founded 1967. Staff: John Nims, Paul Engle, Judson Jerome, Hollis Summers, Ethel Jacobson—poetry; Leonhard Dowty, Lee Wyndham, Frank Rouda, Suzanne Hilliard, Millie McWhirter, Jim Maxwell, Caroline Gordon, Marge Hendrix, May Dikeman, Rust Hills, Harry Barba, Jesse Hill Ford, Herbert Gold—short story; Arthur Hailey, Jerome Weidman, Ken McCormick, Irving Schulman, Harry Mark Petrakis, Charlotte Zolotow, Patricia McGerr, Vance Bourjaily, Rona Jaffe—novel; Cleveland Amory, Don McKinney, Charles Barnard, Al Silverman, Hayes Jacobs, Ray Robinson, Victor Navasky, Kirk Polking, Theodore Peterson, Richard German, Maurice Zolotow—nonfiction; and others to be announced. Workshops, panels, manuscript consultations. Registration fee: $25. Manuscript evaluation fee: $10. Overnight accommodations: single room, $6; double room, $10. For information: Writers' Conference, care of *Writer's Digest*, 22 E. 12 St., Cincinnati, O. 45210.

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ELEGIACS

The deaths of the poets and other persons listed in the last column are the topics of the poems quoted below. For each of the mourning poets listed in the first column, Ruth Berman of Minneapolis asks you to ascribe the correct lament and lamented. Solutions on page 50.

Thos. Carew ( )	1. Our fearful trip is done.	A. John Donne
Donne ( )	2. No motion has she now, no force; She neither hears nor sees.	B. Elizabeth Drury
Dryden ( )	3. A Gentle Shepherd born in Arcady.	C. Arthur Henry Hallam
Herrick ( )	4. The Dean is dead, (and what is trumps?).	D. Ben Jonson
Ben Jonson ( )	5. She, she is dead; she's dead.	E. John Keats
Milton ( )	6. 'Tis better to have loved and lost.	F. Edward King
Shelley ( )	7. The One remains, the many change and pass.	G. Abraham Lincoln
Spenser ( )	8. To the awe of thy imperious wit Our stubborn language bends.	H. Lucy
Swift ( )	9. . . . Each verse of thine Out-did the meat, out-did the frolic wine.	I. John Milton
Tennyson ( )	10. He knew himself to sing and build the lofty rhyme	J. Shakespeare
Whitman ( )	11. The force of Nature could not farther go.	K. Sir Philip Sidney
Wordsworth ( )	12. He was not of an age, but for all time.	L. Jonathan Swift

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The Weapon Was Humor

HARRY BELAFONTE produces television variety shows occasionally which have, as a corollary purpose beyond commercial entertainment, the objective of battling racism. *A Time for Laughter: A Look at Negro Humor in America,* presented recently on *ABC Stage 67,* sought to dispel the myth that Negroes are "culturally deprived" by demonstrating that they have a rich tradition of laughter as "an unfailing defense against sorrow and hard times." The demonstration was effective; the program proved its point. The enterprise did yet another good thing successfully: It buried the old stereotype of the Negro as lazy, happy-go-lucky, irresponsible.

Most of the characters that drew laughter in Belafonte's revue of songs, sketches, and dances exhibited characteristics that were shrewd, mercenary, pushy, ambitious, and sly. Such qualities, psychologists tell us, make up another bundle of "outgroup stigmata," which prejudiced people often attach to racial or religious minorities. One may say, half-facetiously, that *A Time for Laughter* killed the first stereotype with such style that it risked replacing it, in the minds of some viewers, at least, with an equally dangerous second stereotype.

The hour-long revue, written by William Attaway, was unfailingly enjoyable. It introduced most television viewers to Moms Mabley and Pigmeat Markham, veteran vaudeville artists. It afforded larger opportunity than usual for George Kirby and Redd Foxx, who have had some television appearances, to exhibit their versatility. Dick Gregory, Diana Sands, and Diahann Carroll contributed familiar talents, as did Mr. Belafonte himself, and Sidney Poitier did brief narrator chores with his accustomed understated vitality. Actor-comedian Godfrey Cambridge wrote and played in a tart little satire on affluent Negroes in suburbia, and Richard Pryor, a young stand-up comic who practices the self-effacing delivery, provoked hilarity with his stand-in sermon for a clergyman at a Harlem funeral.

The humor of the show was mostly contemporary—its wit directed at whites and blacks in the context of the civil rights revolution. One might twist the familiar revue term "blackout" and say that the program opened with quick cameos introducing the stars, the punch line of each cameo being essentially a "whiteout," a barb aimed at Mr. Charley. A lively song-and-dance sketch followed, illustrating the birth of the "darky" legend in show business—the theft of the Jim Crow image by a white showman who turned it into the highly successful minstrel-show formula that led to the tradition of white comics in blackface.

A courtroom sketch, with Pigmeat Markham playing an overpowering, whack-em-over-the-head judge with a rubber gavel, seemed more in the tradition of white rather than black vaudeville. The Jim Crow and the courtroom sketches were the only ones in the show that might have been perceived as reinforcing the lazy, happy-go-lucky, irresponsible stereotype. A poolroom sketch, in which Redd Foxx played a hustler intent on taking a square, was on the borderline of the superstitious stereotype. He delivered a monologue as he cued his shots, bristling with a "signifier's" commentary on poverty and the civil rights movement, but he revealed himself as a rabbitfoot man when the square finally took him. The characters in the other episodes of the revue were a far cry from the old subservient image of alleged inferiority.

The affluent Negroes in the suburbanite sketch were pretentious social climbers. Their maid (Moms Mabley) was a laconic, perceptive cross between a Harlem Hazel à la Shirley Booth and a down-to-earth Marjorie Main, piercing the hypocrisies of her phony employers. The undertaker in the funeral establishment was a young smoothie, covering his nervous gaucheries with a diplomat's aplomb. George Kirby, in the barber shop scene, played seven characters (including "Senator Irksen") with impressive virtuosity. His Senator was oily; his black nationalist was clannish; his hustler—hiding clocks, eggbeaters, cameras, watches, and bracelets in his coat lining—was the salesman most aggressive. Dick Gregory, in the Southern jail cell with other civil rights marchers, was certainly representative of the caustic superego rather than the older stereotype rooted in the id.

Half-playfully, we have put the notion that a racist, viewing *A Time for Laughter,* deprived of the id stereotype by the superego qualities of the show's characters, could just as easily reinforce his prejudices by adopting the new stereotype in place of the old. Perhaps the trouble is exaggerated. Middle-class Negroes on the superego kick are still only a minority of their total community. They may provide a veneer of affluence, but two-thirds of the Negro population in this country is still in the depths of "the dark ghetto," still suffering from the id stereotype.

Television has an important opportunity to help in the dissolution of both false images. Mr. Belafonte might consider integrating his casts in the future, producing television specials with both black and white performers in sketches, songs, and dances targeted at human frailties shared universally without relevance to color. The integrated probing of such frailties might help clear a way out of the ghetto for "the other Negro America." Humor is more than therapy; it has ever been a powerful weapon in the fight for social reconstruction.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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Luis Jiminez is starting 4th grade a little late. Thanks to the Smiths.

In the Colombian village of Soacha, school is a luxury that fathers of even the brightest, most ambitious children can't afford. So it didn't surprise anyone when Luis Jiminez dropped out of school in the third grade. The big surprise—Soacha calls it a little miracle—is that Luis went back to school this year.

Betty and John Chabot Smith made it happen. Through *Save the Children Federation* they're giving $15 a month to give Luis a chance he never thought possible.

Who are these "miracle workers," the Smiths? If you met them, they might tell you of their daughter's baby. Or their son, who's working his way through law school. John might talk about his work as a teacher of creative writing. Or you might be interested in their charming colonial farmhouse in southern Connecticut. It's almost paid for. The Smiths are a long way from being wealthy. Although you'd have a hard time telling that to the people of Soacha.

Until the Smiths came along, few in Soacha had any knowledge of the outside world. They knew a lot about desperate poverty, hunger and hopelessness, though. Take Luis' father, for example. His take-home pay is $10 a month. He has five children to feed. School for Luis wasn't in his budget.

But this was before the Smiths. Betty Smith first became interested in *Save the Children Federation* when she worked for them last year. Time after time she saw them do wonders for people with the money received from sponsors. Now the Smiths are sponsors. And their $15 a month is doing wonders for Luis, his family and even the village.

Luis is back in school. Luis' father has a small patch of land he had never cultivated because he could not afford seed and fertilizer. This year he is growing corn. With all this, there is still money left over. This money, together with funds from other sponsors, was borrowed without interest by the village to build a new school.

More money and more people like the Smiths are needed to give other children the boost they need to permanently end their need for help. That's what *Save the Children Federation* is all about.

Although contributions are tax deductible, *Save the Children* is not a relief agency. The aim is not merely to buy one child a few hot meals and a warm coat. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village, the "seed money" they need to start helping themselves.

As a sponsor you can select a child in Latin America. Or a child in Korea, Vietnam, Africa or Greece. You will receive a photo of the child, regular reports on his progress, and, if you wish, a chance to correspond with the child and his family.

The Smiths know they can't save the world for $15 a month. Only a small corner of it. But maybe that is the way to save the world. If there are enough people like Betty and John Smith. How about you?

Save the Children Federation is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid, and is a member of the International Union for Child Welfare. Financial statements and annual reports are available on request.

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The Case of G. Galilei

JOHN HIRSCH is a young director whose work in Canada has shown great promise. At the Manitoba Theater Center in Winnipeg he directed a production of *Mother Courage*, starring Zoe Caldwell, which one expert has called the best production to date in the entire resident professional theater movement. And at Stratford, Ontario, he has demonstrated his ability to work with the unorthodox open stage. Therefore he would seem an ideal director to tackle another Brecht play, *Galileo*, at Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater.

To say, however, that this new *Galileo* production is the least boring of any to date at this ill-starred playhouse does not entirely absolve Mr. Hirsch for a relatively unsatisfactory rendering of this outstanding play. Those of us who were fortunate enough to experience Brecht's own thrilling production of the play here with Charles Laughton in 1947 do not insist upon a carbon copy, but if Hirsch is going to innovate he is challenged to devise something comparably exciting.

Brecht said in an *SR* interview ["Berlin and Brecht," *SR*, Jan. 22, 1955] that he wanted directors to do his plays differently than he had done them, in order to stimulate the audiences of countries with other conventions. And we have praised several non-Brechtian productions of his plays, because directors have found new ways to make the material effective. Indeed, to give this new *Galileo* its due, it does extract some audience applause for its brave voicing of anti-war and antichurch sentiments. Furthermore, it is performed with spirit.

Yet from beginning to end it demonstrates what doesn't need to be demonstrated, at the expense of Brecht's poetry, insight, and theatrical imaginativeness. Where Brecht opened his play with the brilliantly subtle sarcasm of having narrative songs sung *a cappella* by innocent choir boys whose every word could be distinctly heard, Hirsch opens his production with interfering sweet fluty music and puts the songs in the mouths of opera-trained singers who are hard to understand, and whose stage personalities are pointless.

Behind the platform stage on which they sing, Robin Wagner has designed what looks like a day at the scene shop. Bare scaffolding and a blank white backdrop do not suggest seventeenth-century Italy, science, or anything else to do with the play. On one occasion, the white backdrop is used for a projection, but while Galileo is explaining the moons around Jupiter, the projection is showing us a zooming trip into the milky way, to the accompaniment of some vaguely cosmic music. And James Hart Stearns's costumes and masks are no more than perfunctorily related to the play's content.

The production suffered a mishap when Rod Steiger, who in the original casting had been scheduled to play Galileo, withdrew because of what Peter Ustinov jokingly called a "nervous Brechtdown." Steiger was replaced by a British actor of stature, Anthony Quayle. Thus it may not be entirely Hirsch's fault that his Italian scientist—whom Brecht had drawn as a man with an insatiable thirst for *all* pleasures, of which the seeking of scientific truth was only one—now seems a noble Britisher willing to endure anything to propound his discoveries. Once in a while we get a hint of Brecht's amusing sense of paradox as we hear a softly spoken line like, "When he's angry, he becomes almost likable," but for most of the evening the lines are emotionally shouted in heated argument or fervently proclaimed revelation.

The other characters, particularly those who represent the establishment, are thin parodies, with the actors doing everything they can to underline how stupid, vain, malicious, and cowardly these men are. But isn't it Brecht's point that these men are, like all of us, trying not to be despicable or ridiculous, and that the real danger is that good and intelligent men can find themselves doing all the more damage because we assume that their goodness and intelligence will lead to the wisest results?

Later on in the play one wonders how Mr. Quayle, after so much nobility-expressing, is going to handle Brecht's final scenes in which Galileo recognizes his own human cowardice to make another Brechtian point, which is that the world cannot count on man's impulse to be heroic or even decent to save it from the destructive forces we have built into our too powerful institutions. And, sure enough, Quayle, who thundered so proudly as a revolutionary scientist, now manages to seem equally proud of his willingness to brand himself a coward, a man who did not fight hard enough for his principles. Instead of coming to understand Brecht's contention that scientists will never be able personally to see to it that their discoveries result in the betterment of the world, Quayle seems quite pleased that he has the strength to admit his personal failings, and suggests that if he had only resisted a little harder he would have won his shining fight for truth.

One recalls Charles Laughton's remarkable performance, which was an intense and acutely intelligent evening-long struggle to understand the true significance of the character he was playing. And Brecht's stagecraft was fascinating. For instance, take the scene in which the Pope is being dressed in

his papal robes while the Inquisitor is pressuring him to permit the questioning of Galileo and threatening him with instruments of torture. In the 1947 production the Papal robes were hung on a straw dummy. Each time the Pope weakened in his resolve to do what was right, a little bell tinkled and one more ornate garment was taken from the dummy and placed on the Pope. Thus, at the Pope's final capitulation we were left with a gloriously attired human figure, but a tellingly pathetic straw dummy that symbolized the difference between what we unrealistically expect of Popes and Kings and what these over-decorated offices may more truly be.

In Hirsch's production the straw dummy is a plain clothestree; the capitulation is not a series of punctuated losses of stature, as there are neither bells nor any other device to help the actor make this apparent; and at the end the focus is on the Pope, underlining, if anything,

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the Church's corruption rather than the Pope's mortality.

For all these production failings, however, *Galileo* is a splendid play, and intelligent audiences may be rewarded by exposure to the text. Furthermore, John Hirsch is an authoritative director, and a great deal of what happens on the Beaumont stage is well executed, even if one disagrees with some choices that have been made.

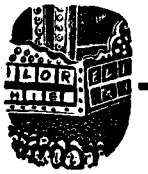
THERE is something quite exhilarating about the way the new musical *Illya Darling* (based on the movie *Never on Sunday*) begins. A small group of bouzouki-players are seen suspended above the stage, where they play quite simply and beautifully a song by Manos Hadjidakis. We imagine we are in one of those rooftop restaurants in Plaka experiencing the incomparable pleasure of a trip to Greece.

Unfortunately, what ensues only occasionally lives up to this wonderful opening number. Joe Darion's lyrics are commonplace. Jules Dassin's book is excursive rather than narrative. Melina Mercouri has a shapely body, which she most delightfully and generously keeps offering us as well as her customers, and a Marlene Dietrich singing style—which is fine except that her accent is hard to understand. It is not surprising, therefore, that the show's most dramatic moment comes when she at long last can slip back into Greek and sing a chorus of the famous *Never on Sunday* song in her native language. Even then she somewhat spoils her very movingly emotional delivery by executing a consciously cute gesture at the end.

As Homer Thrace (one of two trouble-stirring nonfiction writers to come out of Middletown, Connecticut, recently), Orson Bean struggles with an unconvincing role. While there are times when his special comic talent emerges —when for instance, he says in exaggeratedly naïve astonishment, "You like the ancient Greek tragedy!!"—it is hard for us to believe that his urge to change Illya from a happy prostitute to an erudite young lady could be strong enough to let him secretly accept money from a Greek pimp who wants to put her out of the profession. And it is doubly hard to believe that the people he has betrayed would accept him as their friend at the end of the show.

On the other hand, Titos Vandis and Nikos Kourkoulos are splendid Greek actors, and the Greek dancing staged by Onna White seems authentic and most effective. As a result, *Illya Darling* does to some degree overcome its woeful shortcomings to leave us with a frequently genuine and entertaining impression of modern Greece.

—HENRY HEWES.



SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Where It's Happening

AS BOB HOPE made amply clear during the recent Academy Awards telecast, the scene of film-making excellence is the London area, where several active studios fringe the city. It can hardly be accidental that a preponderance of the best directors, actors, and writers is concentrated here, and it seems to be more a matter of atmosphere than geography that helps to account for a level of quality beyond the present capabilities of Hollywood. Indeed, two American companies—Columbia and Universal—are firmly embarked on production programs aimed at taking advantage of the London-based talent pool, and all of our majors appear to look with favor on projects that originate in England. The results are not only apparent at Academy Award time; the box office, too, is responding briskly to such films as *Blow-Up, Alfie,* and *Georgy Girl,* as well as to the award-showered *A Man for All Seasons.*

Not only is the direction of the above films of an accomplished nature, but the acting, too, is exemplary. The genuine stars, it is becoming all too clear, are the members of the Redgrave clan and such disparate types as Paul Scofield, Michael Caine, David Hemmings, and Albert Finney. While Hollywood hopefully continues its search for "talent," often with its eyes focused on legs and bosoms, each new British film of distinction manages to display someone new and more genuinely exciting. And veterans such as James Mason also shine anew from time to time.

Now *Accident* has come along, a remarkably atmospheric film that examines some of the erotic tensions in a middle-aged academic community and exhibits the rare finesse of its director, Joseph Losey. Mr. Losey has been an in-and-outer. From the hothouse decadence of *The Servant* of a few years ago, he found himself out of his element with a James Bond parody called *Modesty Blaise.* But he is back on the track again with *Accident,* in many ways his best film. Again he has had the script help of Harold Pinter, as he did for *The Servant,* and his star is again Dirk Bogarde, who is somehow an enormously sensitive actor when directed by Losey.

Based on a novel by Nicholas Mosley, Pinter's script is of the evocative kind that concentrates on images rather than dialogue. Wordiness is definitely not one of the handicaps of *Accident,* and, in fact, it might be complained that the characters express themselves in all too clipped a British manner. Losey, an American long based in England, is, however, undoubtedly putting on a bit his hosts and getting some humorous bite out of their habits. Only one stark event provides the action phase of the film—an Oxford philosophy sudent (Michael York) is killed in an automobile accident —and the rest is all a studied portrayal of the possible causes of the accident and its disturbing effects on the lives of several people.

There is a girl, of course, an Austrian student of some sort of aristocratic lineage, as is the philosophy student who wants to marry her. And she, passive, beautiful, and sexually amoral, causes a vast yearning in the breast of a middle-aged Oxford don (married, two children, another on the way), and succumbs to the seduction of another Oxford professor who plans to leave his wife for love of her. A perfectly ordinary academic situation, in other words, explored often enough by novelists. But it is what Losey does with it that counts. Quietly building his tensions incident by incident, getting a quality of recognition of an almost painful kind in each scene, he exposes the discontents, torments, and fears of his people. Eventually the quiet don (Dirk Bogarde) commits himself to a shameful, shocking ravaging of the girl, and his pitiableness is evident even to himself.

Actually, there are contrivances in the story. The accident is too neatly arranged—the student dies, and the girl, who is driving, lives—but since the accident serves as a framework only, this doesn't matter too much. What fascinates is the intimate contact we are given with presumably prosaic lives. And here the acting helps enormously. Bogarde is fully believable; Stanley Baker as his friend, a flashy academic sort, equally at home at Oxford or on television as a witty pundit, reveals himself to be a first-rate actor; and Michael York, who is new, is another in the increasing list of British male discoveries. There is another estimable performance by Vivien Merchant as the don's wife, and the only weak member of the cast is Jacqueline Sassard, as the girl who unwittingly causes all the emotional havoc in the scholarly backwaters. She is stiff and ill-at-ease. But, aside from a couple of directorial indulgences—and that choice of Miss Sassard—Losey's film is subtle, revelatory, and, on the whole, distinguished.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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Aubrey Beardsley: Artist of the Night

THIS PAST MONTH has seen a curious phenomenon in New York. Three important one-man exhibitions at three Manhattan museums have underscored present-day American reactions to art. Most readily explicable were the idolatrous throngs waiting in line on Madison Avenue and eventually coursing through the Whitney Museum (and now doing the same at the Art Institute of Chicago, where the show just opened), bent on missing no single detail of Andrew Wyeth's skillful, if prosaic, retrospective exhibition. Baffled by today's emphasis on novelty, by thin repetitions of optical illusions, by overobvious pop reports on mass production, by the hard-edge paintings and minimal structures of faceless contemporary artists, these eager crowds not surprisingly have turned to Wyeth's muted bourgeois lyrics. Though his work lacks breadth of vision or any vestige of invention, its pastoral serenity has obvious appeal for badgered city dwellers. And his careful explicit technique also reassures the doubting layman.

Not far away, the Paul Klee show (still on view until the end of April) at the Guggenheim Museum has proved less alluring to the general public, despite this Swiss painter's towering influence on the art of our century. When the chips are down, however, there is little doubt that it will be Klee whom we remember, not Wyeth. For Wyeth has nothing to do with modern thought, whereas Klee helped shape it. No mean philosopher, Klee turned elliptical shorthand metaphors into visual puns that commented in depth on man's relationship to his environment. A deceptively childlike technique only served to intensify the irony of his message. But messages are not in style these days; art to be "in" must be bland, big, antiintellectual, cool, and anonymous. Klee and Wyeth, out of step with today's avant-garde but for entirely different reasons, both demand varying degrees of audience participation, though admittedly Klee puts a far heavier burden on the viewer, for his small pictures are laced with double and triple meaning, while Wyeth merely treats us to a narrow range of nostalgic facts.

All of which brings me to the subject of this review, the Aubrey Beardsley exhibition also on view until the end of the month at New York's Gallery of Modern Art. Beardsley died in 1898 at the age of twenty-five, Klee, in 1940, when he was slightly over sixty, and Wyeth, born exactly a half century ago, still flourishes. Yet Wyeth is the least adventuresome and the least contemporary – psychologically or technically –of the three. It is only fair to note that the American painter's popularity is limited to his own country whereas the other two artists exert an influence far beyond their native lands of Switzerland and England.

At the Beardsley show the attendance has been astonishingly large, though not comparable to the hordes sparring for a glimpse of Wyeth's work. The caliber of the two audiences, however, is different. Beardsley attracts a more sophisticated viewer. It is easy to understand why this remarkable, perverse, erotic, quixotic, outrageous young illustrator is able to hypnotize present-day admirers who, being familiar with surrealism, recognize how richly the formal brilliance of his work contributed to that movement and to much of modern art. He, too, made visual puns, allowing his fecund imagination to predict the entire gamut of Freudian symbolism. He, too, was an able satirist but, because he was less mature and less stable than Klee, he lacked the Swiss artist's tempering compassion.

By the time Beardsley was twenty-one he was already renowned. Yet barely two years later he was out of favor, partly due to a supposed relationship with the then deposed Oscar Wilde, and partly due to the lascivious nature of his drawings. Victorian sensibility was scarcely at ease with such unbridled malevolence and such consuming eroticism. Still, it is strange that modern eyes, frankly geared to revolutionary and amoral values, also rejected Beardsley until only recently, but, to be sure, not for the same reasons as did his contemporaries. During the last decades his work has been considered little more than over-literary, effete decorations. Now, with revived interest in Art Nouveau comes a new understanding of Beardsley, who, though identified with that movement, at best transcended it. Today we recognize his sharply focused compositions and pure strong contours as graphic masterpieces. We no longer condemn his air of well-bred corruption, for as Brian Reade, who organized this splendid exhibition, observed, "Beardsley with his almost neoclassic coolness belongs to the winter, not to other seasons of art: he belongs with the artists

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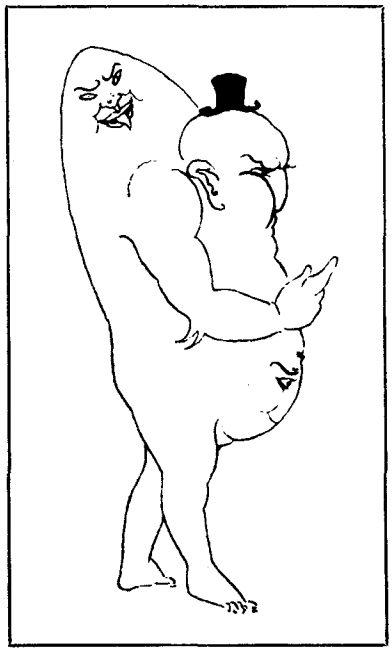
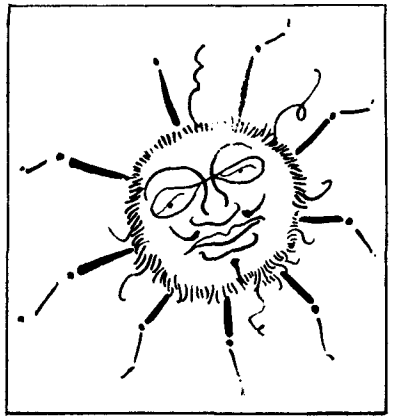
Vignette in *Bon-Mots of Sydney Smith and R. B. Sheridan.*



Vignette in *Bon-Mots of Charles Lamb and Douglas Jerrold.*



Vignette in *Bon-Mots of Sydney Smith and R. B. Sheridan.*

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of night, not with the artists of day." Considering that from early childhood he was tormented by tuberculosis, Beardsley's emphasis on morbidity was understandable.

Despite such an unlikely mixture of influences as Longhi, Watteau, Blake, Greek vase paintings, Japanese prints, the *Book of Kells*, the Pre-Raphaelites (especially Burne-Jones), Whistler, Dürer, Botticelli, Mantegna, and Crivelli, Beardsley emerged from this eclectic history of art as none other than himself. Memories of the past crowd his work but he combined them in such new and fantastic context as to bind them to his will. At moments he seems a logical forerunner of Saul Steinberg, whose typography also blossoms into ingenious figures and tangled masses of gesturing flourishes, for Beardsley, too, caricatured the very art that nourished him.

Never have black and white been used more effectively than in his graphics, sometimes in suffocatingly intricate textures, sometimes in large bold semi-geometric masses. White becomes a light-struck color and black its assertive partner. With Beardsley even a dotted line can evoke a chilling sense of unwholesome decay. He was interested specifically in the grotesque, in the world of perversion and subtle pornography. His women, masterful and sensuous, contrast with his languid males, but are no less seductive. Both sexes exude Beardsley's brand of graceful decadence.

Certain symbols persist: dripping candles, infantile monsters, glaring profiles, hermaphrodites, fetuses, phalluses, satyrs, snake-like coils of hair, stylized flowers, and swift birds flying in formation. Though Beardsley's line is firm,

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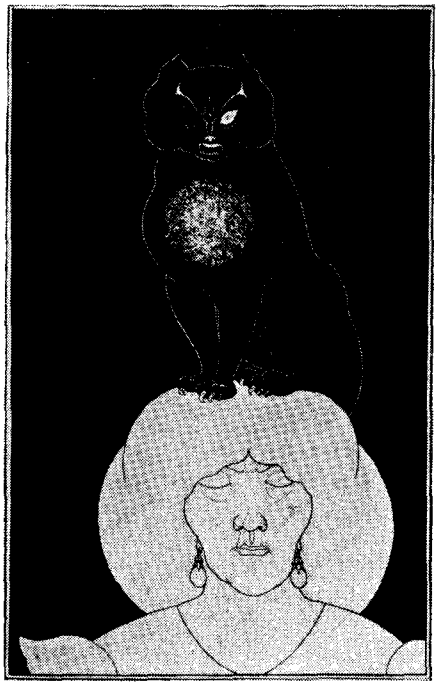

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Drawing for *Works of Edgar Allan Poe*.

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Drawing for frontispiece to *Pastor Sang*, by Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson. (Note Dürer-like signature.)

—*Collection, Brian Reade, London.*

***The Stomach Dance*, illustration for *Salome* by Oscar Wilde.**

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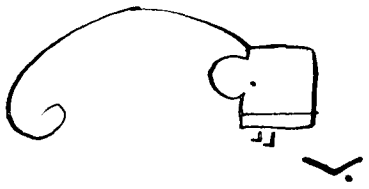
pungent, and assured, his work is threaded with anxious malaise. One leaves the exhibition marveling, yet troubled, for these wayward compositions, filled with wit and executed with cunning, provide glimpses of a world flawed by evil, yet oddly untouched by guilt.

Recently the Da Capa Press published reprints of *The Early Work of Aubrey Beardsley* and *The Later Work of Aubrey Beardsley*, two volumes that were originally issued shortly after the artist's death. Both are composed almost entirely of illustrations (there are in all 331 plates) but the second volume is more interesting, for only in his later work does Beardsley's full power explode. The United Book Guild has produced a one-volume *Aubrey Beardsley* with fewer illustrations (151 plates)—a group that has been selected with considerably more courage and less censorship.

—KATHARINE KUH.



WIT TWISTER #5

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. A sample, well known among lovers of anagrams:

Good landlord, fill the flowing
— — — —
Until their — — — — run over!
Tonight, we'll — — — — upon
this — — — —;
Tomorrow, — — — — for Dover!

(Answers: *pots, tops, stop, spot, post.*)

●

Now try this Wit Twister:

Those blows were only
— — — — of love, he swore.
With friendly — — — — by
chance he'd blacked her eyes.
Since in — — — — fights she
had been pummeled more,
This — — — — concluded with
forgiving sighs.

(*Answer on page* 60)

Letters to the Editor

Continued from page 23

In 1946 I was serving my second year as the national fund-raiser for the Urban League and I realized that if we were going to continue to make progress toward equal economic opportunity for Negroes, the next fund-raiser had to be considerably more important than I was and have a quite different circle of friends. Harry Luce seemed ideal, and I asked for an appointment.

I started out by explaining briefly—it turned out too briefly—what the Urban League was all about. Despite the fact that the Negroes working for equality for Negroes were of tremendously high caliber—men such as Lester Granger, Edward Lewis, Julius Thomas, Walter White—the cause was not generally considered to be quite "respectable." So I quickly pointed out that working with me were some very respectable names—Winthrop Rockefeller, Lloyd Garrison, etc.

At this point Mr. Luce interrupted me: "Elmo, I don't impress very easily with big names. Can you go back and tell me a little more about what specific things you are trying to do in order to persuade employers to break the color line?"

I told him of our efforts with many large companies. His next question was, "Well, what is it you want—my name on a letterhead or do you really want me to work?" I told him we wanted considerably more than just his name on a letterhead. He would have to write solicitation letters, make a number of speeches—and not just in New York, but in other industrial centers such as Detroit and Philadelphia. I made it clear we were asking for a dedicated effort on his part and not a token gesture.

The next remark was typical of the Harry Luce I grew to know: "Well, that's fine; I don't like to lend my name to things, but I don't mind working hard for something I believe in." He did become the next fund-raising chairman and raised substantially more money than I had been able to raise.

Another experience occurred three weeks before his unfortunate death. Mrs. Roper and I, along with Mr. and Mrs. Luce, were guests at a small dinner party in Phoenix. During the dinner Santa Barbara was mentioned, and I said that we had a grandson going to college there. Harry Luce's reaction was typical: "What is he rebelling against?" I explained that he wanted to do away with matrimony, the nation-state, and money. Harry said in essence:

"Oh, I see—an anarchist. Well, that's good. I would like to meet the boy. I'm speaking in Santa Barbara day after tomorrow and I wish you would phone him to look me up. I like anarchists—when they know how to *think*. I went through the phase of thinking out what my philosophy about my life was to be early in my days at Yale and I decided I either wanted to be a successful anarchist like Thoreau, or a successful businessman. I happened to choose the latter, but I might very well have chosen the former because I really respect intelligent anarchists. What I can't stand are these namby-pamby philosophies like communism or socialism."

Twice more during the evening he reminded me I was to make that telephone call and once he said, "Ask him to come with some embarrassing or at least pointed questions. Sometimes these question and answer periods can get pretty dull and I think every institution and every person—even Henry R. Luce—ought to be questioned."

Some friends will have trouble believing these anecdotes, but Herbert Mayes won't.

ELMO ROPER.

New York, N.Y.

Mining for Language

THANKS TO N.C.'s editorial, "The Environment of Language" [*SR*, Apr. 8], revealing the Pro Deo study of words at Pro Deo University in Rome, I recalled that wonderful portrayal, in John Steinbeck's *East of Eden*, of the four Chinese gentlemen, all older than ninety, who took up the study of Hebrew because of their concern over a passage in the account in Genesis of the murder of Abel by Cain.

In the King James version, when Jehovah asks Cain why he is angry, Jehovah says, "If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? and if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door. And unto thee shall be his desire, and *thou shalt* rule over him." Lee, the Chinese servant and philosopher who was responsible for the study, had found the American Standard Bible different. In the American version it says, "*Do thou* rule over him." This is not a promise, it is an order. It troubled Lee.

"'I wondered what the original word of the original writer had been that these very different translations could be made,'" he said. "'My old gentlemen felt that these words ["Thou shalt" and "Do thou"] were very important too. . . .'" He had gotten every known Hebrew dictionary, and they had engaged a learned rabbi. "'And this was the gold from our mining: "*Thou mayest*"—"Thou mayest rule over sin."

"'The American Standard translation *orders* men to triumph over sin, and you can call sin ignorance. The King James translation makes a promise in "Thou shalt," meaning that men will surely triumph over sin. But the Hebrew word, the word *timshel*—"Thou mayest"—that gives the choice. It might be the most important word in the world.'" Thanks to John Steinbeck.

M. B. THORNTON.

Reno, Nev.

To The Wit Twister

I AM writing out of enthusiasm for the new puzzle, "Wit Twister" [introduced in *SR*, March 25]. It is delightful. I hope it will endure as sturdily as the Kingsley Double-Crostic.

MRS. P. T. FENN, JR.

Oberlin, O.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 8A (*Elegie*), 5B (*Anniversaries*), 11I (*Epigram*), 9D (*Ode*), 12J (*To the Memory*), 10F (*Lycidas*), 7E (*Adonais*), 3K (*Astrophel*), 4L (*Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift*), 6C (*In Memoriam*), 1G (*O Captain!*), 2H (A *Slumber*). (Most of the titles are abbreviated.)

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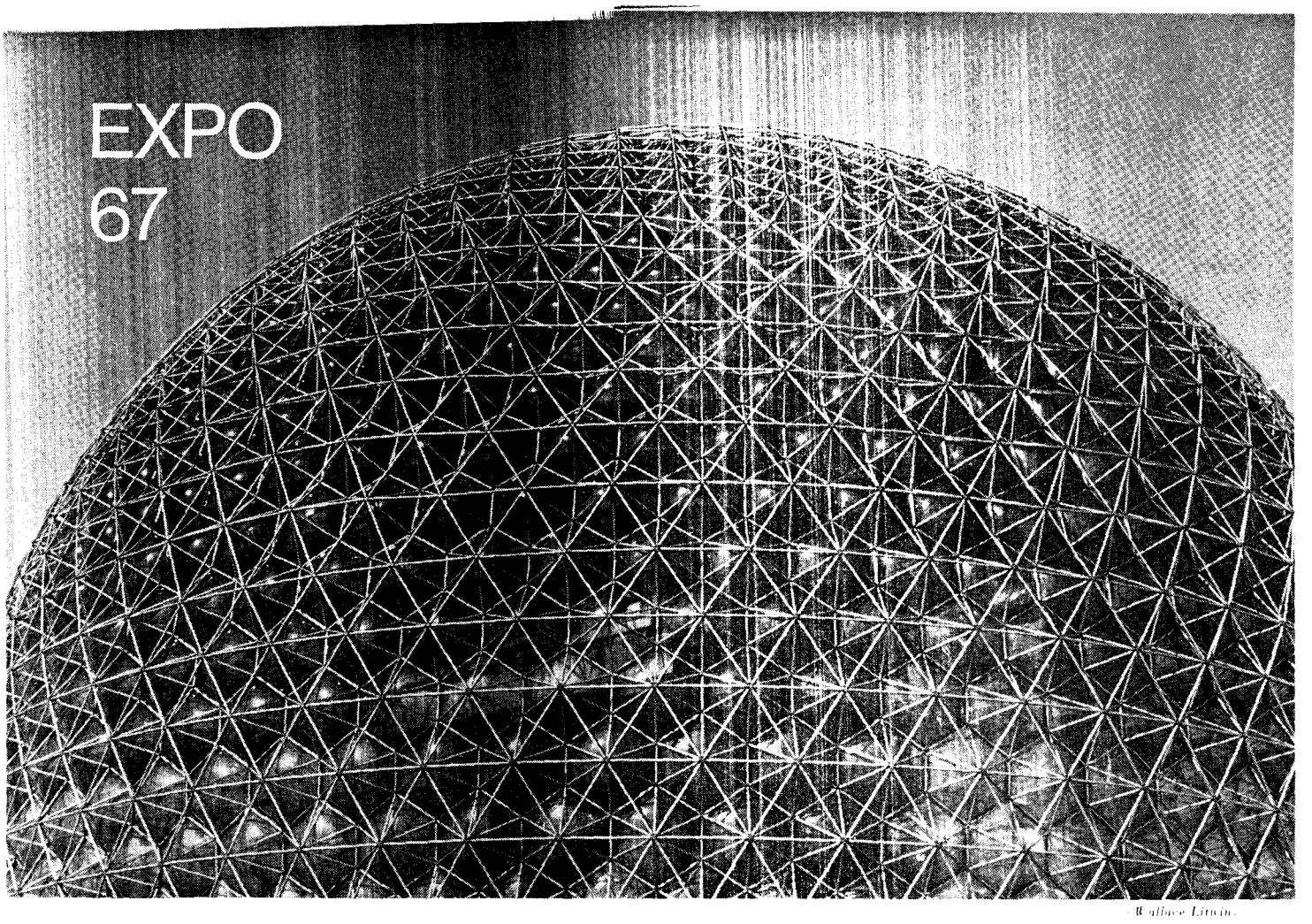

Wallace Litwin

U.S. Pavilion at Expo 67, designed by Buckminster Fuller—"an exciting, arresting centerpiece . . . filled with gargantuan examples of American culture and achievements."

MONTREAL LIGHTS UP

Canadians this week will light the brightest candle on their 100th birthday cake—Expo 67—in Montreal. In the following pages, SR Travel Editor Horace Sutton reports on the fair's special attractions for tourists; SR Photography Editor Margaret R. Weiss reviews Yousuf Karsh's Canada Centennial show; DuBarry Campau, Toronto Telegram reporter and wife of news magazine correspondent Serrell Hillman, assesses Canada's national culture; and, in special reports in SR's Recordings section, SR Music Editor Irving Kolodin and other critics report on music and ballet in connection with the fair. A partial schedule of cultural highlights at Expo 67 appears on pages 64-65.

By HORACE SUTTON

EVEN in the waning days of winter, while the ice floes still crunched in the St. Lawrence and the Labrador winds wheezed their last chill breath, one could feel the electric charge pulsating through the fair grounds at Montreal. Expo was going to be big, it was going to be alive, it was going to be challenging. It had ideas. It had a noble theme, it had attracted the foreign nations—seventy-two at last count. It had been laid out in great style on islands in the St. Lawrence bordered by the Seaway and by the river. And it tingled with the air of competition between the big powers artfully sited on the opposing banks of Lemoyne Channel.

As the days until the opening ticked off on the flashboard in the Administrative Pavilion, Expo 67 seemed certain by October's end to be assured of a historical place, certain to be handed down in history as one of the world's great shows, to be remembered along with London's Crystal Palace Exhibition of 1851, the mother of all fairs; or the Paris exhibition of 1855, when Victoria came from England to be its most celebrated fairgoer; or Paris in 1878, which brought an incredible 16,000,000 visitors and gave the city the Trocadéro; or Paris again in 1889, when Alexandre Gustave Eiffel built his Erector-Set tower that has since come to symbolize Paris. It would be recalled with Chicago's Century of Progress in 1933-1934, with New York's trylon and perisphere that rose in the flats of Flushing at the edge of the war in 1939, and with Brussels, the first fair after war's end, in 1958.

Fairs must be based on themes, and so much the better if they punctuate an anniversary. Chicago's Columbian exposition of 1893 marked the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America; the 1904 fair at St. Louis celebrated the 100th anniversary of the Louisiana Purchase. The New York World's Fair which opened in 1939 took as its theme The World of Tomorrow, and it reached

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all the way back to George Washington, who, with great good fortune, had been inaugurated as the nation's first president 150 years before.

A 1928 convention of nations established a set of rules for staging fairs and established a bureau to administer the laws. In 1962 the bureau awarded the 1967 exposition to the Soviet Union. In 1963 the Russians backed out. As a Soviet official said to me at Montreal recently, "The Canadian Government was asking for a favor and we obliged." Whatever the Soviet reasons may have been—fiscal, fearful, or even altruistic—Canada had a strong story. In 1967 it is celebrating the centennial of its confederation as a nation. From the Atlantic provinces to the Canadian Pacific coast, Canada is holding a nationwide party. The fair at Montreal will be the main celebration.

Since October 1963, when the fair was finally awarded to Montreal, the Canadians have spent nearly $400 million dollars. They expect a book deficit of perhaps $87,000,000, much of which will be recouped in other ways. The tremors from Montreal are expected to be felt clear to Vancouver. The centennial celebration is expected to give Canada its first billion-dollar tourist year, up some $400 million since 1966. It expects some 12,000,000 people to make the trip to the banks of the St. Lawrence, and hopefully they will spin through the turnstiles for a total of 35,000,000 admittances. While the figure is lower than the gate at Brussels, the effects will be felt through the country for years to come.

Fired by this fair which will flash so briefly in the sky, only to fade into oblivion on October 27, Montreal has built an elaborate causeway, rushed a new subway to completion, sent an elegant new hotel and a dozen other skyscrapers soaring into the sky, and finished an ambitious complex of concert halls and theaters. The fair buildings are more than merely a gymnastic, athletic flexing of architectural muscle, and certainly more than a commercial sideshow masquerading as an international exposition. The theme which they support is Man and His World, a topic that almost anyone will support, except perhaps for a woman here and there. It was inspired by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's book *Terre des Hommes*, which appeared in English as *Wind, Sand, and Stars*. In the words of Saint-Exupéry, a poet and a flyer killed in combat in 1944: "To be a man is to feel that through one's own contribution one helps to build the world."

All the Canadian exhibits, and to a less specific extent, the entries of other nations, will support the theme of Man, *Terre des Hommes*. The supporting themes, Man the Creator, Man in the Community, Man the Explorer, Man the Producer, and Man the Provider, have been divided into subordinate subthemes—Man and Life, Man and the Polar Regions, Man and the Oceans, Man and his Health. As a creator, man paints, takes artful photographs, sculpts, and fashions contemporary designs for industry. In the Fine Arts Gallery near the Place d'Accueil, works of Fragonard, Rembrandt, Cézanne, Manet, Chagall, Corot, Rubens, and Van Gogh exemplify such themes as Man and Love, Man and his Works and Games, and Man in Search of the Infinite.

SINCE the first forms took shape on the St. Lawrence, curious man has been fascinated by Habitat, a new style of apartment living which seems destined to be the hit of Man in the Community if not indeed of the fair. A conception by the Israeli architect Moshe Safdie, Habitat looks like a pile of blocks placed one atop the other in no apparent predetermined pattern. But what Habitat shows is a method of living an urban life in a relatively confined space without the necessity of being stored in the utter monotony of a brick monolith. Habitat's blocks are apartments cast on location, given such refinements as kitchen and bathroom fixtures, window frames and insulation, then lifted into place by a crane. The roof of one home becomes the garden of the other. A service road connects service areas, and there are plastic sheltered streets, walkways, bridges, and a pedestrian plaza, none of them crossed by a service road. Man in his community may one day live in a module such as this. It surely has its advantages over such developments as New York's colorless Peter Cooper Village, but tomorrow's man can only pray that the walls are not made of Wheat Thins and that the neighbors keep early hours.

Publicly and privately all Canada has rushed into the fair, and the artfulness, the imagination, and the support have come from surprising corners. The range runs all the way from the pavilion of the Canadian Indians, who are represented by a modernistic interpretation of a wigwam, totems in the front yard, to the stylized forest of the Canadian Pulp and Paper Pavilion so powerfully portrayed in Wallace Litwin's clean-limned photograph on SR's cover.

The Canadian Government's own pavilion, an inverted hollow green plastic pyramid, may be something of a pretentious try for attention, but there is great beauty and great taste, notably, in the breezy, open-air pavilion of the Maritime Provinces—Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland—and in the representation by the Western Provinces—Manitoba, Alberta, Saskatchewan, and British Columbia. Shaped like an enormous tree trunk that could only have been felled by a battery of Bunyans, the entry out of the Canadian West is blanketed from roof to rim with shakes. Real trees—douglas firs and other indigenous growth—burst out of the open top of the stylized stump. Back there on the Atlantic, there being no particular reputation for trees, the accent is on the sea and seafood. A restaurant run by Atlantic Canada is ready to dispense ninety different seafood dishes, not the least of them, one has a right to expect, Nova Scotia salmon and New Brunswick lobster.

Many of the national pavilions seem to follow a national personality, and I don't mean such obvious examples as Thailand's pagoda, which it trots around from fair to fair, and Taiwan's traditional Chinese building. Greece has done its entry in white blocks huddled together like the whitewashed houses sprinkled on the hillsides of Mykonos. France is elaborate and fussy in a sharp-line sort of way, rather like a glass conch shell shaded with rhythmic strips of aluminum designed to break the sun. Britain's 200-foot tower, which looked to me not unlike a sheared-off smokestack, is more solid than graceful. Its big, low building below the tower will trace Britain's history from pre-Roman times, when it was primitive and wild, to mod times. The advantages of the evolution from the caves to Carnaby Street will presumably be made apparent.

One of the most arresting and agreeable designs comes from West Germany, which had its pavilion well in place early in the season, and no doubt sent its builders home to start work on the next fair, in Osaka, which is scheduled for 1970. Eight steel masts of varying height support a steel net which swoops in graceful curves like a tent in a nursery book circus. Suspended from the net is a 100,000-square-foot translucent plastic skin covering a vast exhibitland that displays every bit of German culture from Gutenberg's Bible to Otto Hahn's first fissionable atom in 1938.

As it did at Brussels in 1958, that inevitable tangy Tabasco of competition seasons the atmosphere around the United States Pavilion on the shore of Ile Ste. Hélène and the Soviet Pavilion on the opposite bank of the Ile Notre-Dame. Lemoyne Channel, which flows between them, may symbolize the gulf of differences that exists between the great powers, but those fairgoers who also worry about the world can perhaps take heart from the handsome wooden bridge called Cosmos Walk which connects both shores.

The United States Pavilion, the first entry to be sent to the post under the aegis of the United States Information Agency, relies once more on Buckminster Fuller's geodesic dome. While there are some lint-pickers who feel we've

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used that sort of architectural tour de force before—indeed, a Russian fair official told me, "We saw all that before at Sokolniki Park in 1959"—the huge three-quarter sphere remains an exciting, arresting centerpiece. It stands more than twenty stories high, and although its shape may not make it easily adaptable for hanging exhibits, the ball does enclose an enormous amount of space. The designers have filled it with gargantuan examples of American culture and achievements. There is, for instance, a whole gallery of world-famed movie stars, all of them on giant, larger-than-Hollywood cards. Paintings in equal scale, some especially swabbed for the show, are suspended from Fuller's steel frame. Floating from the ceiling like huge flowers are the orange and white parachutes that will, hopefully, bring Apollo back to a soft landing on earth.

Viewed from the Soviet Pavilion just across the channel, the American dome, the Russians are fond of saying, is just a tiny bubble. Their own pavilion, which was built by Italians, is for the Russians a rather daring excursion into modern design. It is as oblong as a shoe box, glass on the sides, the roof lifting a bit at the front, as if it were overstuffed. While it won't break any architectural sound barriers, it is, for the Russians—so wedded for so long to a style as heavy as a tureen of Moscow borscht—a real departure into modern design.

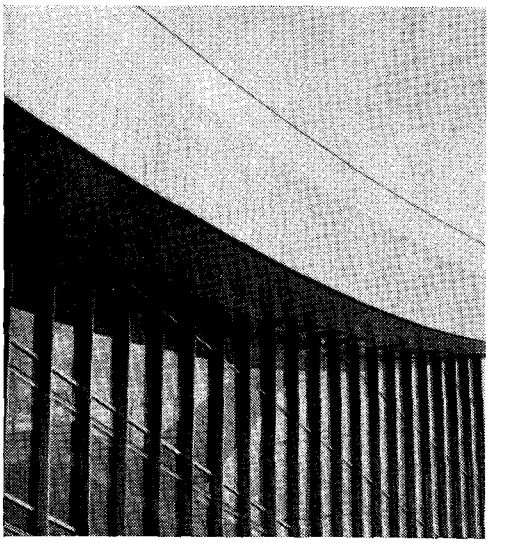
THE interior attractions represent a departure, or a coming-around, too. The tractors may well be in place when the doors open, and the heavy machinery, as well, but the center ring will be occupied by Cosmos Hall, in which seventy-two citizens at a time will enter a melon-shaped theater to be given a simulated weightless ride to the moon and back. The Russians have learned the Disney lesson well. The rest of the enormous glass hall holds a mockup of a nuclear reactor, a gallery to display educational and cultural advances, an exhibit extolling the nation's health services, models of its forthcoming supersonic jet, maquettes of its oceanographic work—excluding, one would judge, the spy ship it maintains just outside our territorial waters at Guam. Events in its 600-seat theater will include fashion shows, about which it is not self-conscious, and models will display the latest *haute* Communist *couture*.

The Russians have also brought over an elaborate skein of restaurants which have been installed on three different levels. Samples of the Russian kitchen can be tasted from self-service counters or elaborate restaurants serving Gorkha vodka, Armenian cognac, and tsinandali and mukuzani, dry white wines from Georgia. A special spit has been imported on which to roast shashlik. It will use birch logs, in this case Canadian birch, to impart a special aroma to the meat. As the weather warms, tables will be spread on the terraces overlooking the canal, and diners will be serenaded by balalaikas and string orchestras. To make sure it all works, the Russians have imported twenty-seven bakers and the director of restaurants and food services for Moscow's Hotel Metropole.

Whatever the Soviet Union may lack in the power of its exhibits it will surely draw at mealtimes. The American Pavilion across the way will have no restaurant at all. Considering what was passed off as American food at the Brussels Fair the decision probably is not wrong, but one pines for a visible, tangible, succulent denial of the canard —widely held abroad—that there is no such thing as an American cuisine.

ALMOST all other nations will try to reach the hearts or the minds of fairgoers through the stomach. Not the least ambitious are the four Scandinavian countries—five if you count Iceland—which will be dispensing everything from cloudberries to moose steak. Anyone who wishes to start the day differently might report in for a Finnish breakfast which is called *mammi* and which includes malt, rye, treacle, edible fungi, and reindeer. Iceland's smoked mutton and Sweden's raw salmon cured with dill are all on the menu, and anyone short on nerve can help that situation by choosing from among twenty different kinds of *schnapps*. In that line I might also pass along the advance intelligence that the Brewer's Pavilion, which is to serve fifty different kinds of beer, is just across from a nursery where one can park the small people—probably Expo's most shining example of thoughtful planning, not counting the juxtaposition of the U.S. and Soviet buildings.

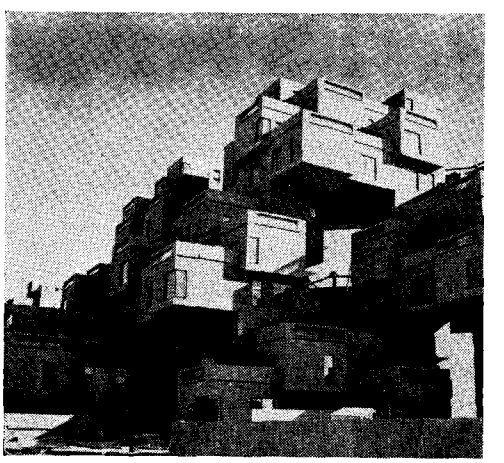
In recent years, as the fair grounds have gotten larger and larger, the problem for fairgoers has been to get around to the places one wanted to see before the arches fell, bunions ballooned, or before the pocket was shaken free of coppers. At the Moseserama in New York last year, it cost a quarter every time one entered a bus. Before engaging a private pedicab one had to arrange a personal loan. At Montreal, bless the French Canadian lack of avarice, is running a free, repeat free, train around the fair grounds all day, all spring, summer, and fall. Supplementing the shuttling cars is a fey little railroad called the Mini-Train, a string of canvas-topped open cars that look like a spiffed up version of the Toonerville Trolley. The Mini-Train runs all over the fair grounds on one track and, at somebody's flash of whimsy, rolls right into Buckminster Fuller's bubble and comes out the other side. Doesn't burst it, either.



—*Photos by Wallace Litwin.*

The Soviet Pavilion—an oblong shoe box built by Italians.

Canadian Indian Pavilion—totems in the front yard.



Habitat 67—Urban life for the man of tomorrow.

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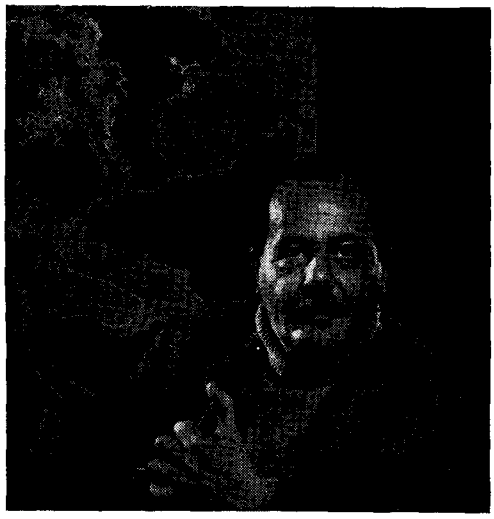
CENTENNIAL SALUTE

By MARGARET R. WEISS

ADVISORY BOARD member for Expo 67's Photography Pavilion, photographer commissioned to make the official Canada Centennial portraits of Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip, and the only artist represented by a one-man show in Canada's own pavilion, Yousuf Karsh might justifiably consider amending his famous credit line to read "of Ottawa *and* Montreal."

It is fitting that Canada's national birthday honors should include a tribute to the Armenian-born photographer whose camera has brought honor and distinction to his adopted country for more than a quarter of a century. In the exhibition (which is also being previewed in New York's current salute to Canada at the Union Carbide Building until May 6), more than a hundred portraits exemplify not only the *Men Who Make Our World* but the man who has made his world the art of portraying them.

Reviewing the prints with him, I commented on how difficult it must have been to select just 110 representative examples from the thousands that are in his files. "Actually it wasn't 110, but only about half that number of the earlier works," he explained. "You see, the others are all new ones—never before published or shown—made in the last two years especially for the Expo exhibit. I felt that I wanted to put heavier emphasis on creative people because their influence may be greater and more enduring than that of politicians in elective office, for instance. So you will notice how many painters and sculptors are now among the newer portraits."



Photos: © by Karsh of Ottawa.

George Candalis—"From his visionary drawing board have emerged rebuilt cities in France and new towns in the Middle East."

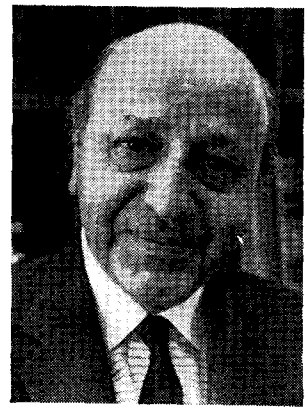
To his pantheon of "classics" — Churchill, Einstein, Schweitzer, Eisenhower, Nehru, Casals, Khrushchev, Helen Keller, Eleanor Roosevelt, among them—Karsh has added Giacometti, Calder, Miró, Albers, Chagall, Hans Hartung, Jacques Lipchitz, Pierre Soulages, and Jean-Paul Riopelle (the last-named portrait being the first acquisition by Ottawa's National Gallery of Canada to inaugurate its permanent photography collection).

Captured by a lens that has become a transparent glass on the subject of attention are still others who "make our world"—notably, Pope Paul VI and the Archbishop of Canterbury, Edward Steichen and Dr. Edwin Land, Mies van der Rohe and George Candalis, John Kenneth Galbraith, Sir Edmund Hillary, Marshall McLuhan.

There is, however, one surprise note: the inclusion in the exhibit of Brigitte Bardot and a Zulu series. "Why not?" countered Karsh. "BB has influenced an entire generation, and the proud Zulu epitomizes the dignity inherent in all mankind. You must admit they're both 'men who make our world,' too—in their own way, of course!"

On first meeting Karsh some years ago, I was impressed by two attributes in particular: the haunting, half-mystic quality of his eyes, which alternately reflect piercing intensity and dispassionate appraisal, and his seemingly total recall of the small but telling detail in incidents or scenes of past experience. Both of these characteristics have served him well as the "self-appointed surveyor of greatness wherever it is to be found." His eye is conditioned to the fleeting instant and the evanescent expression; informed conversation, often a remembered anecdote, creates rapport between photographer and sitter, facilitating the dialogue between camera and subject that spells the "speaking likeness."

The statement that some of his best subjects have been kings is more accurate than most puns. For, as the current show corroborates anew, monarchs and dictators, Popes and Presidents, visionaries and revisionists, people in high places and in wide spheres of influence have been willing subjects for his legendary lens. Early in the process, and much in the spirit of Untermeyer's quatrain to Einstein, he "squared the circle and it let him in." As his global quest for recording the luminaries of our time progresses, it continues to earn him a renown comparable to that of his famed sitters.



—*N.C.*

Yousuf Karsh

With all of these he has found himself at ease, and he has put them at ease, too. "But," he adds quickly, "there are no 'easy' subjects—all have to be drawn out. This was as true with my most mobile-faced, responsive subject, Marcel Marceau, as it was with the uncommunicative Le Corbusier and Hemingway, who was the shyest man I ever photographed. Even now, I take nothing for granted by way of preparation. I arrange schedules carefully; I think about props. Before approaching my sitter I try to find out as much as possible about him. . . . I read about his work and working philosophy, his interests and his idiosyncrasies. It's amazing how much you discover about the person and how much you learn about many, many things you might otherwise never have known."

Information and knowledge are respectable tools, but what Karsh respects most is wisdom—learning put through the prism of human experience. "What is especially appealing to me is the combination of scholarly wisdom and down-to-earth humanity. That's what I found reflected in the Archbishop of Canterbury when he sat for his portrait. With sunlight streaming through the Gothic windows of a room just outside the chapel, in one of the oldest parts of Lambeth Palace, we spoke of the Anglican Congress he had attended in Toron-

The Most Reverend and Right Honorable Arthur Michael Ramsey, Archbishop of Canterbury—"He looked as if he had been born eighty years old, just to adorn a Gothic façade."

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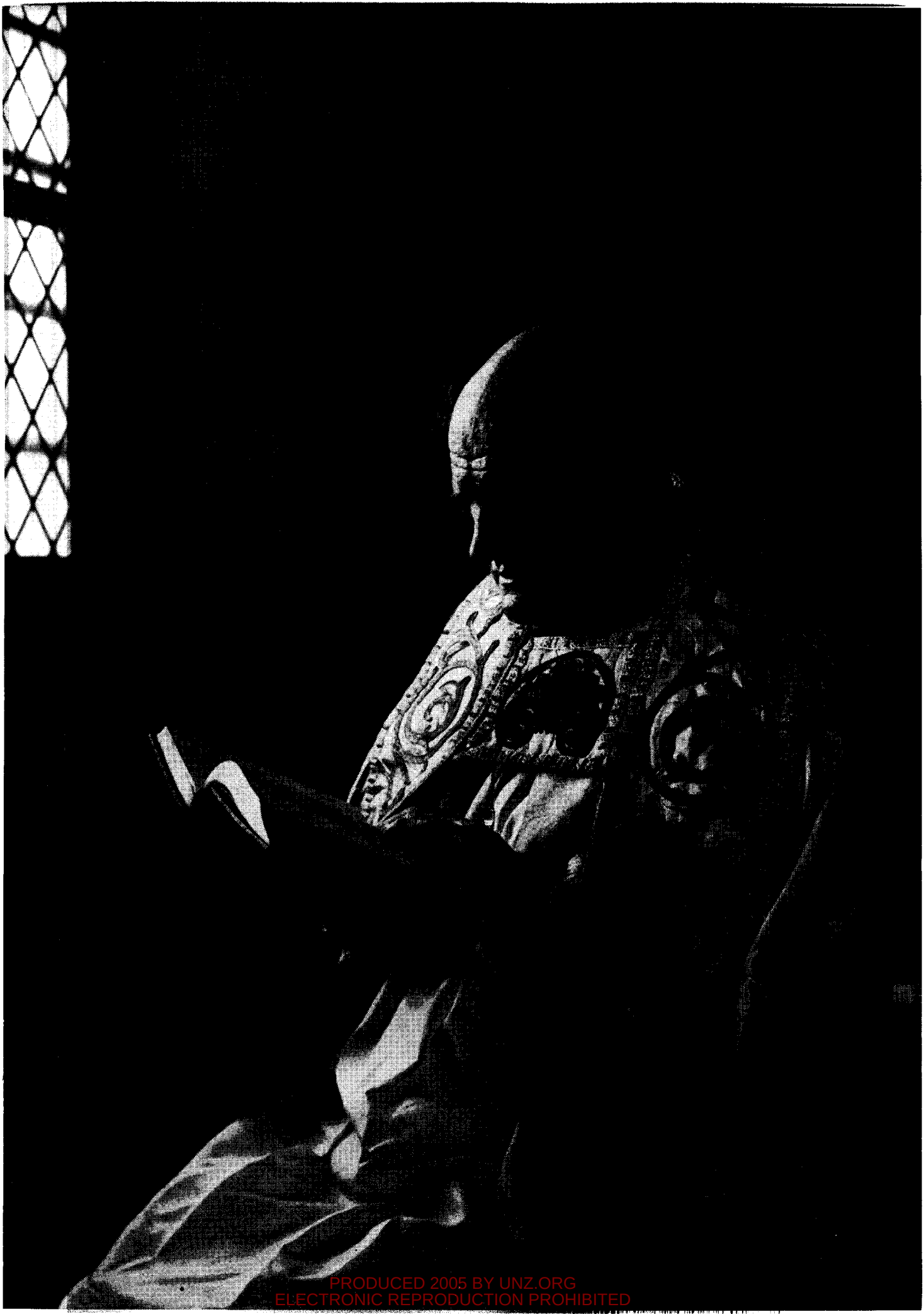

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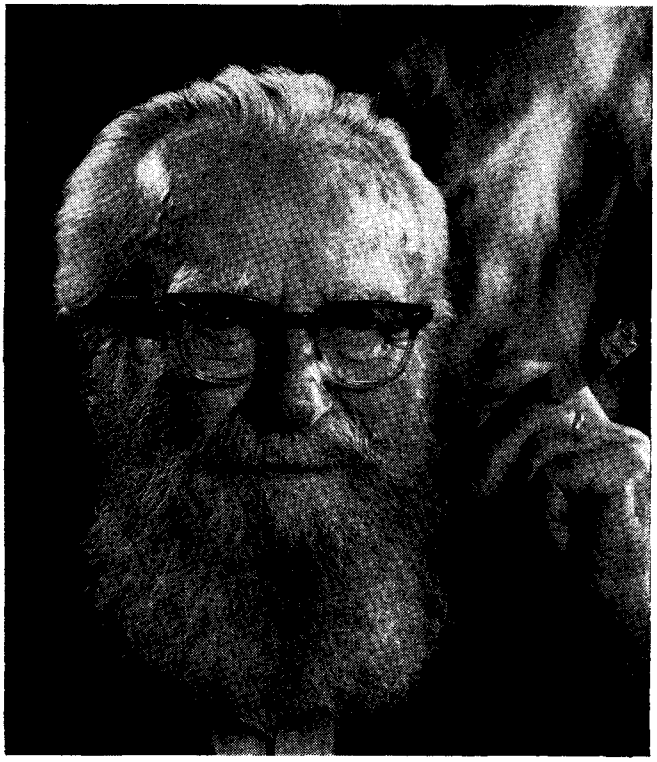
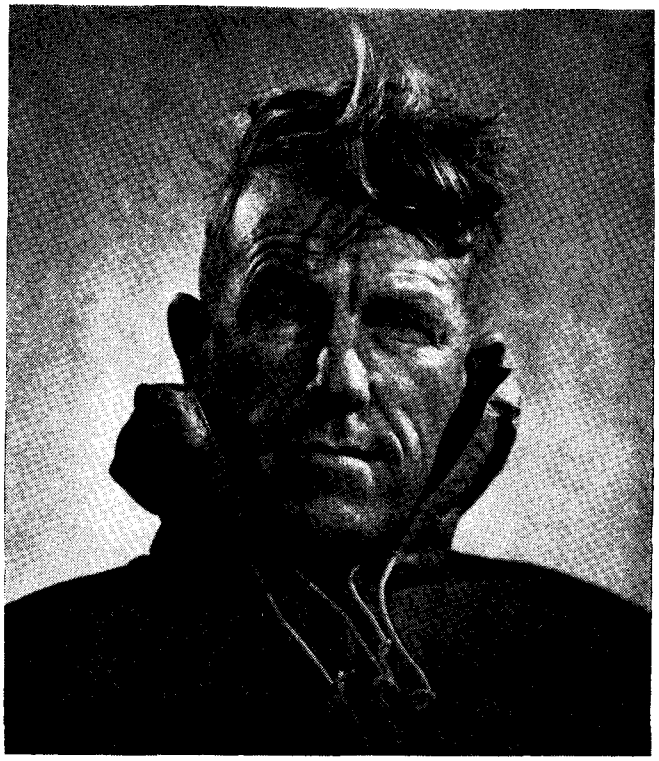


Edward Steichen—"To every branch of photography he has brought his own inventive genius."



Sir Edmund Hillary, K.B.E.—"The conqueror of Everest has seen beyond the mountain . . . he has infinity in his eyes."

Joan Miró—"He paints his inner fantasies with the brightest colors, but in person is subdued and self-effacing."

Jean-Paul Riopelle—"first Canadian-born painter of international stature . . . alternates between periods of introspection and prolific activity."

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to the year before. 'After that great assembly, our Church will never be the same again, and I for one am happy about it,' His Grace observed. And then he continued, 'It's quite extraordinary how in a short time you can overthrow some of the bigotry and hypocrisy and goshdarn foolishness which has overlaid Anglicanism. It took only eleven days, you know, to throw down what it had taken 500 years to build!' His Grace has been called the world's youngest octogenarian, but he was in fact only sixty when this portrait was made. Yet in that medieval setting he seems as old or as ageless as his faith and his surroundings."

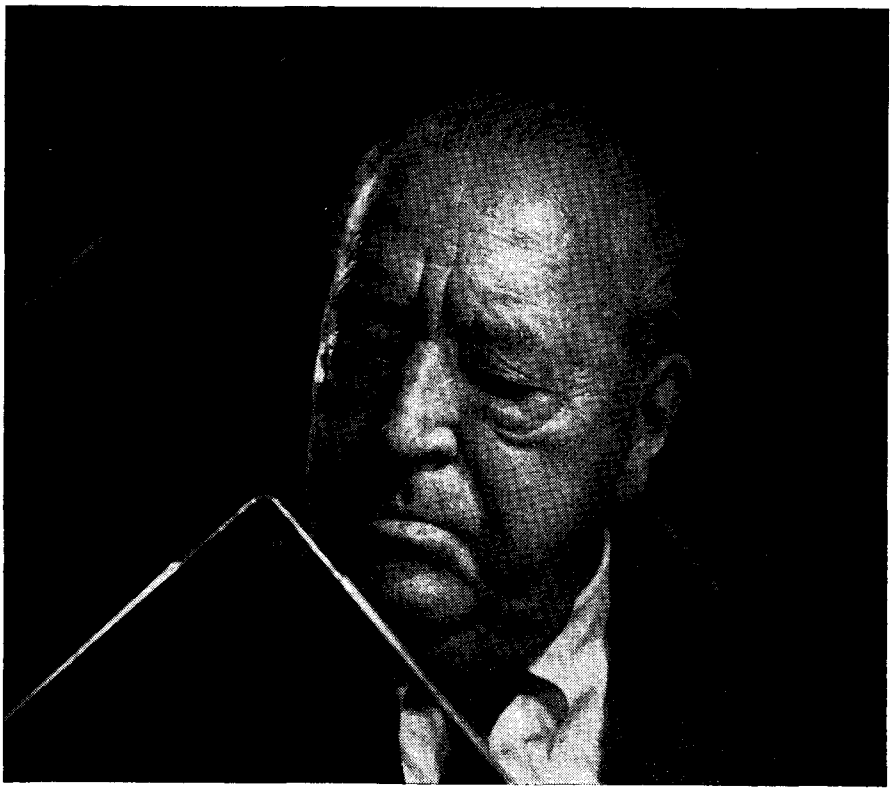
"Surroundings" and "setting" are words that recur often in Karsh's conversation. His eye is acutely responsive to the personal environment in which he finds the sitter. Almost instinctively he seeks out the physical metaphors that symbolize the person and his interests; he knows when an added prop is needed to help delineate the personality facing his camera.

One balmy spring day when photographing Khrushchev in the official country *dacha*, Karsh would not take *nyet* for an answer once he had decided that a big fur coat was the proper frame for the portly Chairman. A half hour after an aide had been dispatched to Moscow to pick up the coat, the heady aroma of mothballs heralded its appearance. "You must take the picture quickly," he recalls Khrushchev's saying as the round smiling face surfaced out of voluminous folds of fur, "or this snow leopard will devour me."

In the case of Joan Miró, a self-effacing and rarely photographed subject, Karsh immediately sensed that the artist had "dressed up" for the sitting. His dashing suede and silk-velvet outfit, out of keeping with both the person and the prosaic printing-plant atmosphere of Studio Maeght, worried the photographer. "Do you usually look like this when you work?" Karsh asked. With a shy little grin, Miró took off his pristine suede jacket and replaced it with a worn, paint-stained sweater. "It's rather chilly here. Don't you generally wear a hat?" was Karsh's next prodding. Half-apologetically and apparently relieved at no longer having to keep up a pose, the artist pulled out a battered old hat, put it on, and looked up with an expression that said, "So, you found me out!" That was the precise instant when the shutter was released and the camera, too, found him out.

From the portraits on view at Expo 67 —all of them later to appear in a book titled *Karsh Portfolio*—it seems safe to say that Yousuf Karsh's own sitters would describe their "subjective" experience the same way.

Edwin H. Land—"sensitive, withdrawn inventor of the miracle of near-instant pictures."



Ludwig Mies van der Rohe—"I photographed him in his Chicago apartment, reminiscent of his Bauhaus background, a setting as pure and structural as his buildings."

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—Photos from National Film Board of Canada

Canadian artist Germains Perrons in his studio—"Like every other country, Canada is incomparable—it has its special potentials, problems, delights, and dilemmas."

IS CANADA CULTURED?

By DuBARRY CAMPAU

ALTHOUGH Canada's 100th birthday is being celebrated this year, its colonial psychology was not totally abandoned until after World War II. Since then, many of its citizens have been frantically searching for a national identity.

Not too surprisingly, they learned it was hard to find. The majority of Canada's 20,000,000 people live either in English-speaking Ontario or French-speaking Quebec. The rest, for the most part, are strewn across 4,000 miles, close to the southern border. It is a hard country to weld together, not only because of its formidable geography and different languages and cultures but also because it has never had such emotionally cohesive elements as the common cause of a revolution or the common danger of large-scale enemy invasion.

The French Canadians are very certain indeed who they are—but insecure in their relationship to the rest of the country. The original English-speaking groups were made up of United Empire Loyalists who, during or shortly after the American Revolution, came north to maintain their allegiance to the King, and an enormous number of Scots who cannily took a chance on this vast land's offering them more than their own barren braes. Most of these settlers who stemmed from Great Britain treasured its traditions and were proud of their heritage.

Yet, where once the country jogged along with its two languages, cultures, and religions—each group managing more or less to ignore the other—they have now, since the beginning of the twentieth century and especially since World War II, been joined by immigrants who have come here from every part of the world. These new Canadians, with no colonial heritage, no ties with either the original French or English factions, and with great enthusiasm for their adopted country, have perhaps awakened a national awareness in all of its citizens that was lacking before.

The increasing cultural attack launched across the undefended border from the States has also forced Canadians to search for their own image. American books, magazines, and TV are part of the lives of all English-speaking Canadians. Only the French, immune to and uninfluenced by these sources of communication because of their language, are forced to create their own forms of information and entertainment—a stimulus, unfortunately, that the rest of the country lacks.

THE Canadian Broadcasting Corporation does its best to keep the nation aware of itself, as do the newspapers and magazines, yet by popular demand the CBC carries some U. S. programs, just as the papers run some U. S. comics and columnists. Most Canadian magazines have a struggle holding their own, yet they do exist and are invaluable as potential outlets for the country's writers. Newspapers give full coverage to the Canadian scene but also a good deal of space to what goes on in the States because many of their readers, due to physical proximity and constant communication, are genuinely interested.

Canadian book publishing has grown

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surprisingly in the last few years. Some of the houses are basically only agents for English or American firms but an increasing number are putting out original Canadian works. Most of these, however, must also be published in at least one of the other countries to make a profit for either the Canadian author or publisher. Several French-Canadian companies manage fairly well by putting out original paperbacks. Internationally known Canadian writers are few—Stephen Leacock and Mazo de la Roche are the only two certain to have been heard of beyond the borders of the country. Nicholas Monsarrat and Arthur Hailey both came here from England, stayed a few years, and now have gone away again.

Playwrights are almost unheard of—yet Canada has a disproportionate number of excellent actors, directors, and producers, all of whom manage to provide its citizens with dramatic presentations ranging from the superb Stratford Festival to amateur offerings in the smallest towns. Unfortunately, there just aren't enough audiences in Canada to support all of its dramatic talent, and much of it is siphoned off to New York or London, to the benefit of both cities.

In music, too, Canadians are far better as performers than as creators. There are now outstanding orchestras in both Toronto and Montreal, but works by Canadian composers are rarely heard. There are two excellent ballet companies, the National and Royal Winnipeg, both of which have been successful abroad as well as at home.

Painting recently has become such a popular and profitable form of art it isn't astonishing that there is a boom in it here, too, although Canada has been proud of its artists since the School of Seven, in the early Twenties. The currently best known painters are Riopelle, a French Canadian now living in Paris, and Harold Town, who, although he has given one-man shows in New York and Chicago, continues to live and work in Toronto.

If this seems culturally sketchy, it must be pointed out that one-third of Canada's population is marching to its own rhythm. Basically, the French-Canadian interests and point of view are so far apart from those of the rest of the country that communication, even by translation, is barely possible.

The new Canadians, who have already contributed hugely to the pleasures of the country through their delightful restaurants, charming shops, their singing, dancing, and other folk arts, are only beginning to assume what will probably be a major creative role in Canadian culture.

A few very vocal Canadians frantically fuss about the arts—sure that if they are poked at, paid for, and pandered to

The Folklore Theater in Toronto—"Unfortunately, there just aren't enough audiences in Canada to support all of its dramatic talent. . . ."

***Julius Caesar* being performed at Stratford—". . . Dramatic presentations [range] from the superb Stratford Festival to amateur offerings. . . ."**

The National Youth Orchestra rehearsing in Montreal—"In music, too, the Canadians are far better as performers than as creators."

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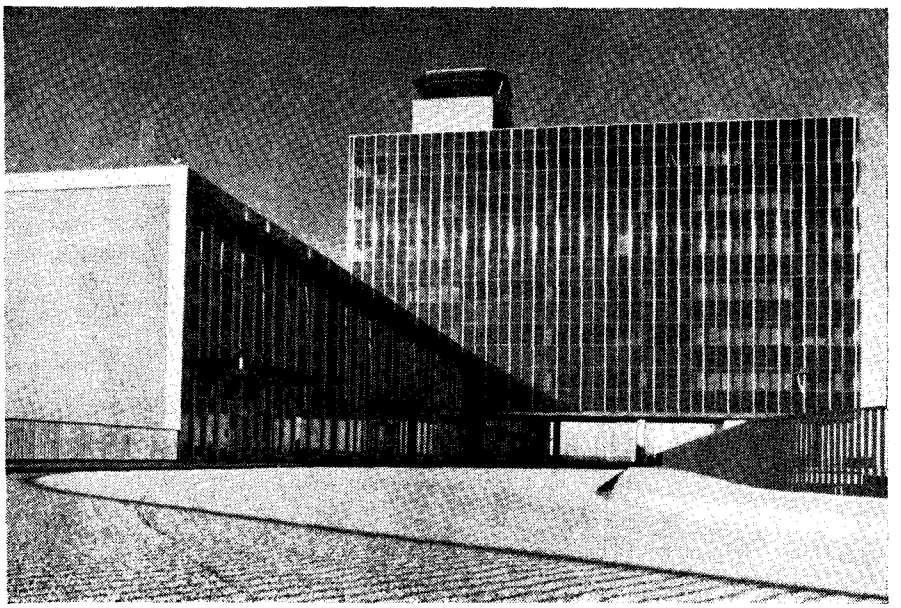
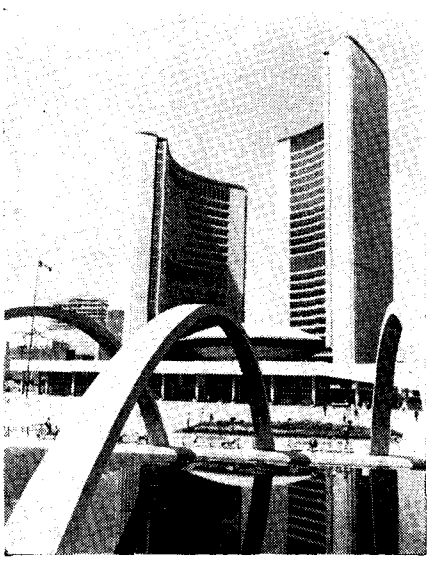
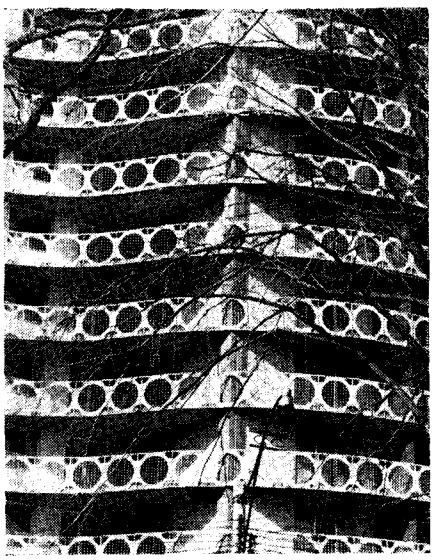


Edmonton International Airport—"If Canadians would listen to themselves talk, they would discover that they really do have an identity."

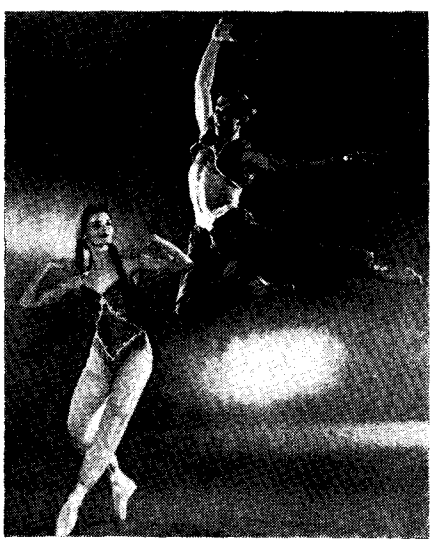


The new city hall in Toronto—symbol of a progressive metropolis.



Toronto apartment balconies—diversity of population and design.

Lois Smith, prima ballerina, with Davis Adams, both of the National Ballet.



The National Ballet's Galina Samtsova and Earl Kraul dance *Le Corsaire.*

something glorious will come of it. Committees are formed, funds are raised, government grants are given—all in the hope that great novels, plays, pictures, and music will be written, performed, painted, and composed, and that the whole country will rise up in chauvinistic pride—aware at last of its nationhood. Their hope, however, will be realized only when enough creative Canadians discover what they want to say, paint, or put into music about themselves, their country, or the world, and learn to do it with skill and discipline. Fussing won't help.

Like every other country, Canada is incomparable—it has its special potentials, problems, delights, and dilemmas. Peculiarly its own are the red brick houses with vibrant green verandas of Ontario, the gray stone buildings of Quebec, and the stockaded farms of Manitoba. Its population includes representatives of almost every racial stock in the world—including its own native Indians and Eskimos. Communities vary from skyscrapered cities to hamlets so isolated it seems impossible that their 200 or 300 people should ever have got to them. The English language is often spoken with Ukrainian and Italian accents, and French is frequently modified by Magyar or Japanese. Except for banana farming, there is almost no way of earning a living known to man that isn't practiced here.

Who can wonder that the 20,000,000 still-disparate people who live against this varied background have not formulated a strong national culture? Yet if Canadians would listen to themselves talk, they would discover that they really do have an identity. They may read about Washington—but they talk about Ottawa. They look at Bob Hope—but they talk about the CBC. They may watch the World Series—but they talk, and how they talk!—about hockey, curling, and Canadian football. Their languages are riddled with idioms necessary to discuss things only they understand. And spread out and diverse as Canadians are, it is almost impossible for one of them to go from coast to coast without finding a cousin or an aunt or a friend of an uncle at every stop. Perhaps because there are so few people in this huge land they make a point of keeping in touch with one another.

There is, of course, no typical Canadian, but the millions of untypical ones have created a very special kind of country, its flavor more apparent, perhaps, to a foreigner than to themselves. Even without seeing a Maple Leaf flag, a Mountie, or a bowl of pea soup, you can tell that you're here—and are glad.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 50, taps, pats, past, spat.

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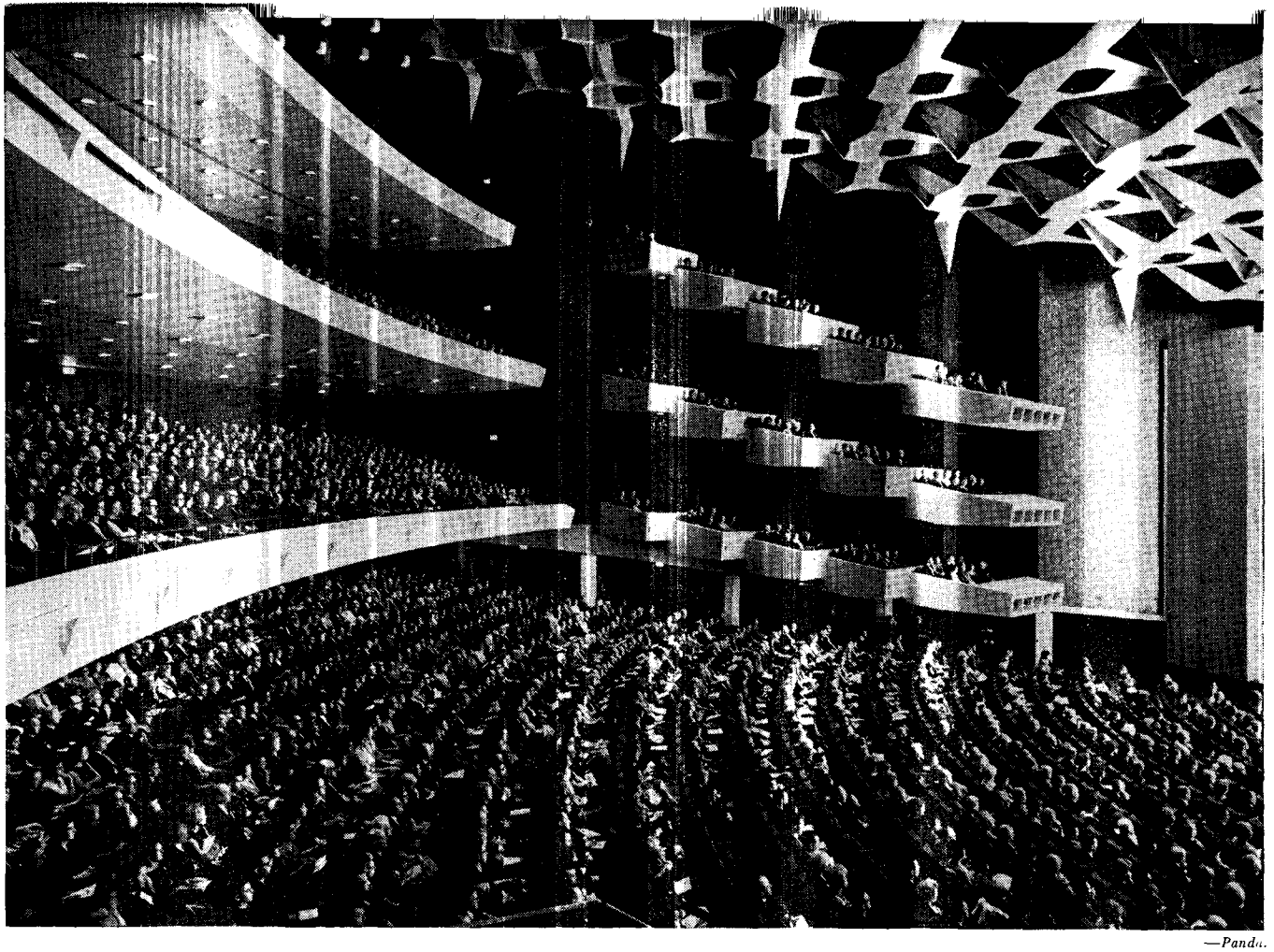

—Panda.

Interior Salle Wilfrid Pelletier, Place des Arts—"A largish auditorium seating nearly 3,000."

MAN AND HIS MUSICAL WORLD AT EXPO 67

SR/ RECORDINGS

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By IRVING KOLODIN

LIKE SOME similar ventures of the recent past, the Universal and International Exhibition of 1967 at Montreal, Canada, better known as Expo 67, could be said to be having a little pitch difficulty. Is it, in the crass commercial sense of the term, the industrious pitching at the TV audience in the New York metropolitan area by such accomplished pitchmen as Ed Sullivan, James Mason, and George Jessel which represents the real tone of the undertaking, or is it the universal 440, symbol of international amity and tonal concord, which is the true keynote?

Perhaps the easy resolution of the little discord herein remarked is to say that, after all, the theme of Expo 67 is stated as "Man and His World," which makes the elements of potential inclusion manifold. As is now manifest, the probability appears strong that the visitors can be separated into two categories: those who will find much with which to salve the ears at night while resting weary feet, and those who will go on and on their footsure way to the clamor of the Midway.

For the first category, the array of musical, operatic, and balletic talent promised for the fair in Montreal has never been matched on this continent. The New York World's Fair of 1939—the only one in New York history to be honestly entitled to that terminology—made some enterprising gestures, but they were altogether remote from the quantity and quality promised to *les habitants* and their guests.

Part of this, as Horace Sutton has outlined (see page 51), relates to the status of Expo 67 as a First Category Exhibition (preceded, in recent memory, only by Brussels in 1958 and Paris in the late Thirties), thus involving governmental participation on the highest levels. The invitations to participation were extended not to individual organizations but to the heads of the governments where they exist. These high-level contacts did not produce "suggestions" that this company or that should consider

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Expo 67 for inclusion on its schedule for summer 1967. They tended, rather, to the character of directives. Once the initiative had been taken in Milan and Moscow, the following of Vienna, Stockholm, Hamburg, etc., was more or less a matter of time.

The place of prominence accorded in the listing above to Milan may be neither alphabetical nor chronological, but it merits it in eminence alone. There is, where opera is concerned, no Mecca more meaningful than La Scala. For it to venture not only its first visit to North America but its first venture outside the continent of Europe on behalf of Expo 67 is mountain-moving on a grand scale. Its position late in the announced schedule (October) is adequate insurance that, whatever may precede, there will be no operatic anticlimax as time runs on, and out.

The whole schedule has been devised with such an abundance of variety and contrast that whatever time period coincides with the visitor's convenience will be a time of stimulation and reward at the Salle Wilfrid Pelletier in Montreal's Place des Arts, where most of the major operatic events will be housed. For those otherwise uninformed, the mention might be made that this Wilfrid Pelletier and the one who was a prominent conductor at the old Met are identical. Nor is this a mere honorary tribute to a bygone product of Quebec's culture who made good on a larger world stage. Maître Pelletier (or, to those who knew him as a working colleague, Pelly) is still very much a part of the New York musical scene. He divides his time between a spacious studio-apartment on East 57th Street and quarters in his home city to the north.

The honor of inaugurating the season's stage activities at the Place des Arts—a largish auditorium seating nearly 3,000—has been awarded to the Royal Opera of Stockholm. Among its attractions are Blomdahl's "space opera" entitled *Aniara*, the Ingmar Bergman production of Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*, and what is termed the "original version" of Verdi's *Ballo in maschera* (whose locale, of course, is Stockholm). The offering of Birgit Nilsson as Isolde is also provocative, though some would also like to know who will sing Tristan, Kurvenal, and Brangaene before booking space on the Air Canada jet that will deposit them there in time for the performance of June 4.

Even more provocative of interest is the following attraction, operatically speaking: the first appearance on this side of the Atlantic of the Hamburg State Opera, whose director is Rolf Lieberman. Those on the East Coast of the United States situated in closer proximity to New York than they are to Montreal may be reminded that the company and substantially the same repertory will be performing in the new Metropolitan Opera House as part of Lincoln Center's Festival '67 only days later. Others closer to Canada will find the opportunity to hear such works as Berg's *Lulu*, Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler*, and Weber's *Der Freischütz* worth at least an overnight bus trip.

To judge from informal sampling of opinion, the largest body of connoisseur interest is centered on the period in August (10-30), when the Bolshoi Opera will make one of its rarer-than-rare appearances beyond its own national borders. Here again the high level of influence asserted by the planners of Expo 67 is a powerful factor. The result will be, for many who have sampled the standards of the prominent European operatic establishments without venturing the larger excursion to Moscow, a Kremlin-sent opportunity to experience in the native mode and with the strongest available casts such typically Muscovite enterprises as Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunov*, Rimsky-Korsakov's *Legend of the Invisible City of Kitezh*, and Prokofiev's *War and Peace*—not to mention Tchaikovsky's *Pique Dame*. To assuage those who may, for reasons of cost or convenience, not be able to visit Montreal in August, it should be observed that the Bolshoi Opera is contracted to perform in the Metropolitan Opera House during the spring of 1968, along with the Bolshoi Ballet. Whether the repertory is partially the same or wholly different is not yet defined.

Thus far, however, there is no indication that the Vienna State Opera has plans for any other North American venture than the one which commences in Montreal on September 10. It has chosen, from its considerable catalogue of possibilities, a selection of house specialities which includes: 1) two works of Mozart (*Nozze di Figaro* directed by Karl Böhm and *Don Giovanni* directed by Josef Krips); 2) two works of Richard Strauss (Krips doing *Rosenkavalier*, Böhm in charge of *Elektra*); 3) Berg's *Wozzeck*, Heinrich Hollreiser conducting. Interspersed with these performances, between September 5 and September 22, will be orchestral concerts by the Vienna Philharmonic, this being, of course, the instrumental ensemble derived from the musicians who make up the orchestra for the operatic performances. Krips and Böhm share these opportunities.

According to the latest advices circulated from the several entities which serve Expo 67 as publicists, the exact items to be heard during La Scala's "season" have not yet been selected. There is every reason to suppose, however, that Verdi and Puccini will have a part in it, and perhaps Rossini also. In any case, the dates are October 5-16 inclusive. Ticket requests may be addressed to Expo 67 Box Office, P.O. Box 1330, Station B, Montreal 2, Canada.

If there is any implication from the foregoing that "Man and His Musical World at Expo 67" is fundamentally or even primarily concentrated in operatic activities, it is erroneous. The compulsion to deal with this aspect first relates, rather, to two factors: 1) operatic organizations are, in the nature of things, intensely national manifestations which reveal much about local attitudes and esthetic points of view; 2) they travel only with difficulty and at high cost, and seldom venture – without extraordinary provocation – any considerable distance. Expo 67 is, obviously, an extraordinary provocation on a scale unheard of for decades.

There is, however, no reason for the nonoperatic enthusiast to conclude that Expo 67 has included him out. Along with the large Salle Wilfrid Pelletier, Expo 67 has access to two smaller auditoriums: the Théâtre Maisonneuve and the Théâtre Port Royal. Each has a quota of nonmusical attractions, but interspersed with them—as, for that matter, are nonoperatic events in the Salle Pelletier—are concerts and recitals. These include, from one week to the next, performances by the Scarlatti Orchestra of Naples, the McGill Chamber Orchestra, Yehudi Menuhin and the Bath Festival Orchestra, the Collegium Musicum of Zürich directed by Paul Sacher, and such soloists as Bachauer, Kraus, Häfliger, Presti-Lagoya; or, in another dimension, the Martha Graham Dance Company, the English Opera Group (whose repertory includes works of Britten, Walton, and Handel), or the Royal Winnipeg Ballet.

By any standard, the musical attractions at Expo 67 are unusual; by most they are extraordinary; and by those which have prevailed in comparable ventures of American origin in the last thirty years, they are incomparable. There is no current evidence to indicate how close to their home standards any or all of the companies will adhere. But there is every reason to suppose that the competitive impulse inherent in man and his world will not merely manifest itself but prevail in this segment of it. In any case, the gainer therefrom will, inevitably, be the individual who makes the effort to hear and see them in the area of this pitched battle.

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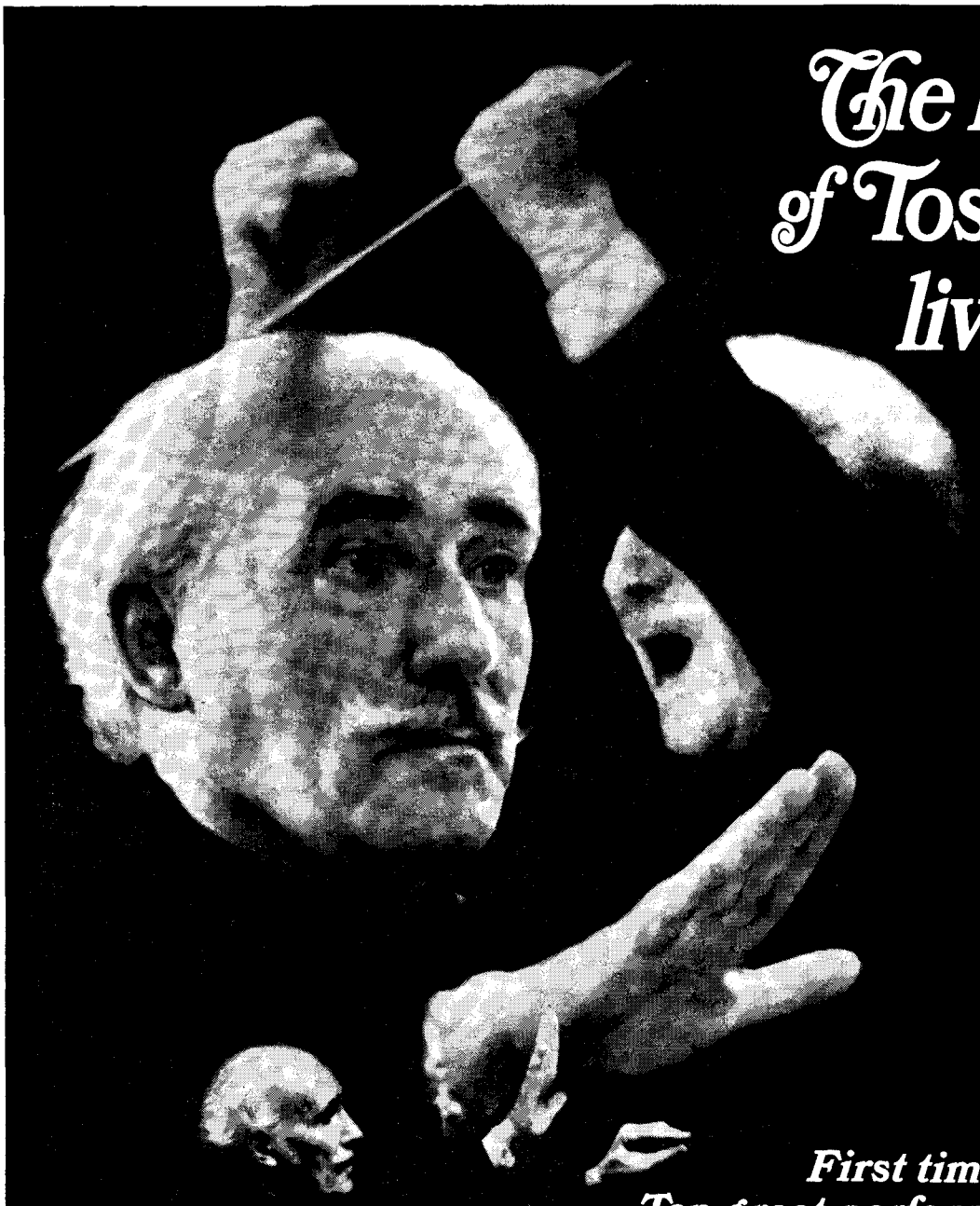
The legend of Toscanini lives on!



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Highlights of May and June at Expo 67

	Salle Wilfrid Pelletier	Theatre Maisonneuve	Theatre Port Royal
April	Evenings: 8:00 p.m. Matinees: 2:30 p.m.	Evenings: 8:15 p.m. Matinees: 2:30 p.m.	Evenings: 8:30 p.m. Matinees: 2:30 p.m.
29	*World Festival* Inauguration Gala Performances will include: Symphonic Poem "Terres Des Hommes," Poem by Michele Lelonde, Music by Andre Prevost		
30	See April 29 program	Opening Theatre de France Renaud-Barrault (in French) "Hommage a Saint-Exupery," *with the participation of Le Theatre du Nouveau Monde (Canada)*	
May			
1	Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, U.S.A. Conductor: Zubin Mehta Works by Barber, Rachmaninoff, Beethoven	No Performance	
2	Joint Concert, Los Angeles Philharmonic & Montreal Symphony Orchestra, Canada Conductor: Zubin Mehta Works by Berlioz, Ravel, Respighi	Theatre de France Renaud-Barrault (in French) "Le Soulier de Satin," Paul Claudel	
3	*Buffalo Philharmonic* U.S.A. Conductor: Lukas Foss Program to be announced	"Le Soulier de Satin"	Opening McGill Chamber Orchestra, Canada Conductor: Alexander Brott
4	Montreal Symphony Orchestra Conductor: Zubin Mehta	"Le Soulier de Satin"	No Performance
5	Concert Orchestra to be announced	"Le Soulier de Satin"	McGill Chamber Orchestra Conductor: Alexander Brott
6	The Toronto Symphony, Canada Conductor: Seiji Ozawa Works by Richard Strauss, Otto Joachim, Carl Nielsen Soloist: Lois Marshall, Soprano	"Le Soulier de Satin"	Recital: Presti-Lagoya, Guitarists Program to be announced
7	No Performance	"Le Soulier de Satin"	No Performance
8	No Performance	No Performance	Neptune Theatre, Canada Artistic Director: Leon Major Performances will include "The Sleeping Bag," Arthur L. Murphy
9	Ballet of the Twentieth Century, Belgium (North American Premiere) Artistic Director: Maurice Bejart Conductor: Andre Vandernoot "Divertimento," Fernand Schirren "Two Cantatas," Webern "The Rite of Spring," Stravinsky	"Il Faut Passer par les Nuages," Francois Billetdoux	"The Sleeping Bag," Arthur L. Murphy
10	See May 9 program	"Il Faut Passer par les Nuages"	"Juno and the Paycock" Matinee, Evening
11	"Art de la Barre" "Erotica," Tadeusz Baird "The Swan" Hindu Music "Variations," Pierre Henry	"Il Faut Passer par les Nuages"	"The Sleeping Bag," Evening
12	See May 11 Program	"Il Faut Passer par les Nuages"	"Juno and the Paycock"
13	*Conductor: Guy Barbier* "Divertimento," Fernand Schirren "Love Scene" from "Romeo and Juliet," Berlioz "Symphony," Pierre Schaeffer "Bolero," Ravel	"*Il Faut Passer par les* Nuages" Matinee Evening	"*The Sleeping Bag,*" Matinee Evening
14	No Performance	No Performance	Recital: Kraus, Pianist, Fed. Rep. of Germany Works by Beethoven, Handel
15	Red Army Chorus & Dancers, U.S.S.R.	Theatre du Nouveau Monde, Canada (in French) Artistic Director: Jean-Louis Roux "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," Moliere Director: Jean Gascon	Cameri Theater of Israel (North American Premiere) (in Hebrew) A Musical Comedy by Sammy Gronemann "King Solomon and the Cobbler"
16	No Performance	"Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme"	"King Solomon and the Cobbler"
17	Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, Netherlands Conductor: Bernard Haitink Works by Weber, Pijper, Debussy, Brahms	"Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" Evening	"King Solomon and the Cobbler" Matinee—Note 4:00 p.m. Evening
18	Works by Haydn, Mahler Soloists: Maureen Forrester, Contralto Ernst Haefliger, Tenor	"Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" Evening	"King Solomon and the Cobbler"
19	Works by Beethoven, Schubert, Stravinsky, Roussel	"Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" Evening	"King Solomon and the Cobbler"
20	No Performance	"Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" Matinee Evening	"King Solomon and the Cobbler" Matinee Evening
21	No Performance	"Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" Evening	Recital: Danzi Wind Quintet, Netherlands Program to be announced
22	No Performance	No Performance	International Voice Competition
23	The Australian Ballet (North American Premiere) Artistic Directors: Peggy Van Praagh, Robert Helpmann Musical Director: Robert Rosen "Melbourne Cup" Choreography: Rex Reid "The Display" Choreography Robert Helpmann "The Lady and The Fool" Choreography: John Cranko	"Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" Evening	International Voice Competition
24	"Yugen," "Elektra" Choreography: Robert Helpmann "Raymonda" Choreography: Rudolph Nureyev	"Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" Evening	International Voice Competition
25	See May 24 program	"Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" Evening	No Performance
26	See May 23 program	"Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" Evening	International Voice Competition
27	Matinee: See May 23 program Evening: See May 24 program	"Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" Matinee Evening	International Voice Competition
28	No Performance	No Performance	No Performance

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	Salle Wilfrid Pelletier Evenings: 8:00 p.m. *Matinees: 2:30 p.m.*	Theatre Maisonneuve Evenings: 8:15 p.m. *Matinees: 2:30 p.m.*	Theatre Port Royal Evenings: 8:30 p.m. *Matinees: 2:30 p.m.*
29	No Performance	International Voice Competition	No Performance
30	The Royal Opera, Stockholm, Sweden (North American premiere) "A Masked Ball," Verdi (the original version) Producer: Goran Gentele	International Voice Competition Evening	No Performance
31	"Aniara," Karl Birger-Blomdahl Producer: Goran Gentele	International Voice Competition Evening	No Performance
June 1	The Royal Opera, Stockholm, Sweden (North American Premiere) "The Rake's Progress," Stravinsky Producer: Ingmar Bergman	International Voice Competition	No Performance
2	See May 30 program	No Performance	No Performance
3	See June 1 program	International Voice Competition	No Performance
4	"Tristan und Isolde," Wagner Isolde: Birgit Nilsson	No Performance	No Performance
5	Melbourne Symphony Orchestra, Australia (North American Premiere) Conductor: Willem Van Otterloo Works by Mozart, Bach, Robert Hughes, George Dreyfus, Dvorak	Le Toucan de Paris, France "La Tragedie du Roi Christophe," Cesaire (in French)	Centre Dramatique Romand with the participation of the Theatre de Carouge, Switzerland (North American Premiere) (in French) "La Muraille de Chine," Max Frisch
6	Works by Mozart, Peter Sculthorpe, Brahms, Ravel Soloist: Marie Collier	"La Tragedie du Roi Christophe"	"La Muraille de Chine" Evening
7	The Royal Ballet Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, London, Great Britain "Cinderella"	"La Tragedie du Roi Christophe" Matinee Evening	"La Muraille de Chine" Evening
8	"Brandenburg," "Paradise Lost," "A Midsummer *Night's Dream*" Evening	"La Tragedie du Roi Christophe"	"La Muraille de Chine"
9	Matinee—Note 4:00 p.m. Evening See June 7 Program	"La Tragedie du Roi Christophe"	"La Muraille de Chine" Evening
10	Matinee *Evening* See June 8 Program		Evening
11	No Performance	No Performance	No Performance
12	No Performance	Teatro Stabile di Genova, Italy (North American Premiere) *(in Italian)* Artistic Director: Luigi Squarzina "I Due Gemelli Veneziani"	National Folkloric Troupe of Tunisia
13	Hamburg State Opera, Fed. Rep. of Germany (North American Premiere) Director Rolf Lieberman "Mathis the Painter," Hindemith	"I Due Gemelli Veneziani" Evening	National Folkloric Troupe of Tunisia Evening
14	Evening "Lulu," Berg	Matinee Evening	Evening
15	"Freischuetz," Weber—concert form Conductor: Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt	"I Due Gemelli Veneziani" Evening	Erick Hawkins Dance Company, USA
16	"Jenufa," Janacek Evening	Evening	Erick Hawkins Dance Company
17	"Lulu," Berg Evening	Matinee Evening	Erick Hawkins Dance Company
18	"Freischuetz," Weber—concert form	Recital: Istomin-Stern-Rose Program to be announced	No Performance
19	Suisse Romande Orchestra Conductor: Ernest Ansermet Works by Haydn, Frank Martin, Debussy Soloist: Hansheinz Schneeberger, Violinist	See June 18 program	No Performance
20	Conductor: Paul Klecki Works by Pierre Wissmer, Duparc, Tchaikovsky Soloist: Pierre Mollet, Baritone	Scarlatti Orchestra of Naples, Italy (North American Premiere) Program to be announced	No Performance
21	Conductor: Ernest Ansermet Works by Honegger, Conrad Beck, Stravinsky, Ravel Soloist: Harry Datyner, Pianist	See June 18 program	No Performance
22	No Performance	No Performance	Yehudi Menuhin and The Bath Festival Orchestra, Great Britain (North American Premiere) Leader: Robert Masters Works by Bach, Maw, Mozart, Weinzweig, Britten
23	Les Grands Ballets Canadiens Director: Ludmilla Chiriaeff Performances will include: "Carmina Burana," Carl Orff "Suite Canadienne," Michel Perreault "La Corriveau," Alexander Brott	Icelandic Singers, Iceland	Bath Festival Ensemble Y. Menuhin and R. Masters, Violins W. Gerhardt, Viola J. DuPre and D. Simpson, Cellos *M. Dobson, Oboe* J. Burden and T. Brown, Horns Works by: Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert
24	Evening	Icelandic Singers	No Performance
25	Evening	No Performance	Works by Handel, Mozart, Goehr, C.P.E. Bach, Haydn
26	Program to be announced Evening	Theatre du Rideau Vert, Canada (in French) Artistic Director: Yvette Brind' Amour "Il est un pays," Jean-Paul Pinsonneault	Bath Festival Ensemble Y. Menuhin and R. Masters, Violins W. Gerhardt and M. Major, Violas J. DuPre and D. Simpson, Cellos Works by Brahms
27	No Performance	"Terre d'Aube"	Works by Purcell, Mozart, Tippett, Haydn
28	No Performance	Evening	Music and Dance from India Performances will include: Ravi Shankar, sitar Bismillah Khan, shahnai Ali Akbar Khan, sarod The Kathakali Dancers
29	No Performance	"Terre d'Aube"	Evening
30	No Performance	"Terre d'Aube" Evening	Matinee

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MUSIC AND MUSICIANS OF CANADA

By PATRICIA ASHLEY

CANADA has grown up musically while our back was turned. In the manner of an older brother we have assumed ourselves sole North American possessors of excellence in the area of European-American music. We must, it appears, assume again.

The stimulus for this call to revised thinking is the recent issuing of a seventeen-record series entitled *Music and Musicians of Canada*, Centennial Edition, by RCA Victor Company, Ltd., (CC/CCS 1007-1023) in association with the International Service of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation (Radio-Canada). On these records all of the performers are Canadians by birth or by choice, as are thirty-two of the thirty-nine composers. And the overwhelming evidence is of quality, taste, and excellent musicianship.

The recordings make use of five orchestras, two choruses, and more than a score of instrumental and vocal soloists and chamber ensembles, all of stature—and these from a country with a population less than 10 per cent the size of ours. In Montreal, in Vancouver, in Toronto and Halifax and Winnipeg—spread out over this enormous land—one finds performing artists of high caliber. Many, perhaps most of them, are associated in some way with the CBC, which means Canadians can hear them often from coast to coast; unfortunately, citizens of the States not living near the border are deprived of the opportunity.

In composition one finds influences different from ours. Canadian musicians, after their training at home, may come to the States for additional study; but more go abroad. And of those who go abroad, France appears to be the most common goal. They usually study with Messiaen, but their contacts are likely to extend to the newer composers; thus the latest European influences are brought back to northern North America.

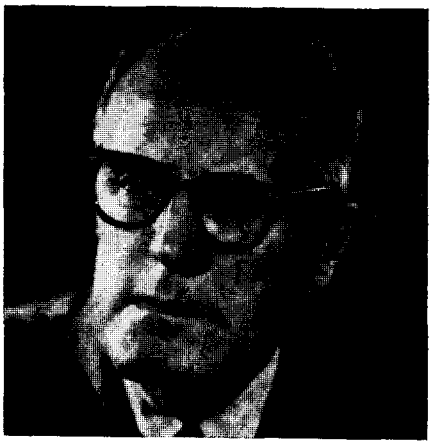
Among the avant-garde composers represented in the series, the work of Serge Garant draws particular attention. His *Anerca* (a cycle for soprano and eight instrumentalists) is an exciting pattern of timbre, pitch, and silence; despite the romanticism of its formal approach, it moves, through its controlled technique, with a feeling of destination. The recording uses the voice of Mary Morrison—apparently Canada's answer to Adele Addison—and here again is a soprano for whom a composer can write works of immense difficulty and hear them performed with liquid ease. In Bruce Mather's romantic *Orphée* her clarity against the percussion part makes the portions incorporating a piano part seem *de trop*. And in Harry Somers's concentrated but long Twelve Miniatures for voice and instrumental trio, there are passages in which the voice must slide slowly from pitch to pitch to pitch, and rapport between music and performer appears so close that one has the chilling sensation of listening directly to the composer's poignant thoughts.

François Morel's *Le rituel de l'espace*, written a decade ago, is a moving, moody piece and a striking example of what can happen when styles are in a state of flux. In a rondo form, it has a *ritornello* which is conspicuously Stravinskyesque, but the episodes between its recurrences show gradually increasing excursions into what is now the contemporary style. Also of mixed style is Norma Beecroft's *From Dreams of Brass* for orchestra, chorus, male speaking voice, soprano, and three loudspeakers. The only even partially electronic piece in the series (though Toronto boasts a studio), it uses everything from live pitch through *concrète* speech distortions to purely synthetic sounds, and is fascinating when it does not try to deliver a directly discursive message.

Rather alarmingly beautiful are Gilles Tremblay's *Phases* and *Résaux* for piano, although one wonders how much of the pieces can be heard accurately on recordings or in any room but the smallest. They frequently use the piano's overtones (by means of silently pressed keys) after the fundamental has ceased sounding, and these overtones are so faint at times that one suspects it must have been more difficult for the recording engineers to catch them than to tape a clavichord.

St. Joseph's Oratory in Montreal has highly resonant acoustics and a fine organ, and Raymond Daveluy's Sonata in G utilizes the dissonances of the acoustical holdover in a most attractive way. The writing is basically clean and intersperses sections with charmingly small registrations (in which the echo is less prominent) between others of piled-up dissonance (of which the echo is part).

Otto Joachim has not Daveluy's advantage of playing regularly on this organ, and some of the passages in his Fantasia (1961) are difficult to deciph-



—*RCA Victor Ltd.*

Among those represented in the album are the composers pictured above (left to right), Bruce Mather, Barbara Pentland, and Claude Champagne.

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er on the recording. The piece, designed for a large organ, is a twelve-tone descendant of the nineteenth century, depite its organistic resemblance to the rhapsodic Bach. Robert Turner chose the organ of the Ryerson United Church in Vancouver for his Six Voluntaries, which in many ways are so thin they could have stood a more live hall. Turner's works (heard here on three different records) tend to be extended in length more than the original impulse would justify.

For the ever-present need of amateur choirs, Jean Coulthard has written some part-songs for voices and piano. Far from modern and not too difficult, they range from a slightly churchy sound to one bearing relationship to the Hindemith *Chansons*.

If there is one element which characterizes these Canadian recordings it is rhythmic vitality. The performers have it, the composers have it. It is as though this country, just sprung into artistic maturity, were reveling in the thought of the great open spaces still to be explored. Thus Barbara Pentland, whose tight Webern-influenced writing is quite effective when she allows herself rhythmic freedom, tends to bog down in those passages where the European early-serial influence conspicuously inhibits the flow.

Easy to listen to—rhythmically, harmonically, melodically—are John Beckwith's *Four Conceits* for piano and William Keith Rogers's Sonatina for viola and piano. Dating from the Nineteen-forties and early Fifties, respectively, they are both in the grateful position of being in an already established style in which the composer can relax without fear of being misunderstood. As the first half of the century was ending, some composers sought variety in neo-Baroque instrumentations and compositional styles; in this category are Leslie Mann's Five Improvisations for flute and piano, Op. 10, and Oscar Morawetz's Trio for flute, oboe, and harpsichord. Mann's work is a kind of American-Hindemith blend, while Morawetz's is of a more long-lined romanticism; both are pleasant *Gebrauchsmusik*.

One wonders whether works for unaccompanied flute would appeal to anyone besides a flutist or a bird (even Mother Nature has some reedy sounds in the woods), but the recordings boast two such phenomena. Both Dick Keetbaas (Three Miniatures) and Kelsey Jones (Rondo) have the sense to dance and laugh a bit.

Woodwind choirs inspire composers frequently to lightheartedness, and such has been the case in the woodwind quintets of John Weinzweig and Udo Kasemets. The record jacket mentions that Weinzweig has written music for the radio; on listening to his delightful quintet (which is sometimes serial but refuses to be dogmatic), one is sure Weinzweig must have been the composer of the continuity music for all one's favorite comedy shows twenty years ago. Kasemets's piece (in "his early style," according to the record jacket) has a lyrical directness and a refreshingly naïve intertwining of melodic and rhythmic materials.

Rather amusing is Harry Freedman's Variations for flute, oboe, and harpsichord, which the composer explains as illustrating "types of conversation." It does, too. The light touch is not given to all, requiring, as it does, three-dimensional perception in addition to deft technical skill. Freedman's is indeed very nice.

ONE wishes one could hear a recent television opera commissioned by the CBC from R. Murray Schafer, for his vocal writing was beautifully impressive even in 1956, when, at the age of twenty-three, he wrote a series of *Minnelieder* for mezzo-soprano and woodwind quintet. Though all are love songs, the mood varies and is carried by imaginative and skillful writing for instruments as well as voice.

Murray Adaskin, of an older generation than most of the recorded composers, shows strong influence of Stravinsky in rhythm and in melodic repetition of minute cells; the Rondino for nine instruments is a pleasure to hear, fascinatingly alive. Hindemithian are Harry Somers's Second Sonata for violin and piano and Kelsey Jones's Introduction and Fugue for the same instrumentation. But while Jones uses Hindemith rhythms and contrapuntal techniques to keep interest, Somers—who is basically a lyrical composer—is influenced in melodic line and string writing.

The Second Symphony of Clermont Pépin shows a composer skilled at the techniques and orchestration of the first half of the century; it ranges in a lively manner from Russian and American idioms to an atonal finale. The influence of Bloch and the French, on the other hand, is evident in Alexander Brott's *Circle, Triangle, 4 Squares* for string orchestra—which, despite its title, is a mild, old-fashioned piece. Jean Vallerand's *Cordes en mouvement* is an unpretentious musicological survey of the tricks possible in string writing.

The Hungarian birth and education of Istvan Anhalt are apparent in his Trio for violin, cello, and piano (1953); admittedly eclectic, the work shows more influence of Bartók than of any other composer. The following year's Sonata for violin and piano shows much more inclination away from the tonal idiom, but carries to even further extremes the device of writing incessant sounds for each instrument in differing pitch ranges; this is unfortunate, for there seem to be some good ideas there, but the resultant listener-fatigue makes it difficult to sustain attention.

Sonia Eckhardt-Gramatté's international background provides a style that is indebted to the French, German, Russian, and Polish schools of the first half of the century. Her piano writing is brilliant, her cello writing gutty.

Influenced by the early twentieth-century toccata style in keyboard writing, Jacques Hétu's Sonata for Two Pianos has a fascinating rhythmic drive. It was written for the piano duo of Victor Bouchard and Renée Morisset, who play it here. They play also one of the few old pieces in the record series, a Sonata (*Duetto*) for two pianos written in 1771 by Johann Gottfried Muethel; and their graceful performance draws the beauty through the dissonance in what was a novel and daring piece nearly two centuries ago. It points a moral somehow.

Probably the most important Canadian composition pedagogue of the first half of the century was the late Claude Champagne; it is a credit to his teaching that his students have experimented farther afield than his style. The *Symphonie gaspésienne* (1945) has that pleasantly innocuous mixture of Debussy, Sibelius, and Rimsky-Korsakov that characterized so much of the North American music of the period.

BUT the real historical landmark of the album is a Trio by one Alexis Contant (1858-1918), a student of the composer of "O Canada." The performers must have had a ball recording the naïve thing and comparing its salon atmosphere with today's sophisticated endeavors. The records also include performances of single works by Beethoven, Brahms, Britten, Bull, Messiaen, and Tovey.

Space does not permit extensive discussion of performers and performances. But much lovely sound is heard from such distinguished soloists as Hyman Bress, Kenneth Gilbert, Diedre Irons, and Steven Staryk; and much careful thought and fine musicianship goes into all the readings.

Credit must be given to the Canadian sound engineers, who put out a series of records which shows the Canadian musicians to their best advantage. Much credit must be given also to the administrators of the Canadian RCA Victor and the CBC for taking the responsibility of cutting this excellent series. And high credit must be taken by the musicians of Canada, who have proved in seventeen records, quite simply, that musical Canada has come of age.

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Recordings in Review

A Double Dolby

RACHMANINOFF: *Sonata in C minor (Op. 19).* KODALY: *Sonata (Op. 4). Harvey Shapiro, cello, with Earl Wild, piano.* Nonesuch stereo, H-71155, $2.50; mono, H-1155, $2.50.

STRAVINSKY: *L'Histoire du Soldat. Leopold Stokowski conducting a chamber ensemble, with Madeleine Milhaud, narrator; Jean Pierre Aumont, the Soldier; and Martial Singher, the Devil.* Vanguard stereo, VSD 71165, $5.79; mono, VRS 1165, $4.79 (*both with French text*). Vanguard stereo, VSD 61166, $5.79; mono, VRS 61166, $4.79 (*both with English text*). Available together in special issue at price of single disc.

BY CONTRAST WITH most recordings, what is of special importance here is not what is heard, but what is unheard. Both are products of the Dolby system of noise suppression known as the S/N (Signal/Noise) Stretcher described in "Mr. Dolby's Dilly" [*SR*, March 25] by Ivan Berger. The intent of the procedure is to reduce "all sounds *not* a part of the microphoned signal a full 10-to-15dB below their normal levels" (the wording is from the Nonesuch announcement). This relates to tape hiss, channel cross talk, high-frequency flutter, and tape print-through.

Doubtless there will be learned analysis of the pros and cons of the Dolby system. As with any innovation it is hardly possible that this one purchases advantage at no cost in disadvantage. But, to the listening ear accustomed to some "announcement" prior to the beginning of the music, it is a new experience to hear the music arise, as from a vacuum, with no introductory hiss or slightest extraneous sound at all. This phenomenon is common to both issues, and, in the case of the Nonesuch, particularly, prevails through the full side. Opinion of the Vanguard must be tempered, for what is at hand is the demonstration or trial record, rather than the finished pressing. It, too, is excellent in the special direction affected by the Dolby system. As everyone knows, however, the more extraneous noise subtracted from the finished record, the more critical becomes the presence of stray particles of dirt or other sound-creating matter on the record's surface. There is some of this in the Vanguard pressing, though it may well have come from matter in the air after the disc was shipped.

As no one is likely to buy a record simply to enjoy what is not there, some attention ought to be directed to what is present on these two discs. Of the two, the Shapiro-Kodály disc fulfills to a larger degree the challenge of what it contains. This is no reflection, really, on the quality of the Stokowski-Milhaud-Aumont-Singher effort, which is good. But having heard the Ustinov-Cocteau-Markevitch version on Philips has, for this listener at least, spoiled the ear for just another average good recording.

On the other hand, Shapiro is a superb cellist who has never exploited his abilities to the degree that some others might have, and Wild is completely in command of the pianistic requirements of the two works. That is of special consequence in the Rachmaninoff, which has a virtuoso piano part much on the order of the second concerto (also a product of 1901). The Kodály work of 1910 is a much stronger example of creative initiative and admirably performed. On both sides, the Dolby system confers a special benefit in clarity to the sound of the piano.

Schubert à la Vaughan

SCHUBERT: *Incidental music to Rosamunde (Ballet Music I and II, Entr'acte in B flat, "Der Vollmond strahlt") and Die Zauberharfe (Overture, Larghetto, Chor der Genien, Overture to Act III, melodrama, Andantino, and Final Scene). Denis Vaughan conducting, with Lucia Popp, soprano, and the chorus and orchestra of the Naples Opera.* RCA Victor stereo, LSC 2937, $5.79; mono, LM 2937, $4.79.

Lucia Popp—"freshness of . . . sound."

THE IDEA of going to Naples to record Schubert may appear, at first encounter, based wholly on economics. In the actuality of the sound itself, the artistic ends are more than justified by the means. They are, indeed, enhanced by such qualities as the Italian clarinet player puts forth on behalf of his solos in the *Rosamunde* music—liquid, more melting than the generality of Continental, English, or American performers on that instrument—and by sweeter, more flowing choral singing than is commonly encountered north of the Alps.

To be sure, none of these values would amount to much were they not utilized by Vaughan on behalf of sounder Schubertian purpose than has been heard since such conductors of the preceding generation as Walter, Furtwängler, Beecham, Kleiber, et al., died. For those to whom he is an unfamiliar name, Vaughan may be identified as an Australian who became a bass player in the Royal Philharmonic, toured extensively with that Beecham-led orchestra, and eventually took charge of the Beecham Choral Society. His Schubert is leisurely, unhurried, but not devitalized. There have been brighter performances of the Overture to *Die Zauberharfe* (the C-major one which is invariably performed in its second identity as the *Rosamunde* Overture), but everything else goes swimmingly.

Least familiar, and thus most welcome, are the additional items from *Die Zauberharfe*. They are all infused with the Schubertian spirit, and the performances realize a remarkable share of it. Those who have heard Miss Popp only in such specialities as the Queen of the Night will be charmed by the freshness of her sound and the beauty of her phrasing in the *Rosamunde* "Romanze." The quality of recorded sound is just what the music should have.

Sonatas by Busoni

BUSONI: *Sonatas in E minor (Op. 29 and Op. 36a). Hyman Bress, violin, with Bengt Johnsson, piano.* L'Oiseau-Lyre stereo, SOL 296, $5.79; mono, OL 296, $5.79.

GIVEN SUFFICIENT encouragement, Hyman Bress could, through energy and application, eliminate from the language the phrase "unknown violin music." It was a relatively simple start he made with the Bartók sonatas for RCA some months ago. Recently he added the unaccompanied sonatas of Reger, all *seven*, on the Dover label; and now he has identified himself with the sonatas of Busoni whose mere existence —let alone their content—is known only to devotees of the composer.

Some might make a case of this, *pro* Busoni, *contra* the tribe of concert vio-

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linists endlessly addressing themselves to the sonatas of the Bs, plus César Franck. The urge to be passionate on this point is somewhat deterred by the discovery, after proper attention to the content of these discs, that Busoni himself—while making a fourth B—was somewhat wrapt in the same sort of obsession himself. The first and second movements of No. 1 tend toward the precepts of Brahms, and the long, last section of the second sonata frequently recalls the canonic finale of Franck.

Busonians would doubtless argue that the climax of the second sonata, which is decidedly the more interesting of the two, is the logical fulfillment of its own design. This derives from a motive based on Bach's "Wie wohl ist mir," which is also woven into part two of the single uninterrupted movement. It is not until the finale, however, that the source comes clear, thereafter being made the subject of a considerable exercise of Busoni's contrapuntal skill.

Not being a convinced Busonian, it strikes me as fuller of intellectual enterprise than of emotional appeal. This is in no way a reflection on the quality of the performance. It is beautifully formulated by both Bress and Johnsson, who plays the difficult piano part fluently. It is Bress, however, with his strong pursuit of thematic essence and beautifully poised command of the instrument, who gives both performances their distinctive character. Highly satisfactory recording.

Nielsen for Clarinet

NIELSEN: *Concerto. Benny Goodman, clarinet, with the Chicago Symphony conducted by Morton Gould. Symphony No. 2. Gould conducting the Chicago Symphony.* RCA Victor stereo, LSC 2920, $5.79; mono, LM 2920, $4.79.

HOW LONG has this performance been in the making? At least a dozen years to reckon from Goodman's mention to me, in the early Fifties, of Louis Cahuzac's recording of this work and how much he admired it. If, in the intervening time, Goodman has done nothing else—aside from his intermittent touring—than learn to play it himself, his time has been well spent. If it is not the most difficult work ever written for clarinet and orchestra, it will do until somebody writes one more difficult.

Where Goodman has been particularly persistent, and the results show it, is in those recurrent passages in which Nielsen indulges his fancy by writing almost contrapuntally for the sound of the single instrument. Realistically, it is not possible, for the clarinetist who can play double stops has not yet been born (except perhaps Roland Kirk and he hasn't gotten around to Nielsen yet). But by weaving a bass, melodic line into a sequence of arpeggiated figures, Nielsen has given the illusion of two lines moving simultaneously.

—*John Engstead.*

Bernard Herrmann—"the depth and breadth of the subject."

It is perhaps the most advanced technical feat Goodman has challenged, and he succeeds to a remarkable degree in bringing it off. Considering the road he has traveled to achieve this objective—with all the detours, the equivalent of going from New York to Boston by way of Tokyo—he is deserving of several rounds of cheers. Doubtless Gould has had a shaping hand in all the musical results, which are consistently first class. All that one can withhold, indeed, is a rank for this interpretation beside Cahuzac's. It is altogether gentler, milder, and somewhat on the tentative side, by comparison with a version by the French master in which the irony, almost sarcasm, in the composition was more strongly conveyed.

Gould's performance of the Second Symphony is full of verve, contrast, sobriety, and wit, according to the aspect of the "Four Temperaments" (its subtitle) with which he is concerned. Clearly the Chicago Symphony enjoys collaborating with him and the results are vibrantly animated. The single reservation on this side would be that the orchestral sound comes out heavier on the bass end than might be preferred.

Herrmann on Brontë

HERRMANN: *Wuthering Heights. The composer conducting the Pro Arte Orchestra with Morag Beaton (Catherine Earnshaw), Donald Bell (Heathcliff), John Kitchiner (Hindley Earnshaw), Pamela Bowden (Isabella Linton), Joseph Ward (Edgar Linton), Elizabeth Bainbridge (Nelly Dean), Michael Rippon (Joseph), David Kelly (Lockwood), and Mark Snashall (Hareton Earnshaw).* Pye stereo, CSCL 30173, four records, total price £6 17s. 6d. (approximately $19.25).

ANY NUMBER of contemporary operas have been produced on the stage without attaining the permanency of a recording. Bernard Herrmann's setting of *Wuthering Heights* is the rare instance of the contrary case: a work completed at least ten years ago, but yet to see the light of the stage, now available as a recording. I would assume that the financial risk is not Pye's alone, but, rather, a companionate enterprise in which the publisher (Novello) as well as the composer (and others) have participated.

The career of the New York-born Herrmann is altogether an unusual one, for his compositions have been heard by millions (as composers for the sound tracks of films from the award-winning *Devil and Daniel Webster* to the very current *Fahrenheit 451*) though knowledge of his name in his own country is limited largely to professionals. Among these he is esteemed as a sure hand with the orchestral score sheet, though his character as a composer of other than film music is better known in England than it is here.

Along with the benefits that accrue from a recording, there are the indisputable risks of having a work meant for the eye as well as the ear judged by its effect on the ear alone. The first and lasting impression that is conveyed by this fine-sounding effort under Herrmann's own direction (he was known as a conductor even before his music began to be played in the Thirties) is the assurance of its procedures. There is little suggestion of a composer wrestling with a large-scale dramatic product for the first time (one of his better-known works, based on Melville's *Moby Dick*, is a sizeable venture into the setting of words with orchestra, though lacking action). He has surrounded the skillful libretto by Lucille Fletcher with just proportions of orchestral and vocal writing and succeeded, to an uncommon degree, in evoking an atmosphere appropriate to the Yorkshire moors where Cathy and her kin had their fictional being.

That, of course, is no great feat for a composer as skilled in evoking orchestral atmosphere as Herrmann is. It is something rather more special to have the vocal characters of the men as well as the women defined with clarity, in a setting of the words that is consistently pertinent, and to a large extent audible in the recording. Not only the dramatic but the lyric sides of the subject have been given a suitable share of the prominence required to create a totality. In this respect, as well as in its grasp of the depth

(*Continued on page* 79)

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"Messiah" by Mackerras

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

ANOTHER new recording of Handel's *Messiah*? Yes, and a good one. This time, however, having bumbled into regrettable confusion in my earlier review [*SR*, Dec. 10, 1966] of the Philips and RCA Victor recordings, I shall set out the facts correctly—and early.

In these three most recent recordings, the timing and the vocal and instrumental forces employed are these: 1) *running time*—Philips, 2 hours, 19 minutes, 5 seconds; RCA Victor, 2 hours, 27 minutes, 36 seconds; Angel, 2 hours 34 minutes, 30 seconds (an outside spread of 15 minutes, 25 seconds between Philips and Angel, with RCA Victor standing almost exactly midway between them); 2) *choral voices*—RCA Victor, 31; Angel, 38; Philips, 40; 3) *orchestral strings*—RCA Victor, 22; Angel, 26; Philips, 31; 4) *orchestral winds*—Philips, 6; RCA Victor, 10; Angel, 14, including two additional oboes with choruses. All three recordings employ harpsichord and organ.

Reviewing the Colin Davis recording for Philips and the Robert Shaw for RCA Victor, I expressed the opinion that, in my understanding of both Handel's matured wishes and Handelian style, Davis excelled. Now, having brought my fairly recent time spent listening to *Messiah* recordings (replayings to ascertain details included) up to about nine hours, I have also heard the new Angel recording (stereo, SCL 3705, $17.37, mono, CL 3705, $14.37), in which Charles Mackerras conducts the English Chamber Orchestra, the Ambrosian Singers, and these soloists: Elizabeth Harwood (soprano), Janet Baker (mezzo), Paul Esswood (countertenor), Robert Tear (tenor), Raimund Herincx (bass), Maurits Sillem (harpsichord), and Allan Harvesson (organ). I find little to choose between it and its two competitors in the matters of sound clarity and discreet use of stereophonic effect. In interpretation and performance, I should place it between the exciting excellence of the Philips version and the stylistic unsuitability of the RCA Victor, but much nearer the Philips.

Perhaps it should be emphasized again that any performance whatever of *Messiah* has to represent someone's decisions on several crucial textural matters. The "edition" used seems to me most appropriate in the Philips-Davis recording, the only serious miscalculation in which being the decision to have "Thou art gone up on high" sung by the bass rather than by the contralto, despite the near-certainty that Handel finally decided for the contralto. I agree with criticism that had been made of Davis's not repeating the introductory instrumental *ritornello* when "He was despised" is repeated, but this seems to me much less damaging. In the RCA Victor recording, Robert Shaw uses a terribly truncated version of "Why do the nations," but otherwise hews to modern standards. though he conducts in what still strikes me as a rushed-sounding, academic, Victorian way.

For the Angel recording, Charles Mackerras has made use of an unpublished edition of *Messiah* prepared and ornamented by Basil Lam. This means that "But who may abide" and "Thou art gone up on high" are sung by a countertenor—in the versions of them which Handel made for Gluck's original *Orfeo*, the contralto-soprano castrato, Gaetano Guadagni—rather than by an alto (RCA Victor) or a bass (Philips). It also means that "How beautiful are the feet" is heard not as a soprano solo (Philips and RCA Victor), but as a contralto-countertenor duet with chorus, whereas the number "Their sound is gone out" is sung as a tenor *arioso* rather than by the chorus (RCA Victor and Philips). Finally, Mr. Mackerras returns to 12/8 time for "Rejoice greatly," though it is known that Handel finally decided that he preferred it in the later 4/4 version.

Mackerras is a very good Handelian conductor, but I cannot help feeling nearly the whole way that Colin Davis is better still. Davis, further, has the services of vocal soloists preponderantly more in the vein. (For stylistic reasons, chiefly related to tempos, Mr. Shaw here drops out of the running, taking his well-equipped soloists with him.) Of the soloists in the Angel recording, Elizabeth Harwood strikes me as greatly inferior to Philips's Heather Harper. Janet Baker is very good indeed but I prefer the smoother, less emphatic singing of Philips's Helen Watts.

I SHOULD find it difficult to choose between the two tenors, Philips's John Wakefield and Angel's Robert Tear, if Mr. Tear did not have to stretch for some notes that come easily to Mr. Wakefield. Philips's John Shirley-Quirk seems to me the staunchest Handelian among all the singers on these records, and therefore preferable to Angel's Raimund Herincx—who, also, is not always entirely on pitch. Angel's countertenor, Paul Esswood, has no competition, but would excel if he had: his singing of both "But who may abide" and "Thou art gone up on high" is a lesson in quality and manner. Mr. Sillem's harpsichord is, one can be thankful to note, much more audible than that of Leslie Pearson in the Philips set. The orchestral sound, like the choral singing, is equally excellent in the two performances.

After so many years and so many recordings of *Messiah* (I now have a *Messiah* shelf in my library), it is a delight to have two recordings available which have tried so intelligently to respect Handel's intentions and have succeeded prevailingly in doing so. No one will go wrong in acquiring the new Angel recording. In my view, it is superior to all other recordings of *Messiah* ever issued—with the single exception of that conducted by Colin Davis for Philips.

No High Poetry

By Reeve Spencer Kelley

the poor poetry of the astronauts
pours from the vacant sky,
words, borrowed from the vender
and the vain, "magnificent" the least
of their trite sins

nothing as single syllabled and soft
as, "from this less than air
we see the earth from rim to rim,
the day of which can have no other side
but night; a game of circles
in an incidental sky"

no words by which the eye
can hear, the ear see;
no sling-of-slang or web-of-song
however quickly broken

Science the sane, burrowing into space,
mole, in a nest of axioms,
counting revolutions, measuring forces,
sending its handy-men to squeeze
the fruit of the tree of light;
prosaic moon, prosaic stars, prosaic
universe

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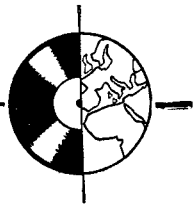
THE OTHER SIDE



Boulez, "Live" and Recording

LONDON.

WITH the spectacular increase in musical activity on the South Bank and with the Audio Fair taking place this year somewhat earlier than usual on the first weekend of April, the recent lull in our opera houses has not proved wholly unwelcome. Covent Garden, currently girding its loins for the new Visconti/Giulini production of *Traviata* (due this month) and its first-ever *Die Frau ohne Schatten* (a Hartmann/Solti collaboration, scheduled for mid-June), not to mention important revivals of *Carmen*, Tippett's *King Priam*, and *Don Giovanni* before the season is out, has been marking time with *La Bohème* (whose original 1897 décor, still in use, ought surely to be handed over to the National Trust for preservation as a "historical monument") and an attractive revival of Rossini's *Barbiere*.

The *Barbiere* brought back the ever enchanting Teresa Berganza as Rosina, partnered as before by the sprightly and stylish Almaviva of Luigi Alva. Peter Glossop, appearing as Figaro for the first time, often sounded gorgeous but seemed a little stolid vocally and dramatically, whereas Geraint Evans's debut as Dr. Bartolo all but stole the show in spite of the fact that he refused to guy the part in time-honored fashion. Silvio Varviso conducted with evident affection, but his inability to secure really crisp ensembles rather confirmed the evidence of his recordings.

At the Festival Hall the main interest has centered around Otto Klemperer and Pierre Boulez. Klemperer, conducting the New Philharmonia, gave a truly memorable Mozart evening devoted to the key of C: minor for the Adagio and Fugue (the performance of which he dedicated to the memory of Zoltán Kodály) and the Wind Serenade, K. 388; major for the great Piano Concerto, K. 503, in which Daniel Barenboim's often sensitive solo playing did not quite match the grandeur Klemperer drew from the orchestra, and the *Jupiter* Symphony, in which conductor and orchestra surpassed themselves.

On April 4, as though to prove the completeness of his physical recovery, Klemperer took over a concert from the ailing Paul Kletzki and, after a long first half devoted to Haydn's *Clock* Symphony (a sturdy timepiece) and nine songs from Mahler's *Das Knaben Wunderhorn* (in which the voices of Irmgard Seefried and Thomas Hemsley proved somewhat frail for the rich orchestral palette), he led a performance of the complete *Petrouchka*, thereby reminding us that he was once a noted champion of twentieth century music.

It was a strong and purposeful reading, relying mainly on rather measured tempi, yet it also contained an element of precariousness arising from his still-handicapped beat; the baton may be back after a long absence, but the movements lack the kind of sharp precision an orchestra needs in rhythmically complex music. Under the circumstances, one marveled at the players' response, but the nervous strain must have been considerable for them, as it was for more than one listener.

THIS element was, perhaps, the more noticeable after our prolonged recent exposure to Pierre Boulez who, batonless and with a minimum of physical exertion (he really is, in more than one sense, the "coolest" conductor I have ever encountered), exercises a degree of rhythmic control over any orchestra that must be the envy and despair of his sweat-toil-and-tears colleagues. Back with the BBC Symphony, he gave us a fascinating series of concerts devoted to several of the twentieth century's greatest composers: Stravinsky, Bartók, Webern, Berg, and, finally, Debussy.

The all-Debussy concert for the Royal Philharmonic Society had not been scheduled as such originally, for Boulez was supposed to include the first performance of his own *Eclat* in its latest, revised version. Alas, this prodigiously gifted musician is now in danger of having his progress as a composer disrupted by his brilliance as a conductor. The work simply was not ready in time and, having instead enthralled us with marvelous performances of *L'après-midi* and the Nocturnes as well as an elaborate concert version (with French narrator and assorted female vocalists) of *Le Martyre de St. Sebastian*, he was bound for Japan the next day, there to conduct *Parsifal* and *Tristan* with the Bayreuth Festival company!

Before that, however, Boulez was able to put in a solid week's recording stint for CBS at Walthamstow Town Hall, where he committed to tape some of the Berg, Bartók, and Stravinsky performances we had heard earlier at the Festival Hall. Watching him at work on a score as complex as that of Berg's Chamber Concerto, one scarcely knows whether to marvel more at his uncanny grasp of every detail or his ability to work to a tight schedule while yet managing to remain absolutely unruffled and giving the impression that he has all the time in the world to complete the task. No less remarkable, to my mind, was the unflagging concentration shown towards the end of the day's third three-hour session by the fourteen wind-players from the BBC Symphony (Berg's score calls for thirteen, but one trombone part was shared between two players), who provided notable support for the two soloists, Barenboim and Gawriloff—the latter a superb Bulgarian violinist new to Britain.

After so formidable a task (earlier sessions had yielded the Bartók Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta, as well as Berg's Three Orchestral Pieces, Op. 6, and the *Altenberg Lieder*, with Halina Lukomska as soloist), Stravinsky's *Firebird* Suite should have proved relatively plain sailing, especially as Boulez had surprisingly chosen the shorter 1910 version which ends with the "Infernal Dance." But it took two full three-hour sessions before everyone was finally satisfied that all problems of execution, balance, and, not least, extraneous noises had been overcome and, on an evening traditionally associated with Parsifal and Gurnemanz or the Bach Passions, rather than with King Kashchei, the CBS team once more packed its elaborate equipment into the waiting van and dispersed toward Europe and the United States.

THE 1967 Audio Festival and Fair—still laboring under that unwieldier title because of the organizational split a few years back, which left the original management in possession of nothing but a name—took place at the now traditional Russell Hotel from March 30 to April 2 and once more underlined the fact that audio has reached a stage where new ideas and techniques are increasingly hard to come by. It is true, of course, that since stereo became firmly established it has been in a period of consolidation rather than fresh departures, but when one has made the rounds of display stands and demonstration rooms year after year, as I have done from the earliest days, it is difficult to escape the conclusion that an industry once concerned with real progress is now thinking solely in terms of presentation and marketing. Perhaps such a trend is inevitable, yet it is still depressing to find not a single exhibit which would cause some old acquaintance to buttonhole you in one of the corridors with an excited "have you seen such-and-such?"

To be sure, one noted that several more manufacturers are abandoning tubes in favor of solid-state (though some

(*Continued on page* 78)

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Albrechstberger: Concerto. György Zilcz, trombone, with György Lehel conducting the Hungarian Radio Orchestra. Concerto. Hedvig Lubik, harp, with same conductor and orchestra. Sonata in D. Same conductor and orchestra. Qualiton stereo, FLPX 1237, $5.98; mono, LPX 1237, $5.98.	For those who know it at all, the name of Albrechstberger is imperishably identified with the early studies of Beethoven, whose mentor he was for a time. These specimens of his compositional talents make that relationship even more incongruous than it has hitherto appeared, for they follow the "rules" not only with no hint of deviation, but with no suggestion that he even knew the possibility of deviation existed. The work for harp is pleasantly innocuous and well performed; the one for trombone more than a little affected by the kind of manipulation required. Both are played on instruments from the Hungarian National Museum which are contemporary with the works' composition. The Sonata—really a prelude, fugue, and finale—shows why Albrechstberger was considered the leading theoretician of his time.
Bartók: *The Wooden Prince*. János Ferencsik conducting the Budapest Philharmonic. Qualiton stereo, FLPX 1164, $5.98; mono, LPX 1164, $5.98.	This version of the work which stands between *Bluebeard's Castle* and *The Miraculous Mandarin* in Bartók's catalogue of compositions for the stage is a little late in reaching the American market. That is to say, there are at least two others available in stereo, of which the Dorati, on Mercury, has some instrumental details not so well clarified by Ferencsik. On the other hand, the latter has a warm feeling for the remnants of Romanticism latent in Bartók's treatment of the legend, and realizes them well. Orchestrally the performance is admirable, the reproduction of it satisfactory.
Debussy: *La Mer;* Nocturnes. Jean Fournet directing the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra and Chorus. Crossroads stereo, 22 16 0092, $2.49; mono, 22 16 0091, $2.49.	Fournet's conception of both works is acute and full of relevant detail, but he does not get the kind of results from the Czech Orchestra to give back all the colors imparted to pieces by Debussy's palette. For a detail, the flute solos are played with such a broad and almost reedy sound that it might well come from another instrument than the one Debussy had in mind. This kind of complaint aside, it is vital and fresh-sounding orchestral playing that he draws from the players and at the climaxes it is powerful. The Nocturnes are presented complete, with the choral elements in *Sirènes* that add to the totality of effect. Fairly good sound.
Janáček: Capriccio (1926); Concertino (1925). Hilde Somer, piano, with Julius Rudel conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra. Desto stereo, DST 6427, $5.98; mono, D 427, $4.98.	Neither of these is exactly what the title suggests, especially if the suggestions conjure impressions of formal relationships. Each is highly individualized, full of the vagaries of impulse which characterize this creator. My preference is for the Capriccio which Janáček wrote for the Czech pianist Ottokar Hollmann, who, like the more celebrated Paul Wittgenstein, had been wounded in World War I and lost the use of his right arm. There is a surprising amount of antiphonal writing for the single hand and chamber orchestra (really a wind ensemble of trumpets, trombones, tuba, and flute-piccolo). The accompanying element for the Concertino is similarly small (two violins, viola, two clarinets, French horn, and bassoon). It strikes me, however, as being even more disjointed than the Capriccio, and not as rewarding in its subject matter. Miss Somer plays both splendidly and Rudel gets much out of his highly qualified group of players. The recording is bright, full, and cleanly detailed.
Khachaturian: Concerto. Claire Bernard, violin, with the composer conducting the Bucharest Symphony. Prokofiev: Concerto No. 1. Bernard, with Constantin Bugeanu conducting the same orchestra. Philips World Series PHC 9046, $2.50.	Claire Bernard, who won two consequential prizes before she was out of her teens, is the same sound, poised technician and uncommonly proficient interpreter in both of these works, but the results are decidedly better in the Khachaturian than in the Prokofiev. This may well derive from the participation of the composer, whose conducting gives an impetus and direction lacking in its milder counterpart by Prokofiev. The orchestra also acquits itself with distinction in the woodwind soli and ensemble response to Khachaturian. If Miss Bernard, who was born in Rouen in 1947 and acquired her skills at the Paris Conservatory, plays with something of the strength and strong sense of outline that characterize the sound of Henryk Szeryng, there is a reason: Szeryng has been one of her pedagogical influences. This is a fair recording, with the truncated top and bottom response that now seems a characteristic of this compatible groove.
Mozart: Sinfonia Concertante (K. 364). Arthur Grumiaux, violin, and Arrigo Pelliccia, viola, with Colin Davis conducting the London Symphony. Concerto No. 2 in D (K. 211). Grumiaux, with same conductor and orchestra. Philips stereo, PHS 900-130, $5.79; mono, PHM 500-130, $4.79.	Perfection is a practical impossibility in such a work as the Sinfonia Concertante but this performance comes within inches of it, thanks in the first instance to the artistry of Grumiaux. I wouldn't say that he is the finest violinist who ever put his mind to the task—Fuchs, Druian, Menuhin, and Heifetz are some who also qualify—but he combines a fine violinist's manual skills with the discretion and sensitivity that make him as much a junior as a senior partner to Pelliccia when the best interests of Mozart are so served. (That is more than can be said for the liner copy, which offers no information whatsoever about this excellent collaborator.) Davis is a musician of the same cut as Grumiaux and together they make a singing, soaring match of Mozart's singing, soaring score. Though the associated Concerto (K. 211) is one of Mozart's earliest, it has a degree of interest quite equal to the better known D- and A-major works. Very good sound.
Sibelius: Symphonies Nos. 5 and 7. Lorin Maazel conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. London stereo, CS 6488, $5.79; mono, CM 9488, $4.79.	As was the case with his excellent recordings of Tchaikovsky symphonies, Maazel tends to deliver a truer measure of a composer's content in a studio than he consistently does in the concert hall. Or it may be that, as is the case with certain other conductors, he loses effect when seen as well as heard. These are two fine sounding, well-proportioned performances, with special credit to Maazel in No. 7, which is not the easiest of the sequence to make coherent. He does just that, and also makes a richly varied thing of its tapestry of orchestral values. No. 5 doesn't strike me as being quite so successful but it is, orchestrally, absorbing to hear. Very good reproduction.
Strauss (arr. Dorati): *Graduation Ball*. Offenbach (arr. Rosenthal): *Gaîté Parisienne*. Charles Mackerras conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Capitol stereo, SP 8654, $4.79; mono, S 8654, $3.79.	Mackerras is not only a knowing man-about-potpourris (he made a very good one himself titled *Pineapple Poll*) but also a conductor who is constantly improving in his command of orchestral discipline and finesse. The Philharmonia (note, not *New* Philharmonia) was a fine orchestra at the time of this recording, but it was neither self-starting nor self-disciplining, which means that credit for getting them to play these works as well as they sound here belongs to Mackerras. He fills in their outlines with a deftness and precision that testify to sound taste and sure means for articulating it to an orchestra. The Offenbach is, of course, the abbreviated "suite" from the ballet rather than the whole score. I do not care particularly for the recording which sounds as if it were made in a big studio with a rather remote pickup. In other words, it has too little presence or definition. —Irving Kolodin.

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How High the Hi-Fi Sights

HOW MUCH should an audio system cost? The catalogs show a bewildering variety of component prices — speaker systems from $49.95 to $1,170, FM stereo tuners from $84.95 to $750, stereo pickup cartridges from $10.95 to $80, tape recorders from $17 to $2,720, and so on.

The obvious answer: as much as you can (and care to) afford, and, if possible, a trifle over that. For good sound grows on you and your ability to hear it will grow in direct relation to the quality of the system you listen to. The $100 phonograph will sound like "high fidelity" compared to the $29.95 monster in your kids' room; but expose yourself to a $200 sound system and you'll soon be ready to appreciate the superior sound of a $500 component sound setup.

Where does it all end? Does every additional dollar spent on sound make an equally substantial difference in what reaches your ears? No. Once your ear has been trained to high fidelity, the limited range and (what's worse) high distortion of cheaper systems will probably render stereo phonographs costing less than $200 unlistenable to you. A $500 investment should bring excellent sound that even the most golden-eared can at least live with. And anything over $1,000 spent on a phonograph system (less tape or FM) brings you convenience, status, and genuinely measurable sound improvements that you probably can't hear.

Speakers should rate first consideration in your budget. With stereo requiring two speakers the old guideline of spending half your budget on them still makes sense, despite the rise in quality of lower-priced speakers. Spending one-third the cost of a phonograph system on its speakers would seem a sensible minimum, since no other component will affect the system's sound to as great a degree.

There are no industry-wide standards for rating speakers. Price and your ears must be your primary shopping guides. Listen for the most natural—not the most spectacular—sound. As to price, speakers start getting really good at about $100; above $200 to $250 each dollar spent makes comparatively little difference. There are good speakers between $50 and $100, but they won't suffice for intense, extended listening—you can buy them as stopgaps when you start your system, and relegate them someday to extension duty elsewhere in the house.

As to speaker types — bass reflex, acoustic-suspension, electrostatic and the like — each tends to color the sound in a characteristic way. But the better the speaker, the less its coloration; each type can give good sound if properly designed and made.

Your speaker selection should influence your choice of amplifiers. A less efficient speaker calls for a more powerful amplifier. So does a large room, or one with very "dead" acoustics. Fifteen watts (IHF) per channel (30 total) is about the minimum in good quality amplifiers; 70 IHF watts (35 per channel) will suffice for even the least efficient speakers; and power beyond 120 watts or so is significant mainly in terms of a further reduction in already negligible distortion. You may, however, find it necessary to buy more power than you really need to get the best circuits and widest selection of features. Aside from the extra cost, there's no harm done.

Distortion, hum, and noise are at least as important as power. Distortion should be under 1 per cent *at the amplifier's full rated power* and should not rise at lower power levels. Hum and noise should be at least 50 dB down with reference to the *phono* input.

An amplifier's frequency response is less revealing than its "power band width," the frequency range over which it maintains substantially full-rated power output. An amplifier's frequency response at an output level of perhaps one watt is almost always smoother and more extended than its power band width. Neither figure should be less than 30-15,000 Hertz, ±3 dB (a figure reached by virtually all of today's component amplifiers); and wider frequency ranges, varying within fewer dB, are both desirable and attainable.

As to amplifier features, there is space here only for the most common ones. Separate bass and treble controls are still a must, though each may operate on both stereo channels simultaneously. A tape monitor switch is a necessity if you have or plan to buy a "three-head" tape recorder, but it's of negligible value otherwise. Today's turntable quality being rather high, scratch filters are probably more valuable than rumble filters, but both are good to have. A front-panel headphone jack is next door to useless without a switch to cut the speakers off. For truest listening, a "loudness" control should be accompanied by a "loudness contour" or "defeat" switch that converts the control to straight "volume" operation when desired. Most other features are either inevitable (as volume and stereo balance controls) or frosting on the cake (as remote speaker switches) that are handy if you need them, but can be done without.

Depending on their power, good amplifiers run about $120 to $150 up (and up!), with $250 to $300 a practical ceiling. But many seductive units await the perfectionist at prices well above these figures.

FM tuners should be equipped with a stereo/mono switch, a tuning knob, a station dial, and a meter or "magic eye" tuning indicator (either type does nicely). Other features are again just frosting, though they may appeal effectively to your particular tastes. As to the relative merits of AM/FM versus FM-only tuners, let your listening habits be your guide. If you now listen to your AM radio, by all means include AM in your audio system.

Tuner specifications are complex and varied enough to warrant an article of their own. A few of the more important ones include: "crossmodulation rejection," or resistance to strong-signal overloads; "alternate channel selectivity," the ability to reject interference from strong stations on frequencies adjacent to the desired one; "capture ratio," or ability to reject the weaker of two stations on the same frequency.

IN urban areas the ability to reject cross-modulation, AM, images, spurious response, and other forms of electronic garbage are the paramount virtues; in fringe areas, sensitivity and capture ratio gain importance. Sensitivity, though the most widely quoted of tuner specs, is relatively unimportant where reception is even reasonably good. An "IHF usable sensitivity" rating of 3 microvolts is pretty good, and 2.5 microvolts or less is good enough for virtually all but the weakest signal areas. A practical price range would be $120 to $150 at one end of the scale to $200 to $250 at the other, again with a few tempta-

(*Continued on page* 79)

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bartók: Music for String Instruments, Percussion, and Celesta; Concerto for Two Pianos, Percussion, and Orchestra. Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale, pianists; Saul Goodman, timpani; and Walter Rosenberg, Elden Bailey, and Morris Lang, solo percussion; with Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic. Columbia stereo, MS 6956, $5.79; mono, ML 6356, $4.79.	The Music for String Instruments, etc., has always ranked high among works for which Bernstein has a special sympathy, and the sympathy has now evolved into a profound understanding of the processes and procedures which caused Bartók to write the work just as he did. That is to say, while many conductors still perform it as a kind of super-creation for hi-fi definition, Bernstein conveys a sense of structure and tonal relationships rarely set forth by any other interpreter. The Concerto is also powerfully performed with a special credit to the peerless Saul Goodman, but it is a work of less content, and not, to my way of feeling, as much motivation as its disc mate. Very accurate reproduction of the special kinds of color values involved.
Beethoven: Sonata in B flat (Op. 106). Beveridge Webster, piano. Dover stereo, HCR 7009, $2.00; mono, 5009, $2.00.	Webster has lived with this work for decades, and has the best sort of credentials: sound grounding (with Artur Schnabel) and long searching experience on his own. The result is a recording which sounds less like the usual succession of takes than a performance with a point of departure, climax, and conclusion. There is no lack of impetus; indeed, if anything the first movement moves almost precipitously in terms of Beethoven's request for mere *allegro*. He also performs the scherzo compellingly, and the final fugue with a strong sense of direction. The movement with the least appeal to me in this performance is the *Adagio sostenuto*, which doesn't convey the kind of emotionalism it contains. It warms rather than melts, and reaches out toward but does not engage the emotions. Taken all together, this is one of the most thorough performances of the work now available in a recorded performance. Strong, clean piano reproduction.
Chopin: Waltzes. Adam Harasiewicz, piano. Philips World Series, PHC 9034 (mono-stereo), $2.50.	It may be premature to characterize Harasiewicz as the Brailowsky of tomorrow, for he is in his mid-thirties and his qualities are not (necessarily) fixed permanently. But the playing of the younger Pole has much in common with that of the older Russian, including inbred fluency, a habit of playing over the keys rather than really digging into them, and a reliance on the formalities of "good taste" rather than the informalities of a truly personal expression. It makes for pleasant enough listening, except when one is aware that there is, in more than a few of the waltzes, a deeper undercurrent of meaning than Harasiewicz conveys. It is the kind of undercurrent that Rubinstein conveys effortlessly and Lipatti with somewhat greater effort in his own way. The World Series compatible groove sounds pretty much like mono on my stereo.
Janáček: *Nursery Rhymes*. Julius Rudel conducting the Caramoor Festival Chorus and instrumental ensemble. *Youth*. Same chorus and wind ensemble. Desto stereo, DST 6428, $5.98; mono, D 428, $4.98.	Julius Rudel has rendered a sizeable service to the better understanding of Janáček's artistry in his meticulous preparation and spirited performance of these works and those listed in RECORDINGS REPORTS I. The quality is particularly high in these two, both created after he reached his seventieth year. The suite for winds is simply a beautiful piece of music, fanciful, deft, and marked by some of the "nature" qualities which also characterized the writing of Bartók's last years. It is said that Janáček was impelled to the formulation of a wind sextet after hearing a French group at Salzburg and he may very well have had some Stravinskyan sound in his ear also. In the *Nursery Rhymes* the parallel stretches back further to Moussorgsky (not only the obvious likenesses to the *Nursery* but also to the playful games of Xenia, Feodor, and the Nurse in *Boris*). In each case, however, the foreign matter has been filtered out by passing through Janáček's mental screen, leaving a pure essence of his own. The brilliant performances and acute reproduction is especially notable for the clarity of its English enunciation.
Liszt: "Années de Pélerinage" (*Première Années-Suisse*). Sergio Fiorentino, piano. Dover stereo, HCRS-ST 7009, $2.00; mono, ST 5009, $2.00.	As in the encounter with his treatment of the late works of Liszt's creative career [RECORDINGS IN REVIEW, March 25] Fiorentino shows himself to be a cultivated guide to the scenes tonally evoked here. Included are "Au bord d'une source," "Au lac de Wallenstadt," and several others which attained an identity separate from the context in which they were finally arranged by the composer. Fiorentino plays them all with clarity, purpose, and a fine sense of the special tonal qualities appropriate to them. Most to the point is his avoidance of the rhetorical or purely virtuosic in his exposition of the poetic essence of the pieces. It is, in short, done with steady artistic intent and no sense of exhibitionism. As in other recent issues, Dover's standard of piano reproduction remains gratifyingly high.
Nicolai: *Te Deum*. Singakadamie of Berlin; Evelyn Lear and Marina Türke, sopranos; Raili Kostia and Kathleen Basler, altos; Heinz Hoppe and Martin Vantin, tenors; and Thomas Stewart and Manfred Schenk, bassos; with Mathieu Lange conducting the Radio Symphony Orchestra of Berlin. DGG stereo, 139170, $5.79; mono 39170, $5.79.	The consideration here is not so much what, but who. Nicolai's reputation as a composer is so much related to a single work—his setting of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*—that the mere thought of a *Te Deum* by him is arresting. What is more, the work of the twenty-two-year-old composer has size and substance. It does not, in the end, summon the eloquence to put itself in a lasting relationship to its models, but it does show a remarkable aptitude for making music. The performance is rather better as a totality—for the quality of the choral work and the orchestral playing—than it is for the accomplishment by the individual singers. Miss Lear is the best of them, Stewart next best. But the tenors are hard pressed to get their notes out and the mezzi are not distinguished. Very good reproduction.
Schubert: Quartets in D (Op. 125, No. 1) and B flat (Op. 168). Allegri Quartet. Westminster stereo, WST 17122, $4.79; mono, XWN 19122, $4.79.	Neither the best nor the most popular of Schubert's quartets, these are, nevertheless, full of his most distinctive qualities. I am especially partial to the B-flat, which is a product of the same year (1814) as "Gretchen am Spinnrade," a sufficient testimonial to the musical maturity he had achieved at the age of seventeen. So far as the craft of composing quartets is concerned, Schubert clearly derived his from Haydn-Mozart (a reference to the celebrated six by the latter in tribute to the former). The thinking and feeling, however, are all his own, in an interchange of gaiety-sadness so typical of him. There is interest also in the E-flat, which is attributed to the year before the B-flat, and is unquestionably precocious. Both are beautifully performed by the Allegri ensemble, an English ensemble that has some of the qualities of the Amadeus when it was first heard. Exceptionally true-to-life sound. —I.K.

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Powell, Pianists, and Saxophones

AN IMPROVISING jazzman knows no absolutes. There is no "best" way of playing a piece. Each day—each moment—has its own version, which is to say that each moment has its own meaning. That does not mean that our improviser has no standards. Today's variations on "I Want to Be Happy" may be better than yesterday's or not as good, and they may be better than tomorrow's, and he may be quite clear about the differences. But today's variations are today's, and this moment's are this moment's.

For that reason, phonograph records are almost a contradiction of the meaning of the music. They preserve and make permanent and absolute what was never meant to be permanent. At the same time they are a test of the music and they show that music intended for the moment, made up on the spur of the moment, can survive that moment, even survive the years.

They are also the only way of preserving a jazz musician's work. Bruckner survives if his scores survive and if they are played. Fats Waller's scores might be interesting but they are not his music; neither is a rendition of Waller's music by someone else. Waller truly survives only if his records survive and if they are played.

I pick Waller because it seems to me that quite a bit of Waller does not survive, however much I would not wish to part with the best of Waller. And I pick him also to compare him to Bud Powell. With Powell what does not survive is far less a matter of taste or opinion than with Waller. Bud Powell made records when he was in such bad health that he failed to meet not only his own best standards of creativity but failed even to meet some of the commonplace and elementary standards of piano performance.

Powell did four LPs for Verve Records. The first two, *The Genius of Bud Powell* (V-8115) and *Jazz Giant* (V-8153), contain essential Powell. The other two do not. *This Was Bud Powell* is a recent reissue album on Verve's low-priced VSP label (VSP 37). It contains nine selections. Five of them—"Get Happy," "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm," "Sweet Georgia Brown," "Hallucinations," and "Celia"—come from the *Genius* and *Jazz Giant* albums and are thus representative of his best work for the label.

I do not wish to dwell on the flaws in the others; the subject is painful, and by almost any standards the subject would be pointless were it not for the presence of this album. Suffice it to say that Powell's inability to maintain tempo, the stiffness of his fingers in keeping pace with the crisp rapidity of his still fertile musical mind on "Willow Grove," and his mistakes in the bass that mar his obvious plans for "I Didn't Know What Time It Was" are heartbreaking. The appearance of a set like *This Was Bud Powell* in 1967 is shameful.

New Look! (Capitol ST 2637) is by George Shearing, his Quintet, and a "multicolored orchestra." It certainly gives off a lot of lavender. The leader picks all the right Las Vegas tunes ("On a Clear Day," "Strangers in the Night," "Call Me," etc.). On the Beatles's "Yesterday" Shearing starts with an intro that is almost worthy of Art Tatum, but he shortly swathes himself in strings and gets off a few runs that would be worthy of Peter Duchin. The surprising thing is that Shearing doesn't seem bored with this sort of thing. Oh, a little noncommittal maybe.

Intermodulation (Verve 8655) is an intimate musical conversation between pianist Bill Evans and guitarist Jim Hall (their second), and the kind of record that greatly pleases musicians. I have high respect for both men and for most of what they play here—considering the intricate cooperation involved, also for what they *don't* play. For one example, Evans has a particularly good chorus on "I've Got You Under My Skin." But there were times when I felt like an intruder during a private discourse.

Evans meets drummer Shelly Manne (also for the second time) on *A Simple Matter of Conviction* (Verve 8675), and here I felt not at all like an eavesdropper. Manne has always known there's an audience out there and that if there weren't he wouldn't be sitting behind that drum set. Still, he knows that *he's* the one who can play, not the people. Evans responds to him appropriately. But I have a reservation about Evans's tendency to get hung up on his own rhythmic clichés; a single accent pattern, underlying about half of his phrases, turns "Laura" into a kind of virtuoso's singsong. I think the earlier Evans-Manne *Empathy* (Verve 8497) is a better recital.

Charles Lloyd plays tenor saxophone and flute and leads a quartet through five numbers on *Forest Flower* (Atlantic 1473), recorded at last September's Monterey Jazz Festival. Listening to Lloyd is rather like running across John Coltrane at a tea dance and then discovering that the whole affair is a masquerade and it isn't Coltrane at all. Lloyd's pianist, Keith Jarrett, shuffles through most of the currently fashionable styles, letting us peek at Horace Silver, Bill Evans, and Herbie Hancock, but when he goes after Cecil Taylor he somehow ends up sounding more like Keith Jarrett and I find myself wanting to hear more. Lloyd's manager wants us all to know that his client is very big in Europe. So maybe Coltrane's manager should book *his* client on the next flight.

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.

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McRae, Maye, and Lee

CARMEN McRAE is no stranger to those who have followed the course of jazz over the pass two decades. Quietly she has done her work well. Having made a series of memorable recordings, she continues as a factor on the nightclub-concert-festival circuit. Superstar status eludes her but no matter; Miss McRae continues to evolve. Unlike certain singers who have entered the more popular realms, notably Sarah Vaughan and the currently favored Nancy Wilson, she remains untouched by the negative aspects of that sought-after devil: success. Definitive commercial acceptance, in some cases, debilitates and destroys. Progressively, fatty complacency sets in; first comes stabilization of style, then a crumbling of interpretative strength, finally a form of self-caricature. The artist, all manner and polish, skates on the surface often unaware of the creeping paralysis.

A voice that harks back to the 1940s, Carmen McRae began musically to take root at a time of reaction against smug satisfaction in jazz. Out of the ferment emerged the modern jazz of Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, and Thelonious Monk—a fresh if not immediately accessible form. Both as a singer and occasional pianist, Miss McRae increasingly revealed an involvement in the new music. She was young, married to one of the movement's leading pioneers, drummer Kenny Clarke, and came to know the music and its makers intimately. It would have been unusual indeed if she had not desired to bring the increased harmonic and rhythmic complexities of the contemporary idiom to her work.

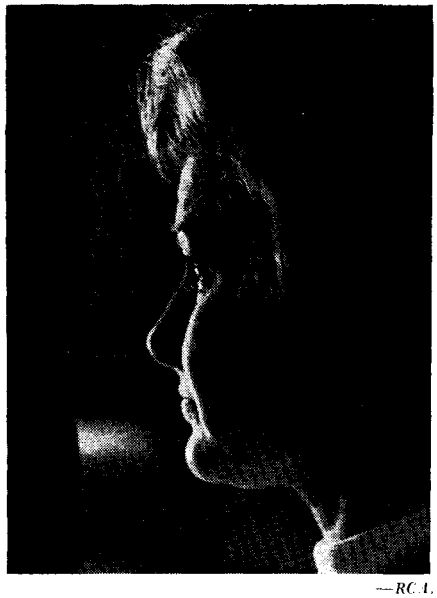
Make no mistake, however; she was not merely hip, *au courant*. If that had been the case, the singer would have been left behind, a remnant of revolution. "She had an emotional quality, an ability to be arresting that she has developed over the years," Mercer Ellington recalls. "Even then, at the beginning of her career, she sang as a musician would play."

Miss McRae joined the younger Ellington's band in 1946, following brief stints with Benny Carter and Count Basie. Though still a comparative novice, she instinctively illuminated and dramatically shaped and developed material. Little was heard of Carmen McRae from the time she left Ellington in 1947 until 1953 when jazz accordionist Mat Mathews found her singing and playing piano in a Brooklyn club. A chain reaction resulted. Erstwhile critic Bill Simon shared Mathews's enthusiasm for her talent and spoke to various recording people. Also impressed, clarinetist Tony Scott persuaded Teddy Hill, manager of Minton's Playhouse, the Harlem jazz landmark, to hire her.

With the Mat Mathews group providing instrumental support, Miss McRae cut her first records for the Stardust label in 1953. It was clear that the years in obscurity had deepened her understanding of emotions, as well as en-

—*Mainstream Records.*

McRae—"an emotional quality, an ability to be arresting."



—*RCA.*

Maye—"increasing capacity to project meaning of lyrics."

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hanced her taste and musicianship. These recordings and others taped the following year by another independent company brought her recognition. She affiliated with a major booking agency and record outlet.

For the past thirteen years, Miss McRae has been a "presence" on the musical scene. Though widely known and respected, she caused few vibrations until early in this decade. By cutting deeply to feelings common to us all and communicating them deftly and truthfully, Carmen McRae today commands attention on her own terms. Songs seem not merely songs to her, but experiences, about which she has intimate knowledge. Most important, a delicate balance has been struck in her offerings. Lyric content, time, and sound fall together, each one nourishing the other.

Earlier this year, Mainstream released *Carmen McRae in Person/San Francisco* (S/6091), which features the singer "live" with her trio: Norman Simmons (piano), Victor Sproles (bass), and Stu Martin (drums). Miss McRae comes to us uncovered, without recourse to refuge in the sound of brass choirs, reed, and string sections. Within this demanding and revealing context, she functions with rare authority. Her unclouded voice remains a flexible instrument, particularly well employed on up-tempo tunes. Time has brought to it more body, flavor, depth, and the facility to smoothly and harshly underscore emotion. This is most apparent on medium tempo and ballad offerings as Miss McRae delves to the heart, touching the listener with her understanding, passion, craftsmanship, her ability to transmute a song into a personal happening.

From a bristling interpretation of the Kahn-Stein-Miller composition, "Sunday," which opens the album, through the finale, "Make Someone Happy," Miss McRae tells her stories in song, unfettered by pretense, never resorting to the easy mannerism. Her speech patterns and diction are natural, varying only for emphasis. She gives no indication of having to *prove* anything. She just sings.

—*Capitol Records.*

Lee—"martini-cool sound with an undercurrent of intensity."

Moving into a song, Miss McRae follows its outlines, realizing the basic message while bringing something of herself to it. "I Left My Heart in San Francisco," the Tony Bennett hit, is turned into a three-act play in miniature in her interpretation. Evolving from a comment on the city to Miss McRae's feelings on the subject, to an undeniable truth, she opens the song from a bud, revealing the colors and properties of the whole flower.

Perfection is not one of the factors here. A flawless product could have been made in a recording studio. It is the humanity of these efforts that immediately recommend them. Rarely do we find in the area of light music a record that tells us so much about an artist. Concern, generally, is for dazzle rather than straight talk.

A singer with jazz roots, Miss McRae cogently uses her background to help bridge the gap to the audience. Whether she is a jazz singer or not has little bearing on the whole picture. Jazz is only the *means*. An example is her rendition of Rodgers and Hart's "I Didn't Know What Time It Was." As she brings the song into focus, making each word pay its way, building to the final "I know what time it is now!" we realize that only the end result matters. Communication has been established. And that's what it's all about, whether the subject in question is a jazz saxophonist, a singer, dancer, or a painter. It's obvious Carmen McRae knows this to be true.

Two other singers represented in recent releases share Miss McRae's concern for riveting the listener. Marilyn Maye, creatively framed within multicolored scores by Peter Matz, reveals increasing capacity to project the meaning of lyrics on *The Lamp is Low* (RCA Victor, LSP 3626), her best album to date. A fine pop-jazz voice, she promises much for the future and gives satisfaction now. Peggy Lee (*Guitars à la Lee*, Capitol, ST 2469) changes little from album to album. A thoroughgoing "pro," she mingles a martini-cool sound with an undercurrent of intensity. Set against a cushion of guitars, with woodwinds, brass, organ, and rhythm filling out the orchestra, she creates her own singular aura, taking hold of material, often giving you more than you bargained for. Try Miss Lee's rendition of Tony Hatch's "Call Me." Any singer could learn an encyclopedia's-worth of nuance listening to it.

—Burt Korall.

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IN MUSIC BASS IS BASIC

Among the important factors to bear in mind if you are choosing loudspeakers for their ability to reproduce music as naturally as possible are two relating to the role of bass in music.

First, the true fundamental bass tones are what give music its sense of feel and ease. Without them, music cannot seem natural.

Even though your ears can't detect the specific reason, you will in time sense an uneasiness in music reproduced without the fundamental bass tones. The effect is like placing a filter in front of a symphony to strain out the powerful lower notes of the tympani, bass viol and similar instruments.

Second, a speaker in a "bookshelf" enclosure cannot reproduce true bass notes, anymore than you can blow tuba notes through a piccolo. In fact, the same basic laws of physics apply in both instances.

Bookshelf speakers can and do reproduce the higher harmonics normally associated with the fundamental bass notes. Your ear and your brain, so accustomed to hearing the harmonics in combination with the fundamental notes, attempt to compensate by filling in with an imaginary bass. This is unconscious work for your mental system and ultimately results in fatigue. That's why you can spend hours at a concert, but can stand only a brief time listening to music reproduced through small loudspeakers.

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The Other Side

Continued from page 71

respected marques like QUAD and Radford have yet to take the plunge); there are plenty of multiplex tuners now (though the meager broadcasting time allotted to stereo by the BBC since last summer has proved a bitter disappointment), especially from the United States, Japan, and Denmark. Among a number of improved or new cartridges one noted that Decca, Britain's only contender in the top quality bracket, has gone over at last to 15-degree vertical tracking angle and also produced a cartridge to fit standard arms. For me, however, the major disappointment—not for the first time—lay in the total lack of perceptible progress in loudspeaker design, for this remains the field offering the greatest scope for improving the general level of performance and for rationalizing physical appearance without loss of quality.

Important new record albums for April include DGG's *Walküre*, starring the Berlin Philharmonic under Karajan [see "Karajan's 'Walküre,'" *SR*, March 25], RCA's set of Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia* (supposedly starring Montserrat Caballé but, in the event, more interesting for the opera's foreshadowing of Verdian traits than for the quality of its performance), and, from Angel, the same composer's ever delightful *Elisir d'amore*. This last recording, though undeniably pleasant, falls a little way short of expectations in spite of boasting an endearing pair of lovers in Mirella Freni and Nicolai Gedda; perhaps the recording is slightly to blame, for the sound is less than ideally crisp, but I also found Mario Sereni (Belcore) and Renato Capecchi (Dulcamara) rather indifferent, while Molinari-Pradelli's conducting seems somewhat wanting in charm and sparkle.

Apart from offering an attractive LSO/Kertesz recording of Dvořák's Fourth Symphony (with the overture *In Nature's Realm* added for good measure), Decca has chosen this month to concentrate on the 125th anniversary of the Vienna Philharmonic, which it celebrates not by some fine issues featuring this great orchestra but by the release of four omnibus volumes containing long-familiar recordings.

One four-disc album even dates back to pre-stereo days, for it contains among other things the Ferrier/Patzak/Walter performance of Mahler's *Lied von der Erde* and the Kleiber Beethoven Ninth. The others are of more recent vintage and comprise a three-disc *Strauss Festival* (Johann and family, *not* Richard) directed by Boskovsky; a three-disc Karajan collection (works by Haydn, Mozart, Brahms, and Richard Strauss); and a four-disc miscellany embracing Solti in Wagner, Kertesz conducting Schubert's Ninth, Sibelius's Second under Maazel, and Beethoven's *Emperor* with Backhaus and Schmidt-Isserstedt. Since such albums carry normal prices, one wonders what manner of collector would be tempted to buy them, but there is probably a limited market for omnibus issues among tycoons who lack the time and inclination to select individual discs.

Other Decca-group arrivals include an Argo disc containing four of those charming student works by Rossini which turn up from time to time as string sonatas or as wind quartets. Here they serve as apt vehicles for the string expertise of Neville Marriner and his colleagues of the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields; on the Oiseau-Lyre label the ubiquitous Janet Baker launches out into French art song with a recital devoted to Chausson, Ravel, and Maurice Delage, thereby offering further evidence of her wide-ranging sympathies and stylistic versatility even if her singing is not always truly idiomatic.

In addition to the Angel set of *L'elisir d'amore*, EMI's current list includes an exciting new disc of Sibelius's Second Symphony (in which Barbirolli's colorful, dramatic reading is occasionally marred by roughness of execution on the part of the Hallé Orchestra—though *The Swan of Tuonela*, also included, is exquisitely done), a pleasant Mozart disc (the splendid Serenade, K. 203, prefaced by the March K. 237, and the Sinfonia, or Divertimento in F, K. 138) from Menuhin and the Bath Festival Orchestra, a fine coupling of Poulenc's Piano Concerto with the *Aubade* ("Concerto Choreographique") for Piano and Orchestra, played by Gabriel Tacchino with the Paris Conservatoire under Prêtre, and an enjoyable collection of Vivaldi concertos for two orchestras in which Angelo Ephrikian directs ensembles from Brussels and Milan.

For her latest French recital—including Debussy's *Chansons de Bilitis* and *Fêtes Galantes*, four of Ravel's *Chants Populaires*, and miscellaneous songs by Hahn and Fauré—Victoria de los Angeles, accompanied once again by Gonzalo Soriano, is in beguiling voice even if her manner is, at times, somewhat cool. A new Gigli collection in the "Great Recordings of the Century" series ranges from the Rossini "Cujus animam" of 1932 to a number of postwar performances and embraces singing of very mixed quality—thus the honeyed account of "Amarilli" enchants in spite of the many unwanted aspirates, but the two *Don Giovanni* arias reveal an almost total lack of feeling for Mozart's style. HMV's "Great Instrumentalists" series turns to a pianist this month in offering two characteristic performances — Beethoven's *Waldstein* Sonata and Schumann's *Carnaval*—by Solomon, 1952 recordings in which one notes that blend of cool

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keyboard mastery and scrupulous musicianship for which he was renowned until a stroke abruptly ended his playing career eleven years ago.

EMI's increasing fondness for series or project issues is further exemplified by Walcha's three-disc set of Book 2 of Bach's *Well-tempered Clavier* (it also contains the Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue, and the *Italian* Concerto) which, like its two-disc predecessor devoted to Book 1, now appears in HMV's "Baroque Library." This is an exceptionally fine set, with its clear and purposeful performances and excellent sound, and it shows that the noted organist is equally at home on the harpsichord. Finally, in the same company's "Plainsong to Polyphony" series, we have yet another splendid collection of motets by mainly fifteenth- and sixteenth-century masters.

—Thomas Heintz.

Recordings in Review

Continued from page 69

and breadth of the subject, it is much closer to the atmosphere and substance of the first part of Emily Brontë's novel than Carlisle Floyd achieved in the work produced by the New York City Opera in 1959.

Where I find the work lacking, in its recorded form, relates to a compositional personality recognizable as Herrmann's own. In style, it could have been written any time after 1925—which is to say that it works with materials encountered in middle Strauss and Delius, occasionally varied by suggestions of the broader Puccini of *Turandot*. How this might be affected by staging and action can only be a speculation. The text is provided not only in Miss Fletcher's original, but also in a translation by Mosco Carner into German. This is a silent suggestion of where the publisher believes a production might be hoped for, outside of the English-speaking countries.

As a performance, the production supervised by John Snashall holds its own with any contemporary recording of opera. Donald Bell, the brilliant Canadian-born baritone, is a first-class Heathcliff, as is John Kitchiner as Hindley, and David Kelly as Mr. Lockwood. All are baritones, with variety provided by a tenor (Joseph Ward) as Edgar Linton and a bass (Michael Rippon) as Joseph. Morag Beaton is an uncommonly attractive-sounding Cathy (soprano), with Pamela Bowden as the mezzo Isabella, and Elizabeth Bainbridge (also mezzo) as Nelly.

Thus far the recording is available only in the English market. Pye may be addressed at A.T.V. House, London, W.1.

—Irving Kolodin.

Hi-Fi Sights

Continued from page 73

tions to the richer pocketbook above those figures.

Power amplifiers, tuners, and preamplifier control units can be had as discrete components or variously agglutinated as "integrated amplifiers" (power amp plus preamp) or "receivers" (power amp, preamp, and tuner) on a single chassis. Discrete components cost more but offer greater flexibility in swapping off components as the system grows (my current preamplifier, for example, has seen service with 35-watt and 70-watt amplifiers, with a 120-watter expected soon) and allow you to send in the tuner for repair without relinquishing the amplifier—or your enjoyment of records and tapes played through the amp. On the other hand, combination units are easier to connect together and operate, and—though only since the advent of transistors—are equally reliable.

The same arguments, of course, hold true for "compact" systems, which combine an integrated amplifier or receiver and a record player in a single unit, with satellite speakers included in the package. The savings are greater, but so are the limitations on your possibly upgrading the system at some future date.

Record players are either manual or automatic and units of high quality are found in both camps. Manual tables are simpler and good ones are therefore less expensive and potentially more reliable than good automatics. Against this, automatic enthusiasts balance the convenience of automatic shutoff at the record's end and the delicate precision of a tone arm that settles untouched by human hands into the lead-in groove. For those who find the convenience warrants the potential acceleration of record groove wear (I confess myself one), most automatics can be used not only for single play, but as changers also. Expect to pay at least $90 for a good automatic, and at least $50 (better yet, $75) for a good manual turntable with arm. Unless you are both precise and handy, avoid tonearms which you must mount on the turntable yourself.

The pickup cartridge, though the smallest component, is not the least significant. Good cartridges are available for as little as $10 or so, with the very best ones costing between about $50 and $80—but you'll probably get the most for each dollar spent in the $20 to $40 range.

That leaves only tape recorders to puzzle one—but they're complex enough to rate an article of their own, some other month.

—Ivan Berger.

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

Toscanini and Szell

IN LIGHT of George Szell's interesting comments on Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra in "Toscanini in the History of Orchestral Performance" [*SR*, March 25], I feel that an enlightening anecdote should be related.

I played French horn under Maestro Toscanini for the seventeen years that the NBC Symphony existed. One day, while Maestro Szell was rehearsing the orchestra for a series of concerts for which he was guest conductor, Toscanini entered Studio 8H and sat down to listen to the rehearsal. Szell was rehearsing us in such a way that we would never know what a number would sound like until the performance. He repeated specific passages many times. Abe Reines, a contra-bassoon player who was sitting directly in front of me, was taking count of the number of times Szell stopped to repeat a passage. The final count was forty-four repetitions.

During this rehearsal, I noticed Toscanini spring up and run out. The door opened in the balcony and Toscanini entered and sat in a corner. After a few minutes, he jumped up, ran to the other end of the balcony, and sat down. He soon left the balcony.

The door opened downstairs and Toscanini came rushing up to the podium. He yelled at Szell, "What are you doing to my orchestra? They are my orchestra and you are rehearsing them like they are just-born babies! You do not know how to rehearse." With that, Toscanini ran out of the studio. Szell tried to continue. After that concert, he never again conducted the NBC Symphony Orchestra.

JACK BERV.
Oceanside, N.Y.

YOUR RECORDINGS SECTION devoted to a "tribute" to Toscanini was certainly a mixed grill. The contributions of Nan Merriman, John W. Freeman, and Milton Katims were informative, respectful, and touching. The efforts of Robert C. Marsh and George Szell can only be called "informative," and then for what these revealed about Messrs. Marsh and Szell—not Toscanini.

Isn't it rather foolish of Marsh to berate Toscanini for the commercial failure of his records today? The fault lies with the public that puts sound before music. Toscanini's records are not so low-fi that a good system cannot enhance them. Why not say this?

And Szell. Can he ever forgive Toscanini for not being Szell? The Maestro's *Aïda* disappointed him, possibly because it wasn't Szell's (certainly not because Toscanini did not care for late Verdi!). And Toscanini's rehearsal methods left something to be desired—namely extensive lectures on musical niceties, according to Mr. Szell. Well, the NBC Symphony sounds sprightly and free in the opening measures of Weber's Overture to *Oberon*, where flute and winds bounce in; but the excellent Cleveland Orchestra sounds tight and—dare I say it?—pedantic.

HARRIS GREEN.
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Like the mixed grill itself, the contents were chosen to provide variety of taste as well as substance.*

I WOULD LIKE to add a name to your recent Toscanini bibliography. In 1938 Longmans, Green, and Company issued *The Orchestra Speaks*, by Bernard Shore, principal violinist at that time of the BBC Symphony Orchestra. In it, Mr. Shore discusses, from the point of view of the orchestra member, the qualities of various conductors he had played under, including Toscanini, Beecham, Casals, Koussevitzky, Mengelberg, and others. In his twenty-one pages devoted to Toscanini, he declares that the Maestro was the only conductor that *all* members of the orchestra agreed was great and then goes on to explain why. I believe this was the first book to analyze the work of famous conductors from "the inside."

RICHARD L. BENSON.
Elmhurst, N.Y.

A Response from Foss

I READ George Szell's and Sidney Finkelstein's remarks in LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR [March 25]. Both gentlemen took issue with Eric Salzman's article, "The Many Lives of Lukas Foss" [*SR*, Feb. 25]. Mr. Salzman is second to none in his understanding of music, of my music, and of the musical situation in general. He is also a brilliant writer. I would like to suggest, however, that an interview situation should not be taken as literally by the reader as Mr. Szell and Mr. Finkelstein have. The quotes from this interview were all reconstructions, selections, approximations from an informal two-hour conversation.

The article quotes me as saying that I, as composer, can obtain results a noncomposing conductor cannot. This sounds much more self-assured than I feel. My argument is not personal, but theoretical. A conductor who is a composer, a genuine deeply committed composer (Mendelssohn, Wagner, and Mahler), should have certain direct insights into "how music is made" which the noncomposing conductor will not have. The latter, on the other hand, is likely to spend more time building the orchestra as an instrument. The results which Toscanini, a noncomposing conductor, and Szell, a composer before he became conductor, achieved are both impressive and in their way unsurpassed. Different masters have different qualities. I was trying to define, to pinpoint, those of the composer-conductor, a phenomenon on the rise today (Bernstein and Boulez are the two prototypes).

On Felix von Weingartner's compositions, I stand corrected. But Finkelstein, who rushed into print to correct me, would have done well to check his own facts prior to making assumptions: Weingartner, not Busch, started the trend of performing the *Grosse Fuge* with string orchestra. His apologetic dynamics replacing Beethoven's inspired and absolutely necessary *ff* and *pp* are printed in the only available string-orchestra material.

LUKAS FOSS.
Buffalo, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Finkelstein raised a question; he did not present an assertion.*

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Strauss's *Feuerfest*

IN CONNECTION with Richard Freed's article "Vintage Strauss" [*SR*, Feb. 25] you published a response in LETTERS TO THE RECORDING EDITOR [March 25] from Harry Zohn, associate professor of German at Brandeis University. I am glad German is my mother tongue and Mr. Zohn is not teaching it to me. He hasn't heard of homonyms, I presume.

The word *fest* may be an adjective or a noun. As an adjective it may mean any of the following: firm, fixed, settled, durable, steady, strong. As a noun meanings are different. Primarily it is a festival—as in *Salzburger Festspiele* or *Oktoberfest*. *Festkleider* are gala-clothes, *Festhalle* is a banquet hall, etc.

Mr. Freed, as usual, is correct; "fireproof" is a "goofy" translation for Strauss's *Feuerfest* — though this is grammatically correct for a Pyrex dish. The correct translation of *Feuerfest*, of course, is "Festival of Fire."

AVA BROWNLEY.

Chicago, Ill.

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR ZOHN translated *Feuerfest* as "fireproof" instead of "fire festival." How would he translate *Osterfest* or *Sommerfest*?

Also *SR*'s Recordings Editor confused the German noun das *Fest* (festival) with the German adjective *fest* (solid, strong).

RUDOLF ENGEL, M.D.

Portland, Ore.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *No confusion; only a joke.*

Singers and Singing

MAY I OFFER an answer to the question Herbert Weinstock asks at the conclusion of his review, "Singers Pleasants and Unpleasant" [*SR*, March 25]?

Because today's acclaim for bigness, loudness, and highness is excessive, singers strain their physical capacities to produce the obvious at the cost of the expressive singing that is Mr. Weinstock's concern. Voice teachers, unfortunately, promote the readily apparent aspects of singing, and critics also prompt singers to attempt more sound than their resources can deliver.

In the article, "Karajan's 'Walküre,'" [*SR*, March 25] it is written, "This [Thomas Stewart's] is not the richest of Wotan voices and may well, in the theater, be less than wholly satisfactory." Mr. Stewart will no doubt struggle with himself. If he fails to avoid an attempt to satisfy the call for more voice, subsequent reviews will probably not match the remainder of the *SR* account of his singing.

JOHN TOMS.
Associate Professor of Voice,
University of Tulsa.

Tulsa, Okla.

MR. WEINSTOCK'S lament about the decline of good singing reflects the fact that his taste is not the taste of the majority of people who go to operas and concerts. Let me hasten to add that I am on his side, but most people prefer the kind of voice which is necessary for Wagner, Verdi, Puccini, and Strauss.

Some 200 years ago Burney said that "good singing requires a clear, sweet, even, and flexible voice, equally free from nasal and guttural defects. . . . a perfect shake, good taste in embellishment, and a touching expression. . . ." Nothing about the size! Perhaps the public taste will one day shift back that way.

GEORGE NEWTON.

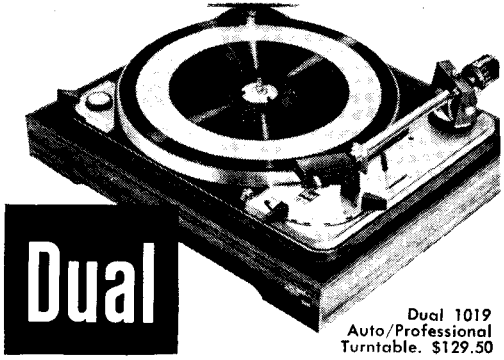
Indianapolis, Ind.

Casals Discography

ROBERT M. SHIPLEY'S letter in the February 25 issue suggests that the two Bach titles on HMV DB-1404 had been omitted from the Casals discography [*SR*, Dec. 31]. May I point out that these titles are both listed in the discography: DB-1404 corresponded to Victor 7368 and, of course, if there was an American record number there was no need to show the English one in our discography. I listed the Air under "Suite No. 3," and the Andante under "Sonata" (it's from a violin sonata).

RICHARD FREED.

Rochester, N.Y.



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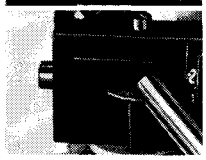

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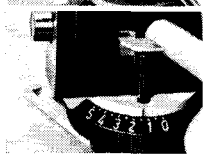

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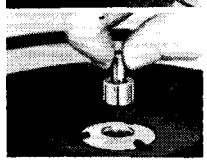

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OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Employers provide transportation and liberal vacations. Comprehensive new booklet, "Guide to Employment Abroad," covers all possibilities in sixty countries, all occupations. Includes exclusive "Directory of American Companies Overseas." Special reports on summer jobs, Government careers overseas, international organizations, medical work, teaching, librarian, secretarial positions, English language newspapers overseas, social work. Highly recommended. Only $1.00. Airmail 30¢ extra. Satisfaction guaranteed or payment refunded. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-X, East Islip, New York 11730.

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PERSONALS

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FREE PRIVATE ROOM in Manhattan townhouse for college girl. Exchange babysitting. Box B-269.

OVERSEAS JOBS—Europe, South America, Australia, Far East, etc. 2,000 openings in all trades. Construction, Office Work, Engineers, Sales, etc. $400 to $2,500 month. Expenses paid. Free information. Write Overseas Jobs, International Airport, Box 536-U, Miami, Florida 33148.

HAND MOLDABLE EPOXY PUTTY hardens like steel. For repairing antiques, sculpture, furniture, pottery, ceramics, etc. 3 ounces, $1.25; 12 ounces, $3.50. (P.P.) F. Bart, Dept. S-1, Box 107, Penndel, Pennsylvania 19047.

WANTED: 19th CENTURY AMERICAN PAINTINGS. Reputable gallery seeks fine landscape and subject paintings for discriminating collectors. Hudson River, Western, Southern, etc. Schools; single works or collections of suitable material purchased. Bernard Black Gallery, 1062 Madison Avenue, New York City 10028.

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ASPEN WRITERS' WORKSHOP, Colorado, July-August. In residence: Andrei Voznesensky, Paul Blackburn, Sol Yurick, and staff. Brochure: AWW, 855 West End, NYC 10025.

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IS YOUR MONEY well invested? If not, (1) study mutual funds carefully, (2) compare fund for fund, (3) send for our folder, "We are a little different." Mutual Funds Advisory (nationwide service), 382 Miracle Mile, Coral Gables, Florida 33134.

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 83)

SUCH INTERESTING SUMMER FABRICS at Carol Brown's, Putney, Vermont 05346. Impossible sample big patterns, so come and look. Capes, coats of her Irish tweeds, etc.

GENUINE FISH NET—Huge 6 ft. x 15 ft. fish net. For decoration, duck blind, luau, patio, etc. In black or brown color. $3.00 (includes tax and postage). Hal Mosich, 1323 North 79th, Seattle, Washington 98103.

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ASPEN SCHOOL OF CONTEMPORARY ART—Colorado Summer Workshops: Poetry-Prose; Photography; Painting, Drawing, Sculpture. 555 Third Avenue, NYC 10016.

CHAUTAUQUA WRITERS' WORKSHOP—July 3rd-July 21st. Workshop director, Dr. Stanley Koehler, professor of English, University of Massachusetts, will teach Poetry Section; Nonfiction led by Dr. Martin Light, Purdue University; Fiction will be taught by Richard Kim, University of Massachusetts. Special Short Courses include Young People's Creative Writing (Dr. Light): Journalism for Young People (Dr. Light); Seminar in Poetry and Society (Dr. Koehler); Playwriting Workshop (in cooperation with Chautauqua Repertory Theater); and Problems in Contemporary Writing. Academic credit through Writers' Workshop is available by enrolling in Chautauqua Center of Syracuse University. Special events at Chautauqua include 21 symphony concerts, plays and operas, recitals, art shows, lectures, golf, tennis and all water sports on beautiful Lake Chautauqua. For brochures write Joseph C. Clarke, Director of Education, Dept. SR, Chautauqua Institution, Chautauqua, N.Y. 14722.

HUMOR EXCHANGE NETWORK invites laffmakers to promote happiness through humor. George Q. Lewis, 360 First Avenue, New York City 10010.

THE ARTS CENTER at Goddard College is a time and place for serious-minded adults to do chamber music, painting, sculpture, ceramics, dance, drama, to work along with skilled artist-teachers. Stay for a week or more in July or August. For information write to Ray McIntyre, Director, Box S, The Arts Center, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667.

FOOT COMFORT—Double deerskin moccasins, slippers, casuals, 50 styles. Free catalogue SR. Cottage Crafts, Rutland, Vermont 05701.

WORK IN LONDON this summer. Office staff urgently needed. Write Miss Liberty, Inc., 614 Murdock Road, Baltimore, Maryland 21212.

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Alex White, Allenhurst, N.J. 07711.

FOREIGN EMPLOYMENT information. Construction, other work projects. Good paying overseas jobs with extras, travel expenses. Write only: Foreign Service Bureau, Dept. SR, Bradenton Beach, Florida 33510.

FRESH FLOWER PERFUMES, hand blended, of exquisite fidelity to living flowers. Circular. May Cove, Mathews, Virginia 23109.

WEST-CENTRAL WRITERS' CONFERENCE, June 18th-24th. Outstanding Staff: Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., John Clellon Holmes, Richard Yates, Frederic Will. Lecturers: James Wade (Macmillan), Helen Jones (Little, Brown), Edward Murray. For Brochure, write: E. W. Johnson, Director, Western Illinois University, Macomb, Illinois 61455.

MENCKEN'S "AMERICAN MERCURY," 1924 complete —first year of issue. Box B-389.

PLAY ALONG RECORDS! Classical/Jazz. Famous Music Minus One LPs. Free 32 page catalogue. Write MMO, 43 West 61st Street, NYC 10023.

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TEACHER, 22, desires to be tutor-governess for family traveling states or abroad. Experience includes retarded children. Box B-291.

MARRIED COUPLE who teach want live-in summer position. Will assume governess duties, tutoring, music lessons. Box B-372.

PERSONALS

TOP DRAWER. Capable, enthusiastic, single female, age 30. Interesting background of extensive travel in the Orient, Europe, Central and South America. Knowledge of languages. Emotionally mature with a keen business and style sense and a flair for living. Seeks challenging and creative position with reputable firm. Human and Public Relations work a specialty. Box A-580.

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GIFTED FOLK SINGER offers highest caliber professional entertainment for weekends, adult resort, driving distance New York City. Box B-330.

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WIDE-AWAKE BOY, 16, seeks interesting and/or profitable summer work. Box B-380.

AFRICAN SAFARI. Taking your children? Girl, 21, B.A., experienced governess, seasoned traveler. Additional qualifications. Afford portion of expenses. Box B-355.

RUTGERS JUNIOR has served from woodsman to Wall Street; schooled in Spain; seeks summer position here, abroad. Box B-338.

N.Y. FEMALE STUDENT, 17, available travel aide, abroad/U.S. Box B-397.

ENGLISHMAN, 22, graduate, seeks job traveling aide, Latin America. Box B-360.

CREATIVE CHURCH MUSICIAN, organist, choirmaster, composer, desires position with Protestent congregation seeking new, dynamic relationships with the arts. References. Box B-385.

COLLEGE JUNIOR, education major. Have traveled U.S., seek summer governess position, here or abroad. Box B-377.

NOW THAT WE'VE SAVED the children, what true humanitarian will export disillusioned American to Mediterranean with slight dependable subsistence? Temporarily settle as driver/guide for humanist wishing nontourist European car trip. Box B-348.

GRADUATE OF Universities California and Heidelberg (physics, philosophy, German) seeks challenging position. Box B-379.

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MALE COLLEGE STUDENT, careful driver, seeks summer position driving. Ranney, Rumson, N.J.

HELP! Rescue drowning English teacher! Summer—year round! Box B-392.

COLLEGE SOPHOMORE. French major, exceptional music/art background. Experienced prep and college tutor. Interested summer tutoring states or abroad. Box B-358.

MALE GRADUATE STUDENT (English) seeks summer employment. NYC. Box B-342.

PREP SCHOOL GRADUATE seeks summer travel, home/abroad as tutor-sitter. Box B-388.

EXPERIENCED SECRETARY/CHAUFFEUR, honors graduate eastern men's college. Any challenging position. References. Box B-353.

HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR desires summer job mother's helper. Box B-366.

MOTHER'S HELPER. Westtown School junior, boy, wishes summer job with family. Experienced tutor, references. Box B-395.

EUROPEAN SUMMER—traveled graduate student, male, 31, available June-September as escort, aide, chaperon. Box B-362.

PRIVATE GUIDE to Europe. Position sought by college graduate. Travel and living experiences abroad. Italian, French, art history. (Or live with family.) Box B-382.

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ADMINISTRATOR—Imaginative, creative and mature fc junior and senior high school now in process of formatio Stamford, Connecticut area. Coeducational. Correlate with Ethical-Culture Schools in New York City. Salar open. Please reply: Mel Grupp, 450 West 261st Stree Riverdale, New York. Telephone: 212-KI 3-3571.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—teachers, all subjects a levels; administrators, department heads, housemother nurses, etc.; private schools, all states, beginners, exper enced; initial details without obligation; confidentia School Service Bureau, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticu

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY, architect's office, universit community, college background required. Position ope about June 1st, 1967. Please send resume to P.O. Bc 178, Ithaca, New York.

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TEACHING POSITIONS—grades 2-8, remedial and e richment groups. B.A., experience required; creativit desired. Good Counsel Catholic School, 4622 Ambro Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90027.

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ART DIRECTOR—challenging opportunity. Communit art center affiliated private college. Growing city c three hundred thousand. Gallery shows. Educationa program, some teaching college level. Good salary, fring benefits. Tampa Bay Art Center, 320 North Boulevarc Tampa, Florida.

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SHAKER VILLAGE, HARVARD, MASSACHUSETTS. 14 room Shaker. Livable, woods near brook, good neighbors, children. Commute Boston, Worcester. $32,500. 617-772-0831.

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PROVENCE. Charming house with fireplace, garden, 1,000 vines, fruit trees. $28,000. Warren, Flayosc, Var, France.

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TIDEWATER, VIRGINIA—near fishing village. 2 story waterfront home on 8 acres. For seclusion. $100 month. SR Box B-332.

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TREMEZZO, LAKE COMO, ITALY, house available September 1st. Call Stefan Schnabel, 203-866-1871.

VERMONT—Base Ascutney Mountain. Delightful 6 room vacation retreat. Mid-June through Labor Day, $550. Could be available May-November. Box 4, Rowayton, Connecticut 06853.

SECLUDED COUNTRY LODGE. In mountains, 35 miles from NYC. Private lake, tennis, golf. References. Box B-343.

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VERMONT FARMHOUSE in lovely mountain country. Swimming on premises. $125 week, $100 succeeding. Brochure. Robert Hall, Starksboro, Vermont 05487.

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

SOUTH LINCOLN, VERMONT. Converted, rural country store. 3 bedrooms, fireplace, beamed ceiling, deck, view. $70 week. Todd, Warehouse Point, Connecticut 06088.

SWANS ISLAND, MAINE—Furnished cottage. Sleeps 5, bathroom. $275 month, $600 long season. SR Box B-394.

CHARMING HOUSE, old harbor Spetzai, Greek Islands. Eight hundred summer season. Box B-361.

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SOUTHERN VERMONT, near Jamaica. 3 bedroom Tech-built house. Deep well. $300 month. SR Box B-341.

MAINE COAST-Pemaquid Point. Attractive 2 bedroom cottage, large living room with fireplace. Beautiful view shore and ocean. $1,000 season, $400 monthly. Donald C. Carrigan, Real Estate, Damariscotta, Maine 04543.

LONG ISLAND . . . Hampton Bays. 3 bedroom house, 2 baths, charmingly furnished, Shinnecock Bay, boat basin, ideal children, washer-drier. June-September. $2,500. Kesler, Box 358, Hampton Bays.

REMODELED 18TH C. CARRIAGE HOUSE on 2 acres, Greenwich, Connecticut. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, rose garden. Next to Green Hills Golf Course. Phone between 5-7 p.m. 212-988-4262.

MENEMSHA, MASSACHUSETTS—Secluded, sleeps 6, simple, spacious. June 15th to August 15th. 914-CR 1-4425.

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TROPIC HOME, St. Thomas, V.I. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. June 17th through July 22nd. $150 per week including maid, gardener. Reply airmail Drevers, General Delivery, St. Thomas.

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NYC, EAST 70s. One room apartment, $85 a month. Sublease 15 months. SR Box B-347.

COMPLETELY FURNISHED APARTMENT quite near Eiffel Tower. 2 bedrooms, bath, etc. Available now to November 1st or less. $200 month. Write Scouteete, 211 rue de l'Universite, Paris VII.

LAP UP a Mediterranean Island. 2 or 3 bedroom new, deluxe, furnished apartments. Verandahs, garages, private beach. George Vye, P.O. Box 90, Mahon, Menorca, Baleares Islands, Spain.

MANHATTAN RIVER VIEW APARTMENT, 3 cool rooms, terrace, piano, Siamese cat. Available June 23rd, one month; for reliable catsitter only. $205. Box B-399.

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305 VERMONT ACRES, buildings, view, $30,000. Box 135, Montpelier, Vermont 05602.

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AT ASPEN and all western Colorado recreational wonderlands—offering acreages, homes, condominiums, business opportunities, ranches. Tri Aspen Realty, Box 1831, Aspen, Colorado 81611.

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WOODED ACREAGE—$25 per acre and up—old farms—inland shore property—cottages—cabins in the woods—lake frontage—retirement homes—business opportunities. Franklin Realty Co. (Mr. Barrows), Farmington, Maine. Tel: 207-778-2852.

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WIGWASATI BOYS' CANOE-TRIP CAMP, Temagami, Ontario. Finest island location, accommodates 80—profitable. Owners retired. Inspection from May 25th. Write Grafton, Tavares, Florida.

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(Continued from page 85)

CAMPS

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMPS. Boys 7-18. Six age groups. Private lakes near Old Forge. Pack-horse; Canadian canoe trips. Riding, riflery, fishing, tutoring. Nurses. 42nd year. William Abbott, Box 2385, Fayetteville, New York 13066.

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OUT ISLAND SUMMER SEA CAMP. In tropical Bahamas and 60' Schooner. Diving, fishing, sailing, navigation, etc. Coed 12-18. Limited enrollment July 15th-August 15th. $600. Brochure. Capt. A. Kadey, City Yacht Basin, Miami, Florida 33132.

HAPPY HOLLOW: small, unique, cultural, creative. Teacher supervised program in the Catskills. $575. Box 239, New City, N.Y. 914-EL 2-2861.

LAC DU FLAMBEAU, WISCONSIN. The Adventurers' Camp for Boys. Established 1930. 80 boys, 8 through 15. 7 weeks $600. Wilderness canoe and fishing trips. All land and water sports. Tutoring. Outstanding staff. Write Capt. L.R. Claud Robinson, 1564 Forest Avenue, Highland Park, Illinois.

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VACATIONS

HERITAGE HILL INN, Holland, Massachusetts. Hills, lakes; snug beds; food aplenty. Brochure. Telephone: 413-245-7728. Write: Sturbridge, Massachusetts 01566.

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"VENTURE ONCE-VISIT OFTEN"—Beautiful vacation spot—excellent food—gracious hosts. Holiday Hill, Salisbury, Vermont 05769. Brochure.

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VACATIONS

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GREEN SHADOWS INN—Old Lyme, Connecticut. Good country living. One housekeeping cottage.

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VACATIONS

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RELAX. Enjoy your vacation—quiet, unspoiled land ar waters of Maryland's eastern shore. Colonial charn finest food. The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland 2166

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RESPITE FROM REDUNDANCY: Cliffs of Maine, th blue Atlantic, a full-circle horizon, stars for streetlight The Island Inn, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine 0485

THE YODLER. Stowe, Vermont. Rooms, housekeepin units, chalets, heated pool.

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VACATIONS

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FALL UNDER THE SPELL of the sea as did many literary greats at this distinguished resort on Cape Ann. Quiet, restful. Private baths, room telephones. Heated saltwater pool. Broad porches. Excellent food. The Ralph Waldo Emerson, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966. Telephone 617-546-6321.

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TRAVEL

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TRAVEL

ALAN WATTS TOUR OF JAPAN, September 26th-November 6th, 1967, $1,795, including air fare from West coast, ground transportation and lecture fees. Write Society for Comparative Philosophy, Box 857, Sausalito, California 94965.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1725

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Phenomenon of today whose large classifications are *commercial, portrait, scientific, still,* and *motion.*	144 73 198 25 212 173 55 105 181 85
B. An improvisation.	98 109 84 26 13 126 44 23 157 204 38
	83 9
C. George Crabbe's description of the *sense* of the "poor toper," who could never see "beyond the muddy ecstasies of beer."	14 134 6 66 12 155 183 86 178
D. Familiar comp. for the Bermudian rig of a sailboat, or for late Victorian ladies' sleeves.	30 185 176 2 57 190 89 166 76 128
E. Sportive or good-humored mischievousness.	75 101 167 225 94 122 35 191 202 11 147
F. Field that flourished in Brooklyn productively for many years.	107 4 19 182 43 208
G. Aspect; countenance.	108 159 180 37 145 209 104 205 152
H. Ecstasy; troop ship.	224 162 54 70 53 232 123 175 217
I. Mingled again and again so that the separate elements cannot be distinguished.	47 56 3 188 146 158 39 149 79
J. What Benjamin Franklin really said a word to the wise is.	130 125 197 88 62 201
K. Resonance.	160 132 42 91 114 68 186 140
L. Of the palest cream color (comp.)	179 129 112 168 8 124 218 82 72 28
M. Shameless boldness.	45 110 228 194 41 24 121 177 77 99
N. Water-raising device operated by hand (2 wds.)	163 36 150 78 222 100 215 161 52
O. Missing the precise mark one is *aiming at,* for clarity in radio or TV reception (3 wds.)	227 87 111 33 81 164 118 20 169 148
P. Languished; signaled in certain ways.	64 151 206 106 221 229 192
Q. Vindicated.	40 90 137 115 171 29 60 16 199
R. A defendant.	65 116 195 141 48 165 153 92 131 213
S. Make harsh, unpleasant, severe.	7 143 10 71 139 31 50
T. What Lord Lytton said a thought does for our existence (which is gone before we can put it into words).	187 1 216 69 95 211 21
U. Describing the runner who has lost his breath.	156 231 138 93 219 61 230 22 117
V. Preferred habitat of the "fellow-traveler" (2 wds.)	207 142 184 196 49 223 67 154
W. *Science of killing* whole peoples (interesting wd. included in WNI *New Words* printing of 1953, but soon dropped, apparently *in favor of the more common genocide*).	59 80 133 172 63 17 226 46 119
X. System of government in which all have equal power.	120 97 174 135 15 103 113 170
Y. Common feature of modern verse for such paired vocables as *prove-love, hour-your* (2 wds.)	74 18 136 27 214 189 203 193 102
Z. Bioluminescent.	220 127 32 34 5 210 51 200 58 96

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

■	■	1 T	2 D	3 I	4 F	5 Z	6 C	7 S	8 L	■	9 B	10 S	11 E	12 C	■	13 B	14 C	15 X
16 Q	17 W	18 Y	■	19 F	20 O	■	21 T	22 U	23 B	24 M	■	25 A	26 B	■	27 Y	28 L	29 Q	30 D
31 S	32 Z	33 O	■	34 Z	35 E	36 N	■	37 G	38 B	39 I	■	40 Q	41 M	42 K	■	43 F	44 B	45 M
■	46 W	47 I	48 R	49 V	50 S	–	51 Z	52 N	53 H	■	54 H	55 A	56 I	■	57 D	58 Z	59 W	60 Q
61 U	62 J	■	63 W	64 P	■	65 R	66 C	67 V	68 K	69 T	70 H	71 S	■	72 L	73 A	74 Y	■	75 E
76 D	77 M	78 N	79 I	■	80 W	81 O	82 L	83 B	■	84 B	85 A	86 C	■	87 O	88 J	89 D	90 Q	91 K
92 R	■	93 U	94 E	95 T	96 Z	■	97 X	98 B	99 M	■	100 N	101 E	102 Y	■	103 X	104 G	■	105 A
106 P	107 F	■	108 G	109 B	110 M	111 O	112 L	113 X	114 K	115 Q	116 R	117 U	■	118 O	119 W	■	120 X	121 M
122 E	■	123 H	124 L	125 J	■	126 B	127 Z	128 D	129 L	130 J	131 R	132 K	133 W	134 C	135 X	136 Y	137 Q	■
138 U	139 S	140 K	■	141 R	142 V	143 S	144 A	145 G	146 I	■	147 E	148 O	149 I	150 N	151 P	152 G	153 R	■
154 V	155 C	156 U	157 B	■	158 I	159 G	160 K	161 N	162 H	■	163 N	164 O	165 R	166 D	■	167 E	168 L	169 O
170 X	■	171 Q	172 W	173 A	174 X	175 H	176 D	177 M	178 C	■	179 L	180 G	181 A	182 F	183 C	184 V	185 D	186 K
187 T	188 I	189 Y	■	190 O	191 E	192 P	193 Y	194 M	195 R	196 V	197 J	198 A	199 Q	■	200 Z	201 J	202 E	203 Y
204 B	205 G	206 P	207 V	208 F	■	209 G	210 Z	211 T	■	212 A	213 R	214 Y	215 N	216 T	■	217 H	218 L	219 U
220 Z	221 P	222 N	■	223 V	224 H	■	225 E	226 W	227 O	228 M	229 P	230 U	■	231 U	232 H	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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